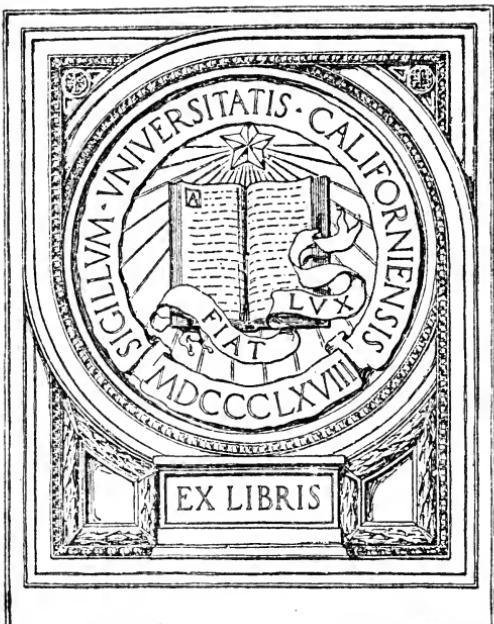




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1897

VII, No. 1

# THE REAL BROWNIES.

JUNE, 1897

Lavishly  
Illustrated

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

THE  
LAND

OF

# SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF  
CALIFORNIA AND THE  
SOUTHWEST

LOS ANGELES.

EDITED BY  
CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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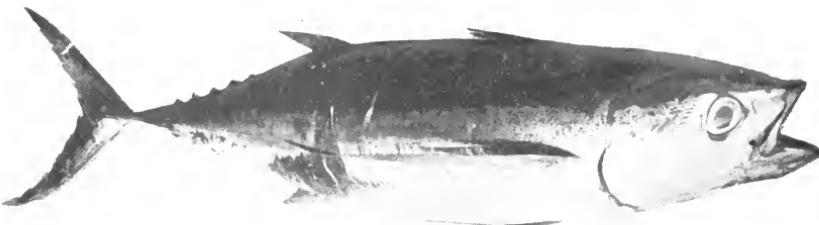
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A MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA AND  
THE SOUTHWEST.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

VOLUME VII.  
June to November, 1897.

LAND OF SUNSHINE PUBLISHING CO.,  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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*THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.*

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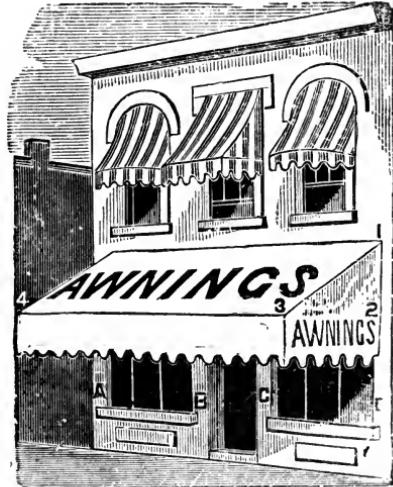
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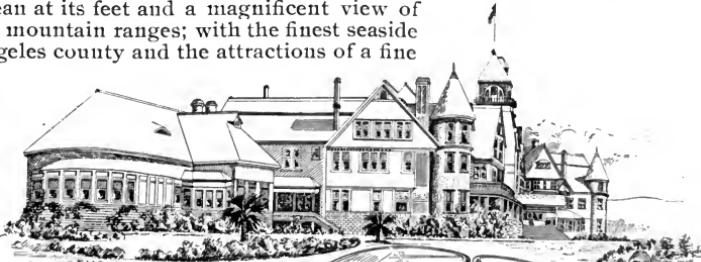
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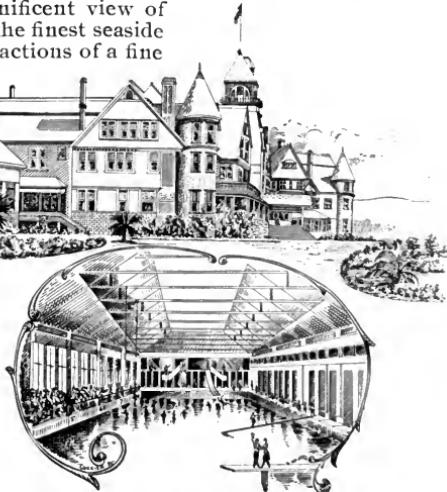
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*DOLORES.*



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JUNE, 1897.

## DOLORES.

BY JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

*In the garden. Summer.*

*He* (to young Dolores, the Southern maid) :

—“Not that!  
Do not gather that flower,” he said,  
“That is a flower we lay on the dead.  
That waxen white—that weight of perfume  
Sicken the brain and speak of the tomb.”

*She.*

“Is it so?  
In my land, where the earth is bright  
With the tropic moonlight,  
Where soft winds of the South caress like the mouth  
Of a babe with its mother at play,  
On the warm still air like fondest prayer  
Comes the scent of this night-flower,  
Whispering ‘*I love*’—so they say—  
And who gives the flower gives his heart away.  
*Asi me lo dicen—por mi no lo sé.*”

\* \* \* \*

*She.* “It was Love’s own summer flower,” she said,  
“But the summer is gone and now Love is dead.  
Ah was there no power in its passionate breath  
To keep love from lying so cold in death?”

*He.* “Love is not dead. Love cannot die.  
He stays for a moment, then passes by.”

*She.* “Is that so?  
(*Down heart! Hush that shivering cry!*  
*Fold the robe decently! Silently die!*)

*In the ball-room. Winter.*

*She.* "How good of you ! All these flowers for me !"

*He.* "Some garden flowers, too, though the year is spent,  
And frost has come and the North wind blows.  
Mignonette—you love that,  
And your favorite tube rose—  
You are ill ! (*Heavens, how pale !*) pray speak  
Not in that voice, so heartstruck and weak.  
What can I do"—

*She.* ——"that window—my fan—  
It's nothing—quite over—I'm really ashamed—  
The air of this room tightened my heart like the grasp of  
the tomb  
And those horrible flowers with their poison perfume"—

*He.* ——"But I thought that you loved them !  
Last year you would wear  
No other flower in your dress or your hair."

*She.* "Was it so ?"  
Then I'm changed, you see.  
Change comes to all things—why not to me ?  
It's not nice and romantic, but why should one be  
The only exception to '*Souvent varie ?*'  
"Will I waltz ?"  
I'm so sorry. I've not left one dance.  
I'm engaged—don't you know ? And we're off soon for  
France.  
For a very long stay, I believe.  
Your winters are cold here. Physicians decree  
I must go where the sun shines—must travel by sea.  
Ah—here is my partner—my husband to be."

*A wailing Strauss waltz.*

*He* (apart). "By Jove !  
I don't know what to think of that girl !  
First smiling, then fainting, then off in a whirl.  
(*Throws flowers out of the window.*)

I give it all up—my brain I won't vex  
Guessing riddles in flowers or whims of the sex."

*She.* (Alone, where none could see—*pobre Dolores, ay de mi !*)  
With hair down-streaming as a veil,  
With thinned hands holding withered flowers,  
She, weeping till the stars grow pale,  
Mourns for those lovely by-gone hours,  
And still she says (*beneath her breath*)  
"I loved, and Love is stronger than Death."

## MY REAL BROWNIES.

(Southwestern Wonderland Series, XV.)

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

**L**ONG before Palmer Cox's irrepressible elves had birth of his fancy and came to be adopted at every fireside where humor is, my real Brownies were pattering up and down the earth unguessed by literature. No bobtailed, spider-legged, nutmeg-headed whimsies they, but sheer bodies of youth, consummately human in flesh and blood and dimples. They were droll, too, but not in the drollery of drawing-paper; pranky with a mischief that puppets never imagined, yet smitten upon occasion with sobriety beside which the printed page of mannikins is noisy; competent to aggravate as only such creatures can which have a larger creator than Art—yet to be loved as we love only the things that are born of woman. And the long and short of it is that I prefer *my* Brownies. With all admiration for Cox, I think God has rather the better of it when it comes to making Brownies. His are the real article.

It seems very long that they and I have been friends. More than a third of my life has been mitigated by them—I wish I might believe that they had got so much from the companionship. But that is the thing that never shall come to

pass. Sure they loved "Old Crooked Stick" when he was warped with paralysis; and no less when the hickory has straightened again, and *Oute Palude* has become *Im-pa-peh*, My Big Brother. But somehow it is in the program that the man may never be to the child quite so much as the child to the man. To the child, the man is something big and



REYES, A TIQUA BROWNIE.



PUEBLO BROWNIES AT THE SWIMMING-HOLE.

Photos. copyright by the author. Engravings by Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.



strong, rather nice, but very far-off; to man the child is the resurrection and the life.

It was a sapient spinster who remarked: "Babies are like tooth-brushes—one prefers one's own." But with or without one's own, it is always good to have chums among the youngsters—if you can find tolerable ones. That is one of the advantages of my Brownies—there are no spoiled ones. The aborigine does not breed that two-legged pestilence the intolerable child. There are no Indian brats. Impudence and disobedience and "smartness" are distinctively products of civilization. The Indian is the tenderest of parents. He almost never chastises his offspring—because he almost never needs to. Filial obedience and respect for seniority are the basis not only of the Indian toddler's catechism, but of his heredity; and children of that training are welcome even outside the family circle.

Of the Real Brownies I have come to know, in a baker's dozen of years, a great many thousands, in homes all the way from Colorado to Bolivia. The largest number of them have been little Pueblos, for among them I lived for five years; and in some ways I care more for them—partly because we are more intimate, partly because they are of a little more complete civilization. But all are worth while—Pueblo Brownies and nomad savage Brownies, Quéres, Tigua, Moqui, Zuñi, Apache, Ute, Yuma, Navajo, Aztec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Maya, Columbia, Ecuador, Quichua and Aymará, Indian Brownies and Mexican Brownies; born in communal pyramid or under flat azotea, in earth-covered hogán or hide tepee or on the Mojave sands. For the amount of it is that God is no fool; and when He makes anything baby-shape you may depend upon it it's a baby, all over and through and through, with just as much of human and divine in it whether its hide be chocolate or rose-leaf.

And while I prefer rose-leaf at home, there is no dodging the fact that the brown skin is the more artistic and richer. When you fill it as young pelts are wont to be filled where people live much nearer nature than we do; and when you sow it with more dimples than a child of our civilization could find room for—why, then you've something good to look upon.

Three-year-old Lolita, standing wide-eyed and stark upon the beetling cliff of Acoma to welcome me; and pretty 'Canda and *descalza* Reyes (with one moccasin off and one on) who used to haunt my bachelor camp in Shee-eh-huib-bak; and shy Monica and grinning Juan, and gently-smiling Petra, and all the other host of my small friends in the home pueblo, and the hundreds in the 25 other pueblos; and slender Beatrix who used to perch upon my shoulder and



PETRA.



THE ACAPULCO CONTINGENT.

youngsters. And if there is a more discouraging and uncomfortable and wholly uncalled-for thing than to come back looking for the unashamed barebreast that rode your knee, and find her a timid matron with knee-riders of her own ; or him a serious councillor of his people—then I do not know what it may be. It wouldn't be half so bad coming where

your own small copies tell  
head is getting to look just  
sters themselves  
Confound them !  
other child should  
by the time all we  
off it, what a  
would be, to be  
by beings as God  
no chance for our  
bilities to undo  
or big, these special  
my Brownies. Only

hugging one that *BROWNIES OF SHE-E-HUIB-BAK* used to ride me pickaback—and now, if my clinch was still the stronger, he had half a head the better of me in stature ; and the same day a maiden that used to go to sleep on my lap, put her hands on my shoulders for the ceremonial embrace of her people as if afraid that I'd either bite or break. All of which led me to a new realization of the fact that Time is a thief and a robber.

There is only one thing that is burglar-proofed against him—and that is Memory.

"The things to come are bubbles,  
That we have had is ours."

Nothing can whittle me out of those little companionships ; and as the Real Brownie crop is always coming on, there are always new youngsters to take the place of those so ungrateful as to grow up.

One must be a fanatic philopelist who could enjoy an invasion



you unblushingly : "Papa, your  
like my squirrel," if the young-  
would only stand still.  
If I had my way, not an-  
ever grow a stitch—and  
old fool had perished  
decent world this  
sure — peopled only  
made them, and with  
own passions and im-  
His job ! But little  
ones will always be  
the other day I was



A BOLIVIAN BROWNIE.



MEXICAN BROWNIES.

of so many American hopefuls, in season and out; for the immature Caucasian is apt to be wearing when you get him in bulk. But self-possession and control seem to go with the bronze skin; and I never have found the young barbarian a burden. When I was busy—which was generally—they squatted upon my floor and made much of the papers in my waste-basket—so unobtrusive that I have written at ease with a score of them in the room as busy as so many ants and as undisturbing.

And when the last page was written, and it was

time to go hunt my bachelor supper of wild ducks, what a scampering of noiseless feet, what an obsession of clinging hands, what chuckles and laughter and falsetto whooping imitations of the Enemy-Yell! What unconfined joy when the camera came out to picture someone, or when we played *pa-tol*, the Game of the Bounding Sticks, or the aboriginal hide and seek. Wildest of all was the fun when the fire-fights were on, and one party defended the pueblo, and the other, assuming to be Cumanche, attacked it at dusk. Then how we rolled adobe mud pellets, and stuck them on the tops of our throwing-sticks, and jammed a live coal into a side of each, and sent them hurtling into the enemy's camp—until all the sky seemed to rain shooting stars! And what perfect spirits! Now and then a fire-ball would find its billet; and there would be a howl of pain—and in the next breath the wounded warriorling would be bombarding again, with more spirit than ever and not a whit worse nature. That is another of the good things that generally go with the brown skin—these Children of the Sun, young and old, are fit players at any game, for they do not lose their tempers. They give and take like the manly creatures Nature meant us to be, and not the peevish, selfish, inflammable things that civilization has made us. I would like to see just how long one of these happy fire-fights could go on between an equal number of Little Lord Fauntleroys before there would be several real fights on hand.

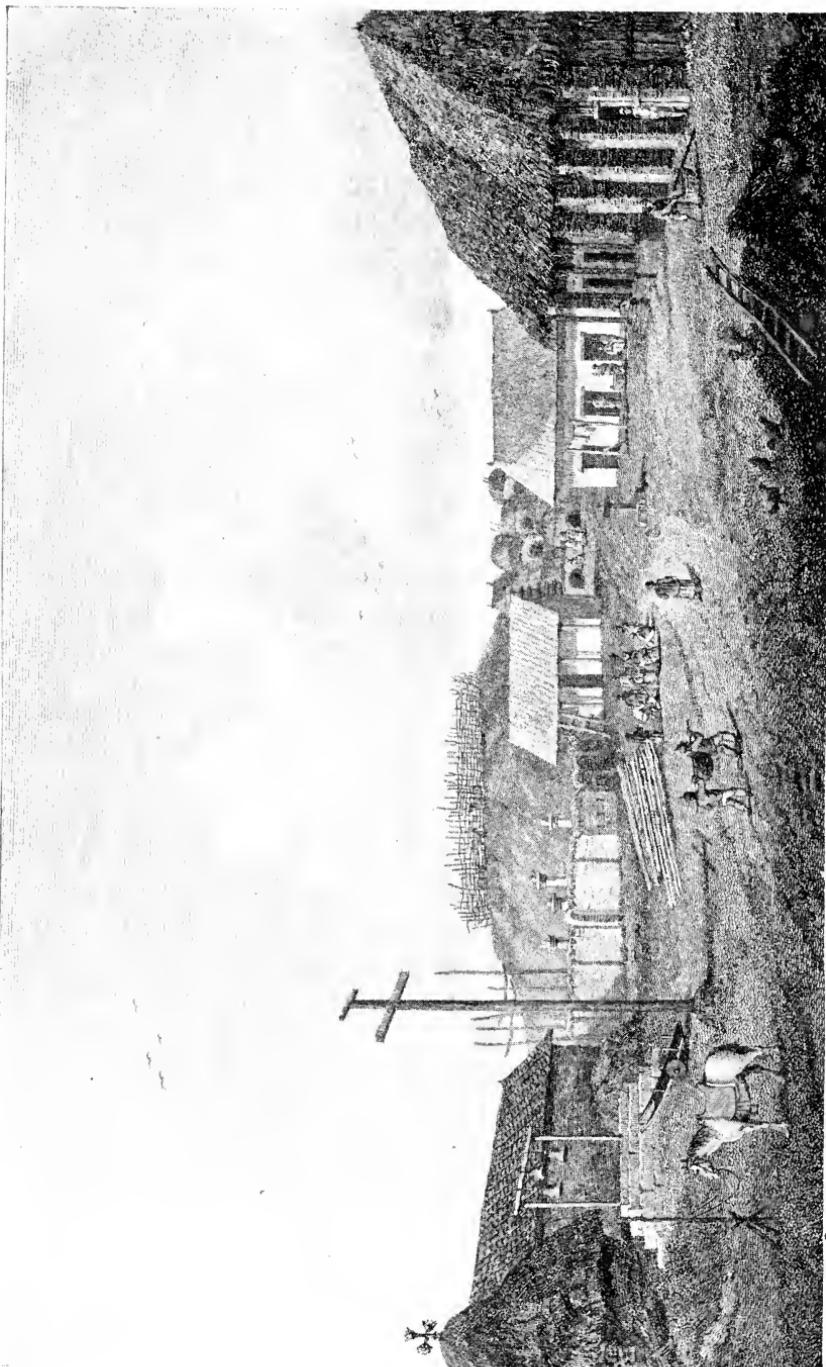


SENEGAMBIA BROWNIES.



IN MANZANILLO.





THE MISSION OF MONTEREY IN 1792.

From Vancouver's "Voyages," 1798.

## THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

### II.

**A**PPROXIMATELY speaking, the greatest activity of the Franciscan Missions in California was contemporaneous with our own Revolution on the far Atlantic coast. Yet surely no one could have dreamed, in all the world, that movements so far apart, geographically and intrinsically, were one day to find relationship.

The Mission of San Juan Capistrano\* (begun the year before, but abandoned after the attack on San Diego) was permanently founded Nov. 1, 1776. It was one of the most successful Missions in its relations with the Indians, and never had any trouble with them. In 1790 it baptized 569 of them and had 741 neophytes. Later, the finest church building in the whole history of the California Missions was erected here; and its ruins [the stone domes] are to this day the admiration of every educated visitor.

The Mission of Santa Clara† was

established Jan. 12, 1777; and about three miles distant, the first *pueblo* [town] in the present State of California, that of San José de Guadalupe, was founded Nov. 29, 1777.

To mitigate the warlike tribes on the overland route from Mexico to

Drawn by the author.

### SAN DIEGO MISSION.

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MISSION DOLORES.

\* St. John of Capistrano, Italy (1385-1456). Canonized in 1690. Famous as a Crusader and as a writer. His day is Oct. 31.

San Juan is the first Mission taken charge of by the Landmarks Club. In 1896 all its principal buildings were repaired by the Club, and their preservation ensured for another century —Ed.

† St. Clara (1193-1253) the first Franciscan nun. Canonized in 1255. Her day is Aug. 12.



MAP OF THE CALIFORNIAS IN 1787.

L. A. Eng. Co.

New California, two Missions were founded on the Colorado river in the fall of 1780—one, La Purísima Concepción de María Santísima, where Ft. Yuma now is; the other, San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer, three leagues below. These were "Pueblo Missions," founded by the Franciscan College of Santa Cruz at Querétaro. In July, 1781, the Yuma Indians massacred 46 persons (including four missionaries) and destroyed the Missions, which were never rebuilt.

Though Alta California was included, successively, in the bishoprics of Durango and Sonora, it was never visited by a bishop till it had one of its own in 1841. A ten years' license to confirm was granted Father Serra in 1777, and reached him the next year. At his death, in 1784, he had confirmed 5309 persons. The license was renewed in 1785, and in 1790 was forwarded to Padre Lasuen, then president of the Missions, who confirmed 10,139 persons in the next five years.

The pueblo of Los Angeles was founded Sept. 4, 1781. The long delayed mission of San Buenaventura\*—projected in 1772 but delayed by lack of troops—was at last established March 31, 1782. The presidio of Santa Barbara was begun about a month later; but the Santa Barbara Mission was not founded till four years afterward.

The "Apostle of California," the greatest of Western missionaries,



MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA

Miguel José Serra, was born at Petra, Mallorca, Nov. 24, 1713; assuming the name of Junípero when he entered the Franciscan order in 1731. Filled with missionary zeal he came to the New World to help in the conversion of its innumerable savages; and in 1767 was made President of the Missions of Antigua California on the expulsion of the Jesuits.

He accompanied the first expedition to open up Nueva California; and from that time to the day of his death devoted his every energy to that new field—founding Missions, teaching and confirming the savages, as president administering the great Mission system of the new territory, traveling up and down the coast from San Diego to San Francisco and back, a stretch of over 500 miles, walking every step of the way and visiting every Mission.

In walking up from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico in 1749 (when he first reached America) his leg became swollen, it is supposed from the bites of insects; and blood poisoning set in, from which he suffered greatly all the rest of his life. Thereafter, walking was always painful; sometimes next to impossible. But Father Serra never permitted these

\* St. Bonaventure—Giovanni di Fidanza, native of Tuscany (1221-1274). Restored from a critical illness in childhood, his mother dedicated him to God as Bonaventura. He became a Bishop and Cardinal, and is known as "the seraphic doctor" for his writings on mystic theology. His day is July 14.

sufferings to hinder his work — and he not only maintained the most active tours, but made them always on foot, sustained by his wonderful will and his passionate love for the Missions. His steadfastness was equalled by his humility. Though besought to use a horse, he would not ; and only in his few last confirmation trips did he allow anyone to accompany and assist him in these lonely and painful foot-journeys over great distances.

August 28, 1784, this great and good man died at the Mission of Monterey ; and he was buried on the 29th, with every honor possible in the little colony. He was surely one of the most remarkable men his church ever produced ; and deserved canonization more than some who have received it. He was the perfect type of great missionary and apostle. His biography was written by his lifelong friend Father Palou, who accompanied him from Mallorca to Mexico and California and was with him at his death. It was published in Mexico in 1787. On Serra's death, the presidency of the Missions devolved on Palou as senior friar in California ; but he desired to leave the country, and held the office only until he could be given a successor — Fermín Francisco de Lasuen.

The Mission of Santa Bárbara\* was founded on that saint's day, Dec. 4, 1786. In 1787 the third Channel Mission, La Purísima Concepción, was founded. Santa Cruz was established Sept. 25, 1791 ; and in the same year Nuestra Señora de la Soledad. During the next six years no new Missions were founded.

The padres had long desired to establish a line of Missions somewhat inland, each equidistant (as nearly as practicable) from two of the first Missions. After long explorations, Gov. Borica recommended a plan to the Viceroy of Mexico, who in 1796 approved it. The Mission of San José was accordingly founded June 11, 1797. Then followed in quick succession San Juan Bautista (June 24), San Miguel (July 25), San Fernando † Rey de España (Sept. 8, 1797) and San Luis ‡ Rey de Francia (June 13, 1798).

At the end of the century the population of the Mission establishments of Nueva California was 13,000. Between 1769 and 1800 there had been 16,000 baptisms.

The following table presents in convenient form for reference the most graphic view of the missionary work in California. It gives the list of the Missions in order, the dates of their founding, the largest number of neophytes at each in any one time, and the year in which this maximum was reached.

Mission	Founded	Max. Neophytes	Year
San Diego de Alcalá.....	July 16, 1769	1829	1824
San Carlos Borromeo.....	June 30, 1770	921	1794
San Antonio de Pádúa.....	July 14, 1771	1296	1805
San Gabriel Arcángel.....	September 8, 1771	1701	1817
San Luis Obispo.....	September 1, 1772	852	1803
San Francisco de Asís.....	October 9, 1776	1252	1820
San Juan Capistrano.....	November 1, 1776	1361	1812
Santa Clara.....	January 12, 1777	1464	1827
San Buenaventura.....	March 31, 1782	1328	1816
Santa Bárbara.....	December 4, 1786	1792	1803
La Purísima Concepción.....	December 8, 1787	1520	1804
Santa Cruz.....	September 25, 1791	523	1796
La Soledad.....	October 9, 1791	725	1805
San José.....	June 11, 1797	1886	1831
San Juan Bautista.....	June 24, 1797	1248	1823
San Miguel.....	July 25, 1797	1076	1814
San Fernando.....	September 8, 1797	1080	1819
San Luis Rey.....	June 13, 1798	2869	1826
Santa Inez.....	September 17, 1804	768	1816
San Rafael Arcángel.....	December 18, 1817	1140	1828
San Francisco Solano.....	July 4, 1823	996	1832

¶ This includes the "asistencia" San Rafael ; San Francisco proper was 622.

\* St. Barbara, virgin and martyr. The legend is that she was daughter of Dióscoro, an idolater of Asia Minor. He tortured her for her Christianity, and beheaded her ; whereupon he was struck dead by lightning. St. Barbara is patroness of sailors and the artillery ; and the powder magazine on Spanish ships was called by her name.

† St. Ferdinand (Ferdinand III, King of Spain from 1217 to 1251). Canonized in 1671.

‡ St. Louis (Louis IX, King of France from 1226 to 1270). A leading figure in the Crusades.

## LOST ON PIKE'S PEAK.

BY ALBERT MC FARLAND.

**F**ROM Manitou on the 22d of May, 1879, I innocently undertook to ascend Pike's Peak. It was two months too early for tourists who, with experienced guides, made the ascent on burros. But having read of the exciting charms of the trip and not dreaming of danger, I set out, dressed in light summer clothing and a palm-leaf hat. I secured a horse at the livery stable without informing anyone of my destination. Fortunately I strapped a heavy blanket on my saddle; it was worth more to me than a National Bank before I got through.

The morning was charming, with soft, piny breezes, cloudless sky and tuneful birds.

Passing Ute Springs, I entered the cañon and followed the brawling stream. The trail up the cañon is just wide enough for a horse, and winds alternately along the stream, beneath fragrant spruces, and around lichenized rocks. Vast walls and pinnacles loom at every turn, their fantastic summits chafed and disintegrated by the storms and frosts of centuries. Great boulders, fifty feet high, lie piled upon each other clutched by the gnarled roots of aged trees.

At two o'clock I reached the "half-way-house," a log cabin where excursion parties were wont to remain over night and then, with guides, proceed before day to the signal station on the top of the mountain to view the sunrise. But I was in no mood to stop. I could see Pike's Peak just ahead.

So, storing a lunch in my coat-tail pocket, despite the host's earnest warning that it was too early in the season to make the trip with safety, I decided to push on. I could not believe that such a sky would be treacherous.

So I commenced the ascent. As I proceeded, the sky became flecked with clouds, through which the sun faintly struggled, while toward the plain all was lost in a smoky haze.

In several places the trail led through snow that reached the stirrups, and the wind began to sough mournfully through the dead leaves. The timber grew more gnarled, and every twisted, stunted tree told by its deformity the struggle it had had with the winds for life. Then the line was reached where vegetation gave up the contest and resigned the field to desolation. Here, expecting to return in a few hours, I dismounted and securely tied my horse to the branch of a spruce tree at the edge of the timber line.

Now commenced the work in earnest. The wind was rising and the air betokened a change of weather. There were large patches of snow



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE OLD STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK.

Photo. by Jackson



THE PEAK FROM MANITOU

of safety was in struggling to the summit, which was always invisible. At this instant I noticed the small poles of a telegraph line; and painfully floundered through the snow to find that the wire was low enough for me to reach, and had evidently been stretched over the most direct route to the top of the mountain, regardless of steepness or broken ground.

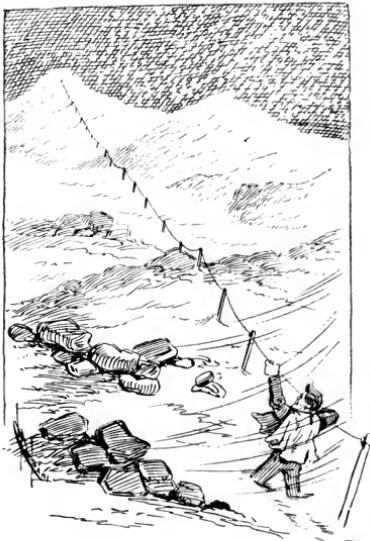
I was no longer lost. I knew that the wire led direct to the Peak, and that my safety was simply a question of endurance. To try and follow the line down was impossible, for it doubtless spanned forests and chasms.

As I looked up along the line, the low poles arose, one above the other, on a grade of forty to sixty feet; and four or five poles only were visible at a time—the farther one standing out alone against the sky as if it were the last. I followed the wire, thinking that when I reached the last pole in sight I should be on the summit. But the farther I advanced the farther reached the beckoning poles. There were always new poles in the distance.

The snow was soft and deep, and every step became painfully laborious and discouraging. The wire had been stretched over ravines and acres of rough stone, covered by the snow drifts, through which I broke and over which I staggered, wrenching every muscle and straining every nerve. Finally the over-exertion brought on a chill. My boots were full of snow, and my hat had been torn to shreds and carried away. Sick and exhausted I sank down in a drowsy stupor, and pulled my blanket over my head to muffle the screaming tempest. It required a struggle to keep from falling asleep. All around was utter desolation. I lay and counted the telegraph poles in sight stretching up the mountain side; and looking back over the route so painfully and slowly traveled, it seemed impossible that I could reach the crest ahead. Knowing the danger of going to sleep I determined to make one more struggle for life. I found that the poles were about fifty feet apart;

on the ground which I attempted to avoid by going around; but as the elevation increased, the snow and wind increased. The exertion in climbing warmed me up, and perspiration fairly poured off me. The trail, indistinct at best over the hard surface, was at last lost. The snow covered it—it covered everything. The air became full of snow wildly driven in gusty swirls by the cruel wind. The far mountains loomed gloomily through the storm, and the roar of the tempest became so terrible that I repeatedly sat down in the snow and pulled my blanket over my head to shut it out.

The altitude was now over 11,000 feet, and the rarefied air made the least exertion tiresome. But the waning light showed the closing day; the only hope



and after a long rest by leaning against a pole, I would grasp the wire and plunge on to the next pole. Stepping into the little ravines beneath the line, filled with snow, my hold would be broken and I would fall into the drifts and lie there until partially recovered, to rise and repeat the struggle over and over again. A nice dilemma for a man 56 years of age!

Repeatedly hope and strength had given way. Beyond me still stretched the deluding wire up the mountain side, each pole towering above the other until one alone stood out against the snowy sky. Could I reach the pole? And if so, would it be the last, the termination of the line where the stone signal station was, or would the dreary line still stretch on? If that was not the end of the journey I knew I was lost. I could go no further. The suspense was dreadful.

With lips swollen and bleeding, and heart fluttering, I frantically struggled on and fell, to rise and fall again. Nature must yield, pay its last debt, if from the top of that point no rescue were in sight. Slowly, (oh, how slowly!) I clambered up to the telegraph pole!

The sky was dark and wintry, and the wind still raged with fearful force. Night was coming on apace, and Nature seemed to be wrapping her chilly drapery around her and shutting out all hope and sympathy.

Another step or two would decide my fate. If it disclosed a continuation of the telegraph line my doom was sealed, for I could go no further

But what is that strange noise, like a watchman's rattle above the storm? Peering through the darkness, I saw something like a weather-vane spinning and clattering in the wind. And there is the little stone hut, cold and cheerless to all appearance—but no human structure, however imposing, will ever seem so inviting to me. Standing over 14,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by perpetual ice and snow, and shaken and scourged by the winds, with no trees or bush in sight.

Assured now of rescue I sat down, and leaning against the long-sought "last telegraph pole," took a long rest before clambering over the rocks to the door. At my knock an amazed young man appeared, and kindly invited me to enter.

"Is it possible you came up by the telegraph line?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he exclaimed, "do you know it is a miracle you ever got here? The line is built over the most direct route, spanning the steepest ground and sharpest rocks; and, besides that, a tornado has been blowing all the afternoon. Right now the wind-gauge registers a velocity of sixty-five miles an hour." (This wind-gauge spinning on the roof of the station was what had proclaimed my rescue.) "The last man who came up through the snow was young and accustomed to the hardships of the trip. He had gone down to repair the line, and came near perishing. When I opened the door to let him in he fell in a swoon upon the floor, and was revived with difficulty."

My host was Lieut. Wes. Blake, of the Signal Corps, U. S. Army; the sole occupant of the government station, and often left entirely alone for a month. In case of injury to the wire by falling trees or snow he was literally cut off from all communication with the world below. A comrade relieved him every four weeks. Besides keeping in order the



delicate instruments used in the meteorological observations and making out detailed reports, he was compelled to be his own cook, cut up his firewood and do all the necessary drudgery. In case of sickness or accident he might die and no one know it for weeks. He told me that his predecessor had been found a raving maniac. The unintelligible telegrams the poor fellow sent to Washington led to the discovery.

A roaring wood fire in a big stove, and a hot bowl of tea were good enough for me. Nothing had passed my lips since morning, but I did not hanker for a banquet. I worried about my horse tied to the tree away down the mountain; but as my host was the sole occupant of the station he thought the chances of getting up a rescuing party were rather poor.

"Not wishing to throw a chill over our cheerful surroundings," he said, "I would merely express the opinion that you will never see your horse again. Before now he has grown cold and restive and broken loose, and doubtless stumbled into the crater of one of the extinct volcanoes along the route over which you passed. There are several a thousand feet deep."

But nothing could have kept me from sleep, though my host sought to entertain me with graphic descriptions; and seeing an alluring cot and army blankets near by, I tumbled into bed on the first invitation, wet boots and all.

The storm raged all night, and the stone walls of the building, two feet thick, shook like a pasteboard box. The structure was one story high and heavily anchored to the rock by "hog chains," but it seemed at times as if the whole outfit would be torn loose and blown into some bottomless gulf.

At four next morning I scrambled out to see the sunrise. The sky was clear and the snow had ceased falling, but it was torn from the surrounding peaks by the scurrying wind and tossed about in restless drifts. Far to the east, a few fleecy clouds were pierced by faint rays which shot athwart the sky until the sun, like a great headlight, burst upon the vast expanse in a blaze of glory.

"Night's candles were burned out, and jocund day  
Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

It was too big a thing for me to handle, and I quietly went in again and crept under the bed clothes.

At nine I was awakened by what sounded like some one chopping wood; but it proved to be my host, who had pulled a quarter of frozen beef out of the snow and was chipping off some chips for breakfast. His refrigerator comprised "all out doors."

At ten o'clock the Lieutenant thought the wind had subsided sufficiently to make it safe for my descent, but to guard against snow blindness he insisted upon painting my face with a burnt cork. Then, wrapped in my blanket and bare headed, and looking like the remnant of a stranded minstrel show, I bade my friend good-bye and started down the mountain. The snow was frozen hard, and with the telegraph posts as a guide I made rapid time—often sliding five hundred feet without a break. My anxiety about my horse became very great as I approached the timber line; but I was suddenly delighted to hear his friendly whinny. I had fortunately tied him under a large tree that partly protected him from the storm, and he had patiently endured his vigil of twenty-four hours.

At six in the evening I was at the dinner table of the "Manitou House" enjoying a square meal, and feeling that I had got well out of a bad scrape.

If Lieut. Blake is living and should see these lines, I wish to acknowledge to him my thanks for his hospitality on that occasion,



**H**OWEVER the loyal Phyllis, in the first few years of her transplanting, may yearn for the dear East of her upbringing, she will (if she be an honest Phyllis) thankfully acknowledge many points wherein housekeeping is simpler and vastly more satisfactory in the land of her adoption than where she was "raised."

What woman does not recall the regret and inward rebellion with which those first few inexpressible days of early spring—the time of the oriole's advent and the chaste revelation of the bloodroot—were annually sacrificed to that historic ordeal, housecleaning?

The average man has no idea that the average woman loathes this periodical purification quite as much as he does.

She loves the result but not the process; but she must keep up his courage as well as her own, and it would never do to let on to him her secret detestation.

But when all outdoors was wooing her romantic soul, when she could smell the ravishing odors of fresh grass and warm mould, and could imagine the delicate green gloom of the woodland in tender leafage, and longed with all her winter-sick heart to loaf and roam and browse *al fresco*, then to bow to broom and dustpan and scrubbing-brush was indeed bitter.

By the time the trial was over and every last cubbyhole in blameless condition, and weary Phyllis at last emerged to get a taste of nature, she found that ethereal, elusive charm of the rathe season vanished from the earth, the pearly breakers of the bloodroot shattered, the oriole too busy with his own domestic concerns to rejoice her ear with those fluty rhapsodies by which he celebrates his return to the North and his bridal.

It was very disappointing; and if she made haste and crowded all the arduous business into one week, or even two, then she was laid up with the strain for a week or two more, so that the resultant loss was the same.

But here! Here, those perfect days come as a rule the year round, and happy Phyllis may house-clean to her thrifty heart's content, with a breeze to order for every curtain and carpet, light for the lace and stronger for the Bagdads, and sunshine galore to sanitise every shred of hanging and bed clothing, besides a yearful left for pure enjoyment.

In fact, here Phyllis doesn't need to turn everything upside down twice a year after the time-honored custom, because she can have her house opened up to the air and sun practically all winter.

Phyllis is no sluggard, and she feels insulted to have the small epitome of industry parade her example forever on the pantry shelf in contempt of borax, Persian Powder and everything except the nauseous coal oil.

But the same climatic clemency which abets the ant's prolonged depredations, allures that opal of the air, the humming-bird, to permanent residence, and so the great law of compensation holds good.

And what would you? we must have some small trials to keep our patience polished and to preserve Paradise from belittlement.

A few ants less, a shower or two more in summer, and the natural conditions of the Happy Land would be accomplished.

Again, when fastidious Phyllis is devoutly wishing that the adamantine water of the Angels' City would impart some of its hardness to the coal, and that the coal would reciprocate with a donation of half its softness to the water, let her recall her first delight at the responsiveness of this same coal.

"A baking oven in fifteen minutes, Augustus! We can have what even our best Biddy never could manage for us, hot baked apples and roast potatoes for breakfast."

And as an offset to the hard water, let her reflect on the satisfaction with which she viewed her first generous basket of crisp vegetables, fresh from Hop Sing's attractive display—and so cheap.

Anything, from rhubarb to okra, and at almost any time in the year; no telephoning here to the grocer for "good peas and fresh lettuce" to have them arrive limp, a proof of the perfidy of their purveyor, constraining the recipient to vow a trial of that last, desperate, expensive resort, a garden of one's own.

The enlargement of dietary possibilities by the extension of the fruit and green vegetable season is a real surprise to Phyllis, for all she has read for years of strawberries in December and green peas in January.

She reminds herself of a traveling companion on a European trip who could never get over it that things are really just as the map and Baedeker say they are.

With self-protective caution native to the Yankee, however intelligent, Phyllis never half believed in these alluring reports, and so, during her first winter here, she goes out to Hop Sing's cart every day with new trepidation, to find, hardly crediting her eyes, unbelievable outdoor green peas, Lima beans and spinach in December added to the usual winter assortment.

Week in, week out, the salad bowl and the stock pot flourish on simply what goodnatured Hop Sing "throws in" after the bargain has been made; and his frequent gift of a sugary cantaloup to the little folk makes a dessert leaving nothing to be desired.

And when she has actually partaken of real strawberries, acceptably ripe and sweet, on Christmas day, she repudiates all her former doubts and holds herself prepared for anything.

And as to fruits, if Mother Earth puts so unimpeachable a dessert as a ripe, rosy Crawford or a plate of figs into her hand in October, or a honey-sweet Navel orange in January, and great shining blackberries practically all the year, more delicious to palate and more gratifying to the eye than the best meringue on her best pudding, Phyllis would be a goose if she gave up her time or the cook's to frequent mince pies or omelettes soufflées.

Even in apples she has only exchanged the cherished Northern Spy and Greening of her childhood for the delicate Pearmain, the Bellflower and others just as good.

One singular individual has been heard of who complained that the delectable Muscat grape is too sweet; but he must have been as hard up for grounds of objection as was the old lady for grounds of praise when she commended the unnameable one for his persistency.

This continuance of the fruit season soon demonstrates to Phyllis the futility of much canning, only a few jars to piece along from very late peaches, grapes and blackberries to very early strawberries and other small fruits. And so another yearly burden slips off her shoulders.

All this looks toward simplifying life's machinery to the degree that one may find much more time for the new (or better the old) book, the beloved drawing or music or what-not that enlarges life and the joy and use of it.

When, added to all this, Phyllis has found by trial and inquiry that she can have her own mint and horseradish and parsley and dandelion greens, and even (oh new thanksgiving of the Pilgrim Mothers !) even real Eastern pumpkins, as well as those strange hypertrophied objects that they boast of here, and that do not know, themselves, whether they are not really squashes—when Phyllis has made sure of all these special weaknesses, if then she cannot cheerfully condone the ubiquitous flea and look upon it as one more point of *vraisemblance* between Dante's and Our Italy, she is indeed captious.

The most headlong devotee of this all-deserving clime must yield that the brown bareness of midsummer and fall in the country here is extremely depressing to the newcomer, but one unforgettable rose season eliminates the thorn. The delightful winter rains come on, some soft and gentle, some wild and drenching, enough to satisfy even perverse Phyllis, who was confident of missing these elemental dramas in a land of persistent complacency.

And if she should not miss them altogether, the alternative foreboded by the familiar expression "the rainy season" was not attractive; who has not imagined the face of occidental nature dripping and sodden the entire time embraced by that unfortunate term?

Will you not believe, oh transcontinental doubter, that the "rainy season" is a time of brilliant weather and luxuriant growth varied by just such refreshing showers and downpours as preserve the verdure and efflorescence of an Eastern summer?

So when Phyllis has thought it out and got it straight that the green and flowery season here is even longer and more flowery than the same season East, and that the interim is only a change from white implacability to brown monotony, relieved generously with green and bloom at the least encouragement, then she feels more settled.

Finally another pre-migratory bugbear, Chinese service, is tracked to its lair and found to be innocuous. Mr. Martin's delivery, true, no doubt, ten years ago, had fastened its sting in Phyllis's apprehensive soul.

"It's a chore to get help and you may have to drudge."

Phyllis's first venture, a Norwegian maid, was such a happy surprise that she thought it must be a mere chance, a special dispensation; but when her sister secured without effort or changes a like treasure, and friends began to furnish testimony to similar experiences, Phyllis allowed herself to rejoice without trembling, and wrote to the friend to whom she swore to reveal the whole truth concerning this over-boomed, under-estimated region, as follows:

"It is not a 'chore to get help' and you do not 'have to drudge' here or in any reasonable city or town in Southern California, if you have the money to pay for help; it does cost more, a good deal more, than in the East, but it is here, as good and nearly as abundant as there."

As a matter of fact, scores of capable, economical housewives do all of the work, except the washing, of their pretty ménages themselves, and to make this possible have built unto themselves some of the daintiest, cosiest birds-nests of cottages imaginable, adding a unique feature to this inexpressible country.

And so reluctant, conservative, homeloving Phyllis begins to take comfort, to cease to look upon her stay here as an experiment, but as a happy, interest-bearing, non-assessable, long-time investment, yielding returns absolutely sure and of a gratifying amount. So she lays away her regrets and nostalgia in lavender and rose-leaves, and publishes herself a convert.

## THE SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE OF THE FOLK-MUSIC OF OUR ABORIGINES.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.



CHOLARLY people do not need to be reminded of the importance, to ethnology and anthropology, of study of the mental life, the history, the manners, customs, religious and social ideas of the various races and tribes of our American aborigines. The comparison of the inherited ideas and customs of the different race-stocks with each other and with the races of the Eastern hemisphere, if it could be made thorough and complete, would throw a world of light on many important questions which are still in doubt. The studies already made in this field by American and foreign anthropologists have been decidedly fruitful; but nevertheless serve

mainly to show the enormous magnitude of the field and the pressing necessity for its immediate occupation. For it is patent to every observer that the aborigines of this continent are fast vanishing from the face of the earth; and that those who still remain are forced to live under conditions so different from those of their ancestors that their inherited ideas, customs and traditions must very soon perish from the memory of men. Whatever is done to preserve the unwritten records of their past,—records which are priceless in their relations to our scientific understanding of primitive men,—must be done quickly. A short delay and all this incomparably important body of scientific knowledge will have perished without hope of resurrection.

Upon American scientific men and American scientific bodies rests the responsibility of allowing the rich harvest of anthropological and ethnological knowledge which still remains in the domain of American aboriginal life to perish ungathered, or of doing what may be done to collect and record it in permanent form, accessible to students. This responsibility is ours whether we will or no; it is forced upon us by circumstances. It is we who are crowding the Indian to his doom. Our race has destroyed all the conditions of his primitive life. We are pressing upon him our ideas, customs, habits, and are doing all we can to eradicate from his mind, as from his daily life, everything which was characteristic of his ancestors. It will be anything but creditable to our boasted civilization, and professions of interest in the science of man as man, if we shall fail to do what in us lies to preserve whatever can be preserved of the memorials of these fast vanishing tribes.

A vast proportion of the most valuable ethnological and anthropological material to be gathered among our American aborigines is embodied in their folk-music. The Indian is extremely religious. He not only worships, but he does nothing whatever without reference to the superior powers with which he is at all times surrounded. Whether he hunts, plants, harvests, goes to war, makes peace, eats, drinks, sleeps, makes love—no matter what he does—he conceives each special mode of activity as related to the gods. Religious ideas permeate his whole life and affect his every thought, word and action.

Now, it is a curious fact that Indian prayers are *always sung, not said*. At least this is true so far as my knowledge of them extends. Every Omaha mother, for example, teaches her child to sing, not say, "Wakanda, I am poor and needy; have pity upon me." When her son approaches the border-line between childhood and youth, she sends him out to fast and pray, to receive visions and to dream dreams; but

\*From a paper read before the Southern California Academy of Sciences.

the prayer which he is to bring home with him as his own peculiar property must invariably be a song. When he goes out upon the war-path his intention is announced and his departure accompanied by a war-song. The warrior society to which (if he shall distinguish himself in battle) he may have the honor of being admitted, will record his valiant deeds in song and transmit them in this form to posterity. The Haethuska, the warrior society of the Omaha tribe, keeps all the historical chronicles of the tribe in this way.

Children have singing games; young men sing when they gamble, when they make love, when they gossip among themselves. Medicine men sing in their ministrations to the sick and during all their acts of conjuration—and the singing is regarded as essential. The great religious ceremony of the Wa-wan, or Sacred Fellowship Pipes, which I was once permitted to witness, is a full choral service of four or five hours in length, every act of which is sung.

In view of these facts, it is obvious that whoever collects and thoroughly studies the folk-music of any one tribe, thereby acquires a tolerably complete knowledge of the governing ideas of that tribe.

Of course there are serious difficulties in the way of acquiring this knowledge. The Indian is always suspicious of the white man, until his confidence has been completely won. He is always expecting his white visitor to look on his religious ideas and feelings, not with respect and sympathy, but with more or less of contempt. "You will not believe me," said a Sioux priest to a friend of mine who was his guest at the great Sun-dance, "but I pray to God, and I am answered." "Certainly," was the reply, "why not?" The priest looked surprised and said: "But your people think my people are dogs!"

Whoever would study the Indian must absolutely divest himself of all feeling of superiority of any kind and think of his red brethren simply as men like himself, differing, to be sure, in their bringing-up and in their inherited ideas, but as well-intentioned and living up to the light they have quite as well, on the average, as the men of his own race. If he can show himself brotherly and sympathetic he will, sooner or later, overcome the natural suspicion with which the Indian at first regards him, and then the way is open for an intelligent comprehension of the Indian character. Such was the attitude of Mr. Frank Cushing among the Zuñis; and how great and complete was his success you are doubtless aware. One of our own number, Mr. Chas. F. Luminis, was equally successful in Isleta and other Pueblo towns. To him I owe some valuable songs of the Tigua tribe.

To Dr. Franz Boas I owe an introduction to the Kwakiutl tribe of Vancouver Island, whose music I had the opportunity of transcribing at the World's Columbian Exposition; and to Mr. Carl Lumholtz I am indebted for songs of some Mexican tribes and of the cannibal natives of Australia. One of our Pomona College graduates, Mr. David Barrows, learned some valuable songs among the Coahuias two years ago, and I transcribed them from his singing. He has since been studying in Chicago University and Columbia College. He and I purpose visiting the Coahuias this summer to make further collections.

But by far the largest collection of aboriginal folk-songs thus far obtained, (unless it be that of Dr. Washington Matthews), was made by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, a Fellow of Harvard University and an assistant of Professor Putnam, of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology. She spent several years among the Omahas in Nebraska, won the entire confidence and the devoted love and gratitude of the whole tribe and learned to understand the innermost life of those people. She was admitted to their most sacred religious ceremonies, sang their songs with them, reduced them for the first time to written form and afterward turned them over to me for scientific study, such as could be made only by a professional musician. Both she and I had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Francis La Flesche, a son of the chief

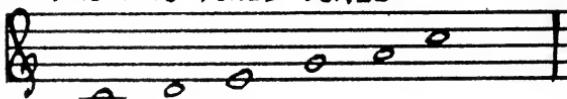
whose guest she was during her stay among the Omahas; now her adopted son and a trusted employé of the Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C. He accompanied me to the Omaha reservation in the summer of 1891, enabled me to witness religious ceremonies rarely opened to a white man, helped me to verify Miss Fletcher's records and to attain scientific results never before achieved in the domain of folk-music. The results of all this work were published in 1893, by the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University, in a volume bearing the names of Miss Fletcher, Mr. La Flesche and myself.

Thus the Omaha music has been pretty thoroughly exploited. Of no other tribe has so complete a collection of songs been published. I have a large number of phonographic records of the songs of the Kwakiutls and their neighbors, obtained by Dr. Franz Boas; and Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. A., formerly stationed at Fort Wingate, N. M., made a larger number of similar records of Navajo songs. A few of them are now in my possession, and a number of them, which I transcribed, have been published. But all these put together form but a small percentage of the enormous amount of material which might, with proper effort, be obtained from our aboriginal tribes.

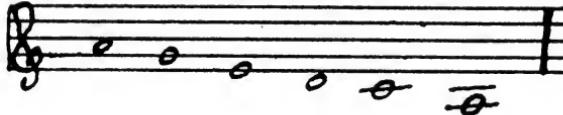
The value of these Indian folk-songs does not consist alone in their relations to ethnological and anthropological science. They also have important bearings on the science of music. Such questions as the origin of scales, the relations of primitive melody to harmony, the naturalness of our major and minor scales, the progressive development of them and above all, the fundamental question "*What is the line of least resistance for the human voice in primitive man making music spontaneously?*" (which I had the honor of being the first to ask and to answer)—all these have been illuminated, as never before, in the investigations made on the material collected during the last twenty years. I have already mentioned the foremost collections of Indian songs which it has been my privilege to study. The World's Columbian Exposition gave me the opportunity of making comparisons, at first-hand, of our Indian folk-music with that of many other races: Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Dahomeyans, South Sea Islanders, Esquimaux, etc.

All this comparative study has already led to important scientific results. It has shown, for one thing, that all folk-melody, the world over, is *harmonic* melody; i. e., implies harmony and is clearly the result of a sub-conscious perception of the harmonic relation of tones. The line of least resistance for the human voice making melody spontaneously is a *harmonic* line; i. e., the voice, when it changes pitch from a monotone, tends to move along the line of the Tonic chord, or chord of the key-note. When it departs from this it fills in the gaps between these chord-tones with tones belonging to the chords most nearly related to the Tonic, viz., the Dominant, Subdominant and Relative Minor chords. These tones are precisely those of our major scale. This scale usually appears at first with the fourth and seventh omitted, making the 5-toned scale so familiar in Scotch and Irish music. A shifting of the center of gravity from the first to the sixth of the major scale gives minor tonality, *without any change in the actual tones of the scale*, the key-note being merely shifted from Do to La, thus:

#### MAJOR FIVE-TONED SCALE



## MINOR FIVE-TONED SCALE



*These scales are, therefore, natural and not artificial.* Primitive man everywhere, no matter to what race he belongs, produces them naturally and spontaneously, as a result of a natural and universal harmonic sense, founded in the immutable laws of acoustics as related to the human ear and vocal organs.

Now the question whether other scales might not be just as natural as those we have was considered doubtful by no less an authority than Professor Helmholtz; so that the discovery, by means of this extended comparative study of primitive folk-music, of the fact that men of all races, the world over, do actually produce songs based on precisely the same major and minor tonalities that we ourselves use, *and on no others*, and the obvious inference that they, *and they alone*, must therefore be natural, is a matter of first importance to the science of music.

It used to be thought (and most if not all the histories of music still say), that the Arabs have a scale of 17 tones within the octave. But Mr. Land, a Dutch student of Arab music, has shown that this is an error. The Arab lute, he says, does indeed provide separate strings for the sharps and flats; but one set is used for the sharp keys and another for the flat keys; the two are never used for the same tonality. By this means each key is in pure tune, instead of being tempered as in our system, so as to make, for example, C sharp and D flat identical. The tonality of their music, whether major or minor, corresponds precisely with our own. And this tallies exactly with my own observations of Arab folk-music at the World's Fair.

There are those, I believe, who still imagine that our own aborigines sing quarter-tones or even smaller intervals, producing scales of a different character from those on which our European folk-music is based. But these bizarre scales exist nowhere in the world except in the imaginations of those whom my friend Mr. Luminis aptly calls "arm-chair students." The Indian does, indeed, often sing more or less out of tune; but singing out of tune is a phenomenon not confined to our American savages nor to any other savages. Nor is it any more intentional in the case of Indians than in the case of our own opera-singers. Numerous and repeated experiments of the most thorough and careful sort have demonstrated that the tonality of all the Indian songs yet studied corresponds precisely to our own. The same is true of the folk-music of all races, so far as yet appears; and I think that enough specimens have been collected and compared to justify such induction.

Nevertheless, the duty of the scientific man is to hold his mind open to the reception of new truth and to be ready at all times to modify or abandon any or all his former opinions, if new light should prove the necessity of so doing. It is conceivable (although I do not think it probable), that further collections of material may modify the views above expressed. For that reason, if there were no other, we ought to preserve as much of it as possible. But when we consider the importance of the ungathered material for the purposes of ethnological study and comparison, and the meagreness of the results thus far accomplished, the necessity of speedy and vigorous action presses upon us with overwhelming weight. When we consider, further, the difficulties of the undertaking, the time which must necessarily be consumed in preliminaries before and after the fields of work are reached and the fewness of the competent investigators whose interest has thus far been enlisted, the necessity of energetic action becomes still more apparent.



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As this number of the magazine goes to press the first \$1000 for San Fernando is subscribed, lacking a few dollars. It has been no sleepy task in times like the present to raise \$1000 for an object which appeals only to people of intelligence; but the Club happily has that sort of people to work among, and the \$1000 is raised.

This sum enables the Club to begin the work of repair at the Mission of San Fernando; and it is intended to begin operations at once. But it is only half as much as is necessary to complete the absolutely essential repairs. Another \$1000 must be raised, before this fall, that the two great buildings may be protected from the rains. Again the Club calls on all members who have not yet renewed to send in their dollar for 1897; and upon all who are able to be more generous, to do so.

The Club has acquired two more valuable paintings for its future California museum. Both are watercolors in the best style of Alex. F. Harmer—than whom no one has been more successful in painting the Missions. Both were done years ago and preserve features which have since disappeared and are not otherwise commemorated. Both pictures, in fact, are historical "documents" of importance—particularly the one showing the church of San Fernando before the destruction of its roof and cloister. Mr. John F. Francis generously purchased this and presented it to the Club.

*CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.*

Previously acknowledged, \$1957.55.

New Contributions: From the Pasadena Branch, proceeds of entertainment given March 25, \$395.01; Calixto Lopez & Co., New York, \$10; Wm. H. Avery, \$5; D. M. Ferry, jr., Detroit, \$5; "A Friend," Redlands, Cal., \$5.

\$1 each—C. W. Bartlett, Wm. M. Tisdale, C. L. Partridge, H. L. Graham, "A Friend," K. C. Wells, Redlands, Cal.; Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles; R. Harris, San Jacinto, Cal.





There are surface indications that the Senate has secretly ratified an arbitration treaty of its own. With the Fool-Killer. There is no other accounting for his failure to ply his profession in that august body.

Mexico—a country which won its own independence from Spain, and far more impulsive than we are—has not the remotest notion of meddling with Cuba. But then, Mexico has no United States Senate. She loves freedom and she does not love the mother country; but she is not a natural fool. She knows what the Cuban rebellion is; she knows what “independence” would mean there. For that matter, not one of all the Spanish-American republics thinks of recognizing the insurgents of the distressful isle. The United States is the only nation in the world which follows the profession of being buncoed by its newspapers.

The arbitration treaty has been ratified by the heads and hearts of the American people. The Senate of the United States (which has come to represent nothing in the world but itself; a handful of old men with more money than brains, and more mouth than either) has indeed killed the letter of it; but the spirit has come to stay. Its

“body lies a-wouldering in the grave,  
But its soul is marching on.”

What can the well-grieved Achaeans be thinking about? Couldn’t they hold on for a steamer or two longer, when they knew who was coming? Greek history has had some rather pretty pages; but there was never before a chance for Greeks to die with Gen. Miles looking on.

LIFE  
IN  
DEATH.  
THE CHANCE  
OF THEIR  
LIVES.

To the Greek war the London *Times* sends Kipling; the most ambitious American journals have forwarded Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis. This rather reminds one of old Kaa (the sledge-hammer headed) and the chattering Bandar-Log.

It is almost too fearful to be believed, that corruption in American polities has crept so high as the Cabinet. If we must unwillingly confess that crooked legislatures, governors and even Congressmen are no novelty among us, we would fain be confident that the President and his official family are impregnably straight. When they cease to be, then God pity the Republic!

COMING  
TO A  
HEAD.

But nowadays we believe what we must, not what we would. Every business man would know what was what if one of his clerks were to

do as the Secretary of War is now doing ; and even a Cabinet officer is not above the laws of common honesty. Only, we have been loath to believe it possible that a dishonest man could get to sit in that high seat.

For over eight years the people of Southern California have been struggling to get a harbor built as ordered by the government. For eight years the United States has been trying to keep its repeated promise. The obstacle has been one man, who is not exactly penniless. For eight years Collis P. Huntington has been stronger than the people and stronger than Congress. But at last Congress has broken away, investigated the matter thoroughly again, and ordered the work done.

General Alger betrayed his hand early, and has now laid it down in plain sight. On a pretext which he must know is only a pretext, he has blocked the work ; and will undoubtedly try to defeat it in the end. He has given the country a spectacle undreamed of before in its history—a Cabinet officer vetoing acts of Congress. If he were the paid attorney of Huntington, he could do no more for his master.

Happily there is a man on his trail whom he will hardly dodge. Senator White has as much the better of Gen. Alger in brains as in cleanliness of record. He is upright, balanced, and strong ; he is roused as his constituents are ; and he never lets go. If Mr. Alger fancies that he can deliver the goods to Mr. Huntington, he will presently find himself the most effectively pilloried person in American political history.

A WORK

WORTH

WHILE.

On another page is an expert statement as to the need of studying our aboriginal folk-music before it is quite vanished.

To people who know anything of the larger world of brains, it is needless to remark that Prof. Fillmore is the foremost authority in his specialty. It is comforting to know that the Southern California Academy of Sciences proposes to prove its right to existence by sending Prof. Fillmore, this summer, to original research among the Coahuia and other local tribes. There are provincial "scientific societies" whose sole authority is to tickle themselves ; it is seriously gratifying that this association aims to do what will give it standing among the world of scholars. We need this sort of brains here, and we have a right to expect it.

OUR

STANDING

DISGRACE.

As every traveled American knows (who took his eyes and his American common sense along) no other civilized nation

ever filled its diplomatic service with such unrepresentatives as we do habitually. There are unlicked Americans who have thus far escaped being ministers and consuls abroad ; but probably their time is coming. The Lion has personally known many people of those this country sends to represent it in foreign lands. He knows many gutter-snipes, drunkards and dead-beats among them ; and he knows some of them for fine old countrymen perfectly at home in North Carolina or Posey, but absolutely lost in the seats to which they were accredited because they had "done something for the party." He has never known of a United States minister or consul in the New World who

was a large business success. He has known the best—and possibly also the worst—among them; and the best was not able to cope with a beardless boy of the country to which he was ticketed. Diplomacy implies breeding, tact and that certain human attitude capped by the specific education. Every other civilized nation trains its diplomats; we pick ours green.

That for a few years past the generally honorable but always hopeless old gentlemen who have been our ministers to Mexico have not done us greater harm, has been almost wholly due to Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, Secretary of Legation; a Californian of high type. A gentleman in English, a gentleman in Spanish, a scholar all round, his personal gifts and the prestige of the United States are all that have given our Mexican Minister any standing in Mexico. Every American who went to Mexico admired Judge Sepulveda; the Mexican government respected and trusted him. To all parties he has stood for the Legation, and the Minister has been a nonentity. With a very few exceptions—our representatives to England, France and Germany—this is the way we do our diplomatic service—sending men who could not hold up their heads but for their clerks.

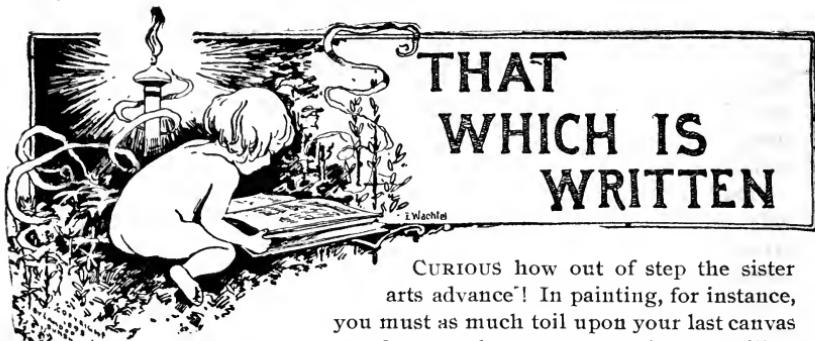
Now, another worthy gentleman has been given Mexico; and is burro enough at the outset to part with Judge Sepulveda. The new minister cannot speak the language of Mexico; he cannot talk with the President or Cabinet or his fellow-Ambassadors (except the British Minister). But he can draw his salary.

The Lion owes no more bones to Judge Sepulveda than do ten thousand others who have incidentally tasted his courtesy and competency. But the Lion is an American; and it makes his American paws ache to see American business conducted as if the United States were an asylum for imbeciles instead of the smartest nation in the world—at home. The turning out of the only competent man in the American Legation in Mexico is merely a typical incident of our whole diplomatic service.

During the summer months the editor will be absent on special missions for the Harpers. If contributors will now return his attempts at courtesy, he will be grateful. In the last nine months—and merely in postscript to heavier work—he has read a little over 5100 MSS.; of which possibly one per cent. were worth the pains. That ought to last him till about October 1st—at all events it will have to. Foundlings left on the doorstep during his absence will simply have to await his return, and would much better be spending the interim with their fond parents.

A FOUR  
MONTHS'  
FAST.

The Senate burns, it is well known,  
To recognize the Cubans prone;  
But tell me, Nymphs, if you can pen it—  
—Who cares to recognize the Senate?



CURIOUS how out of step the sister arts advance! In painting, for instance, you must as much toil upon your last canvas as upon your first. In letters, a reputation has still to be made as the Old Masters made theirs—by hand. But having made it, you may stencil the rest—and raise your price with each chromo. If you are built that way.

WRONG BY

ONLY A  
CENTURY. Rossiter Johnson is one of the most amiable of those encyclopedias that go upon two legs and not in a calf binding—and one has need to be encyclopedic and amiable both who is vowed to a periodical department of Notes and Queries.

But while he has mellowed by many years of ameliorating the ignorances of them that God made particularly to seek wisdom not by study but among the "Answers to correspondents," Mr. Johnson occasionally reverts to the green-apple stage. He is not quite ripe on the side of American history.

In the April *Book Buyer*, for instance, Mr. J. informs a Seeker of Truth that "the first book published in America" was the "Bay Psalm-Book (Cambridge, 1640)." Which is a rather sad fruit to be plucked from the *Book Buyer*.

About \$5 would procure for Mr. Johnson a good copy of Icazbalceta's monumental bibliography, from which he would learn to his betterment that "the first book published in America" was a hundred years old before the so-called "Bay Psalm-Book" was thought of; and that half a century before 1640 several hundred books had been published in America—in one European language and a dozen American tongues.

Where much is given, much shall be required; and Mr. Johnson is precisely the man who ought to know something about the literature of America.

IN  
GOOD  
COMPANY.

Six very diverting stories are those which swell the fat covers of *The Impudent Comedian*, by F. Frankfort Moore. The "Impudent Comedian" is the notorious Nell Gwyn, who turns to us in the title story a takingly human side—and it is not amiss to be reminded that even the ladies who would if Mary Ambree wouldn't, were not altogether unwomanly. The other stories are all of the same picturesque period of English history, and all deal with famous actresses of that day. One may have suspicion of Mr. Moore's historical color; but there can be no two notions about the entertaining qualities of his tales. The book is in the exquisite workmanship of H. S. Stone & Co. Chicago, \$1.50.

The calendar has intervals wherein it seems particularly easy for poor humanity to revert to the ancestral anthropoid. Amid that (mostly vernal) impulse, the mirror is a great saver of later blushes; and one wonders, in the West, why that mindful glass is always turned to the wall just when prehensile twinges attack Manhattan. Certainly if its reflective side were outward, one glance into it would be enough to bring down in shame more monkeys than a few—unless, indeed, the sense of proportion is quite impossible to such as know nothing but New York, and only the nominals of that.

BEFORE  
THE  
GLASS.

We have mostly forgiven and forgotten the *Critic's* election of an American Academy of Immortals (who couldn't stick elected); and its many comparable innocencies; but the young are expected to grow up.

The raw Frontier would like to know why the *Critic's* leader of May 1. Was it designed to show how much less dignity suits a New York literary journal than Chicago would tolerate? Or is it merely a token of what the *Critic* takes to be wit?

I know positively one man who is less than his father; and HEIRS  
it is a ripe suspicion with me that there are others. If such a AND  
thing there be as a good name in American letters, Nathaniel ASSIGNS.  
Hawthorne had it; but he palpably failed to beget his peers.

Julian Hawthorne, his son (incidentally caddied by some other person), has recently published a text-book on *American Literature*. The most interesting thing between its covers is that Whittier is given two pages, Lowell four, and Julian Hawthorne fourteen. This is American literature as she is littered. God rest us!

It is a curious and none too creditable fact in our scholarship A PACIFIC  
that there is not yet—after half a century—anything remotely COAST  
approaching a complete flora of the floweriest part of the BOTANY.  
Union. New England and the other Atlantic States are botanized threadbare; but the richer and more fascinating plant-growth of California is thus far shamefully neglected.

A compact and competent text-book of elementary botany, by Prof. J. Y. Bergen, of the English High School, Boston; with an appendix of 158 pages on the flora of the Pacific Coast, by Alice Eastwood, of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, has just been issued and will be warmly welcomed. Prof. Bergen's concise manual is excellently practical and clear. The coast department of the book does not pretend to any completeness in the flora; but it facilitates acquaintance with several hundreds of species the most important and most interesting. It will undoubtedly have a large popularity in California. Ginn & Co., Boston, \$1.50.

Clarence Urmy's *Vintage of Verse* is a slender little volume, ANOTHER  
but in the faultless taste that marks all Doxey's output. Mr. CALIFORNIA  
Urmy, who resides at San José, Cal., is a well-known contrib- BOOK.  
utor in verse to the minor magazines; and this collection shows him at his best. His muse is a Native Daughter, given to no long flights—an unaffected, sincere and lucid home-body. Her vocabulary and her

imaginings are not inspired, but neither are they heavy. She has many pretty conceits, and clothes them not at all ill.

Mr. Urmy's verse will be read locally, at least, with interest, for his texts are Californian. His metres are not wholly fluent—as in the very second line :

"Wave-washed by the quiescent sea  
Balboa sighed rapturously."

Nor does "the whir of the sickle" compliment his observation. But these are his worst. San Francisco, Wm. Doxey, \$1.25. For sale by Parker, Los Angeles.

A ROMANCE  
OF

GOLDSMITH.

The critic who walked the earth with raw Ben Jonson and his retinue is unavoidably absent from the office ; and perhaps it were not worth while anyhow to come to expert judgment whether those worthies would have said and done just precisely as Mr. F. Frankfort Moore procures them to. But in any event his novel, *The Jessamy Bride* is interesting enough to be believed reasonable. It invites us into tall company—the Great Bear of English literature and his dog Boswell, inimitable Garrick and many more ; and about the author of the "Elegy" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "She Stoops to Conquer," it weaves a perfect halo. Innocent, tender-hearted, brave and chivalric, Goldsmith is painted as even rarer man than poet. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.50.

STRAY  
LEAVES.

*The Little Lady of Lagunitas*, "A Franco-Californian Romance," is Richard Henry Savage all over—and needs no more definition to the average reader. Mr. Savage's unprecedented style, his impossible local color, and his nevertheless invariable interest to those who read just for fun, show no change. The "Oriental Library," Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25c.

The *Chap-Book* takes the *Literary World* out and has fun with it for its colorless optimism ; but wholly falls short of the basic truth. The Boston paper is really not the *Literary* but the *Moral World*—it looks at literature only through the church door. Just now it is engaged in proving that Byron should be damned as a poet because as a man he was almost as loose as dear Bobbie Burns.

"Col." Richard Henry Savage runs very much on the plan of the old-time Mississippi steamers on a race—pitch under the boilers and a colored person squatted on the safety valve. His romances (if so tame a word may be lent them) are the most breathless yet known, and their normal temperature is at least 610° F. Rand, McNally & Co. now issue his *Delilah of Harlem* and *Prince Schamyl's Wooing* in paper at 25c. each.

Among the latest issues of the "Globe Library" are *My Uncle Basson*, by Mario Uchard ; and *A Man's Privilege*, by Dora Russell. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.

Robert Buchanan's *Lady Kilpatrick* is an Irish "story of today," with the due program of love, hate and villainies. Published in the "Globe Library," Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25c.

# THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



CARNATIONS BY THE ACRE, AT REDONDO.

Photo by Waite.



Union Eng. Co.

FOOTBALL, INDIANS VS. WHITES. Photo, by W. F. Burbank.  
(Phoenix, A. T.)



Photo by Hill, Pasadena.

THE SEA WALK, HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

## EVAPORATED VS. SULPHURED DRIED FRUIT.

BY ALFRED P. GRIFFITH

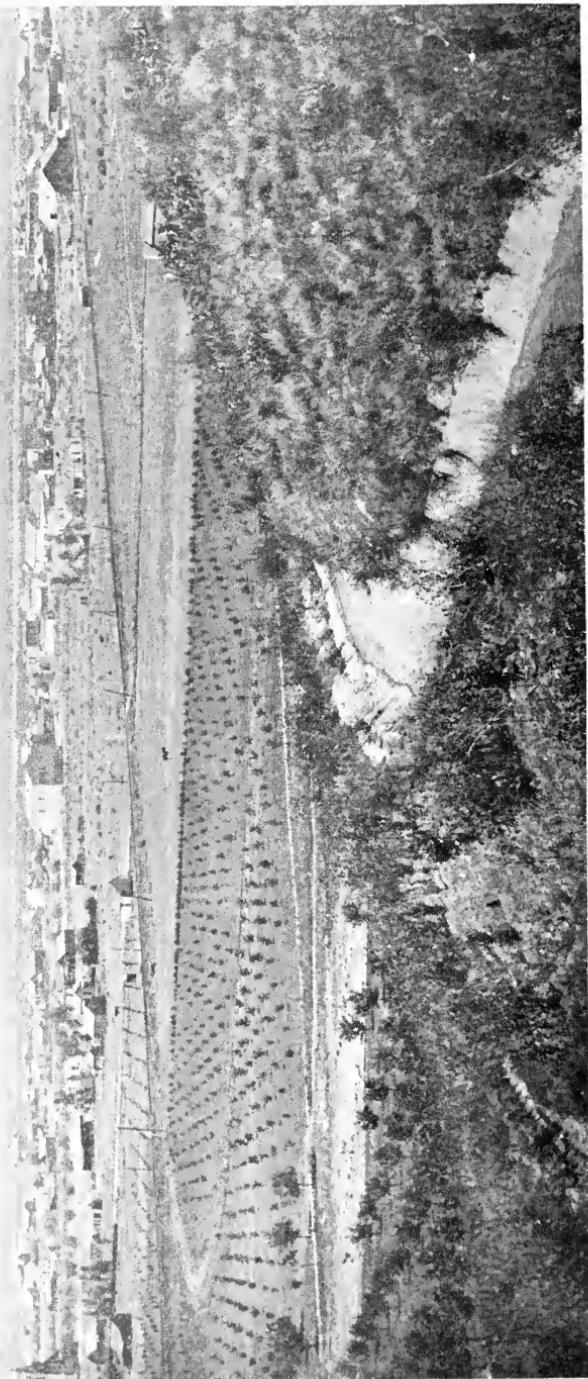
HE proper preparation of our deciduous fruits for market is a subject of very great importance to our people. We have all the natural advantages of soil, water and climate to produce the finest apricots, peaches and plums on earth. But how to prepare them for market so that they shall please the taste and return us something for our labor and investment is the question of the hour. It would seem that the Easterners have got tired of buying our sulphured fruit; and as they have been educated to believe that only pretty fruit is good fruit, they decline to buy unsulphured because of its unsightly appearance. None will deny that cut peaches or apricots, immersed in fumes of burning sulphur for from three to six hours will be impregnated with sulphurous acid; but some claim that this can be dissolved by soaking in water over night, and of course throwing that water away. And none will deny that fruit cured without sulphur is superior in flavor to sulphured fruit, though it will not have the same attractiveness to the eye. The eye being a large factor, our goods must please it, hence we desire to prepare our fruit in such a manner that it will attract, trusting to the reputation of our own California to convince the buyer that he likes the fruit after it has been prepared for the table. Sulphured fruits do attract the eye the first time; but the absence of flavor (which has been destroyed by sulphur fumes) prevents a second purchase. The poorer classes are too poor to buy our output, and the better classes want something better and turn to the Alden dried fruits or canned goods. It is true that if our goods go to market a little dark on account of the use of less sulphur they bring a reduced price; but ask yourself "do you sulphur the fruit you eat?" Some say "no;" others that "they do not eat dried fruit." Well, if you don't like sulphured dried fruit, is it reasonable to suppose that you can fool the Eastern customer all the time with eating your bitter-acid fruit, even to tasting of the sulphur? Why should we destroy the superb quality of our California fruits merely to make them attractive to the eye, while we use the slovenly method of exposing it to the sun for two or three days to dry, the wind blowing the dust upon it and the moths laying their eggs upon it later to develop worms in the fruit? Because sun heat is cheap. We must find some plan by which we can dry our fruit that will not horrify the eye and will please the palate, and yet not cost too much.

By the evaporator process I produce a superior article of dried fruit. The rapidity of the process prevents the loss of much fruit-flavor, and of course the flavor is not destroyed by sulphur fumes, and drying with a high degree of artificial heat, in twelve hours, is a sure preventive of worms in the fruit. All who have partaken of this fruit pronounce it *par excellence*.

I shall put up this season fruit on my ranch by this process, and am sure all who buy it will want more of it. I shall package the fruit in pound packages, sealed, thus insuring the quality of the contents and cleanliness, and with each package will go directions for proper preparation for the table; and I am sure if this process were generally adopted, our dried fruit business would experience quite an improvement.

Azusa, Cal.

Read at the annual meeting of the Pomological Society of Southern California.



GENERAL VIEW OF AZUSA FROM THE NORTHEAST.

L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by Maudie.

## THE VALLEY OF AZUSA.



*AN EMBRYO HORTICULTURIST.*

WENTY-FIVE miles northeast of Los Angeles, on the Southern California Railway (Santa Fé route), lies the valley of Azusa. Its location is about the center of the San Gabriel Valley, the most picturesque in its scenic attractions of all the Southern California valleys. But this is not all. Climatic advantages, fertility of soil, abundant water supply for all purposes and the best of transportation facilities have been the factors towards its present high development as a producing section. The valley of Azusa has long been recognized as the most fertile part of this favored region.

The valley begins at the mouth of the San Gabriel cañon, spreading some miles eastward and from the foothills to the wash south of Covina. The first consideration to the intending settler is the question of water. The lands of the valley are under one of the most perfect irrigation systems. The Azusa Water Company, and Irrigation Company, carry the waters of the San Gabriel river in immense systems of canal and pipes to the farms and orchards, furnishing an abundant supply for irrigation and domestic uses of the purest of mountain water.

"Water is king," is a well recognized fact in Southern California, for without ample supply at all times horticulture cannot be successfully prosecuted commercially. The quality of soil must also receive careful investigation. It must contain all the elements necessary to vigorous plant growth. The soil of the valley of Azusa possesses preëminently the fertility required to produce quality as well as quantity of product.

Those unacquainted with the facts will hear incredulously the statement that the loam in many parts of the valley is of unfathomable depth. Wells put down in the early days 100 feet showed the same stratum as at the surface. The principal ingredients of this loam are sand and finely disintegrated granite. It is exceedingly friable, but being close in structure, holds moisture remarkably well, and works to perfection. The topography of the valley enables the soil to remain warm throughout the winter months, and as a consequence the orange and lemon mature to perfection early in the season. Strawberries, blackberries, grapes, apricots, peaches, prunes, olives, apples, pears, etc., follow in their season, giving the "tiller of the soil," who mixes brain with brawn, returns for his labor every month of the year.

The fruit era, in the Azusa valley, is comparatively young, being covered by the last eight years; but the extremely favorable combination of soil, water and climate, has been productive of such results as to make possible the records of shipments from Azusa station (1895) of



McMillen, Photo.

THE GRIFFITH PRIVATE RESERVOIR.

Union Eng. Co.

1,101,100 boxes of oranges, making 337 carloads'; lemons, 10 carloads'; 343,071 pounds of strawberries, and 17 carloads of dried fruits.

To the grower every facility is offered to market his product to the best advantage. The Azusa branch of the Citrus Association (A. G. C.) manages its affairs conservatively and to the best interests, financially, of its members.

Prospective settlers, by visiting improved property (ranches), can judge as to what can be accomplished within three or four years from the breaking of the soil. A visit, for instance, to the home ranch of



McMillen, Photo.

RESIDENCE OF H. L. MACNEIL.

Union Eng. Co.



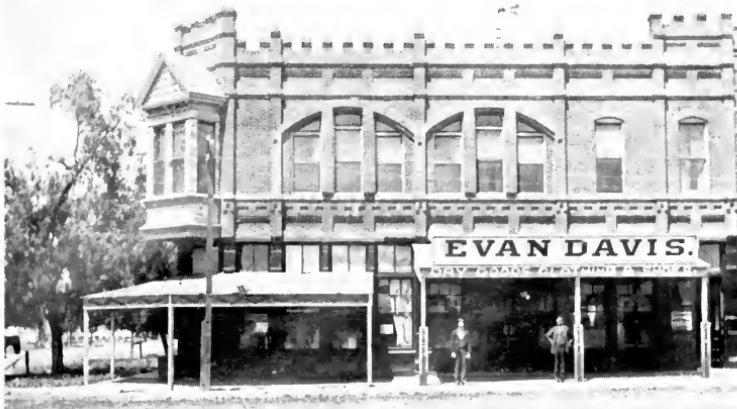
McMillen, Photo.

THE A. P. GRIFFITH BLOCK.

Union Eng. Co.

A. P. Griffith, one of the later comers to the valley, must convince the most skeptical that nothing in the way of horticulture or agriculture is impossible in the valley of Azusa.

Good roads are of importance everywhere, but not every community is wide-awake enough, and determined enough, to expend its own cash to improve outside roads. The Azusa people, recognizing that the permanent improvement of the highways leading into town meant permanent prosperity, organized a local committee, and placing the necessary cash in its hands, prosecuted the work in such manner as today to enjoy the reputation of "the best roads in the valley."



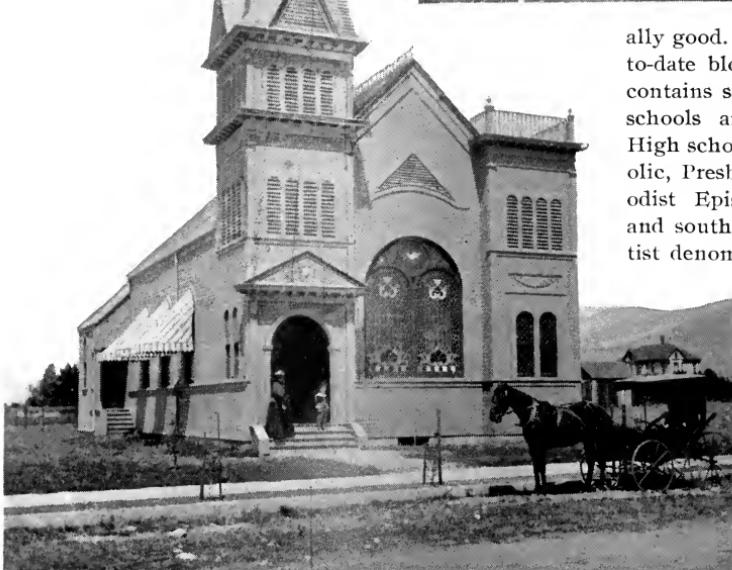
McMillen, Photo.

THE SLAUSON BLOCK.

Union Eng. Co.

The Azusa Ice Factory, run by water power, has an export output of 200 carloads per year, besides supplying the local needs of the valley.

The town of Azusa is the trade center of the valley, and offers all commodities usually kept in a town of many times its size. The educational, religious and social advantages are exception-



McMillen, Photo.

AZUSA BAPTIST CHURCH, 1873 AND 1896.

Union Eng Co.

bership of seven as the nucleus. The new church was built in 1896, and has a constantly increasing membership.

Last, but far from least, are the attractions of the famous San Gabriel cañon; its trout fishing, hunting and camping allurements, offering sport, recreation and rest to all lovers of the picturesque in Nature.

ally good. Besides its up-to-date blocks, the town contains splendid public schools and the Citrus High school. The Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal—north and south—and the Baptist denominations, have

houses of worship in the town.

The Baptists enjoy the distinction of being the pioneer religious society in the valley. Their organization dates to 1873, with a mem-

## *AN OPEN LETTER.*

DEAR SIR: Coming to Azusa six years ago and believing that I had found a location suited at once for delightful homes and the production of the finest quality of Oranges, Lemons, Apricots, Peaches and Plums, I purchased a 30-acre ranch, hoping to have rest and quiet. Fates were against me—my neighbors could not realize the possibilities of their land and would not improve it, hence I was impelled to purchase more land than I have any use for merely that I might improve it for sale to newcomers who would not wish to wait for an Orange orchard to grow up. I am now the owner of five ranches all planted and in bearing, four of which are for sale. My home ranch of 160 acres will be subdivided or sold as a whole. If any one is ambitious to own a princely estate this ranch will suit them. In a few years it will produce 40 to 50 carloads of Oranges and Lemons, with nearly an equal area planted to Apricots, Peaches, Plums and Olives, and about 10 acres in berries of fine varieties. Connected with this ranch is a reservoir, one mile distant, capable of holding nearly 4,000,000 gallons of water, a portion of which is divided off for domestic use, and is covered by a roof; or the ranch may draw its water from the general



L. A. Eng Co.

RANCH HOUSE OF A. P. GRIFFITH.

Photo by Maude

Irrigating Company's system, at the option of the purchaser. There are five houses on the ranch, including my residence; also ample barns and sheds for stock, feed and implements.

Besides this ranch, I have a nice one-acre residence in bearing Oranges, with Lemons, Apples, Apricots, Peaches, Plums, Pears and Blackberries for family use. A good house and barn—water under pressure.

10 acres in bearing Lemons, Apricots, Peaches and Kelsey Plums. 10 acres in bearing Oranges, Lemons, Apricots, with some Peaches, Blackberries and Raspberries set between the trees for temporary crop; a good plastered house. 15 acres in Oranges, Lemons, Apricots, Peaches, Grape Fruit and French Prunes—mostly in bearing; a fair temporary house.

If you mean business, terms will be made to suit. All these properties have a strictly first-class water-right appurtenant to the land,

If you want to know anything further write me, and I will take pleasure in answering you.

Yours truly,

ALFRED P. GRIFFITH,

Azusa, Los Angeles County, Cal.

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THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE SOUTHWEST

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Those who once knew the Embryo Oyster Stand of Al. Levy, 111 W. Third street, Los Angeles, and have watched its astonishing growth in floor space and popularity, will soon have a surprise still more to their liking. The west walls are to be metamorphosed into arches connecting still more spacious apartments, with especial entrance for ladies, and this popular Oyster and Fish caravansary otherwise placed in the very front rank.

One of the busiest men and the same time the pleasantest in all Southern California is Frank J. Capitan of the Alamitos Land Co., which together with the Alamitos Sugar Co. has within twelve months laid out the town of Alamitos in Orange County, sold a goodly number of lots, erected and equipped a modern sugar factory and planted many acres to sugar beets. The factory will expend about \$100,000 for sugar beets annually, which means that Alamitos will be the metropolis of a large and prosperous farming section.

The unusually fine photograph, "In the Moqui Country," reproduced on page 238 of the May number, should have been credited to Maude, photographer, First and Broadway, Los Angeles.

A Pointer to Advertisers.



Don't Know Him? Well, Arizonians Do.

And by his fruits *you* may know him, for here are the yearly subscriptions (written close lined), taken by him throughout Arizona and New Mexico from *the cream of the people*. The inhabitants of such hot interiors come to the sea coast in summer, do they not? *Are they of any use to you?* The evidence presented above and the recent purchase by the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* of the subscription books of its only rival in that territory demonstrates that the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is read by the majority of those worth reaching in that territory—and the only California publication which is. *Let us make the connection for you.* It is business for you, while Arizonians are glad to learn of the opportunities of the locality in which they spend several months of each year.

### Education Free!

To the two boys or girls, young men or young women, who send in before September, 1897, the largest list of subscribers to the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* we will give a six months' free scholarship each in the famous Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena.

A trip through a narrow fertile valley to its capital city, Escondido, leads one past orchards and gentle, frostless slopes most surprising and pleasing to the pleasure seeker; while, if on investment bent, he is still more fortunate, as the frostless localities which offer orange land at an average of \$50 an acre are few and far between. Mr. D. P. Hale, the manager of the Escondido Land and Town Co., is not young in successes of this nature.

# Going to School This Summer?

Beginning Monday July 5th, and continuing  
Six weeks, the .....

## Los Angeles Business College

212 West Third Street

Will Conduct a

### SPECIAL SUMMER NORMAL

Which will offer superior advantages to .....

1. All who wish to take up any of seventh, eighth or ninth grade branches of study.
2. Those who desire to prepare for grammar grade.
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Specially qualified teachers have been employed for this Summer work. All who contemplate attending should make arrangements at the College office at their earliest convenience, so that all may be accommodated.

But this Special Summer School

### Will Not Interfere

In any way with the regular work in the

Commercial, Shorthand and Typewriting  
Telegraphy and Assaying Departments.

All who wish to pursue any of the regular courses of study can do so, just the same as at any other time of the year. Call at the College office, or write, for full particulars. Remember the SUMMER SCHOOL begins July 5th.

ADDRESS LOS ANGELES BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
Currier Building, 212 W. Third Street  
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FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES

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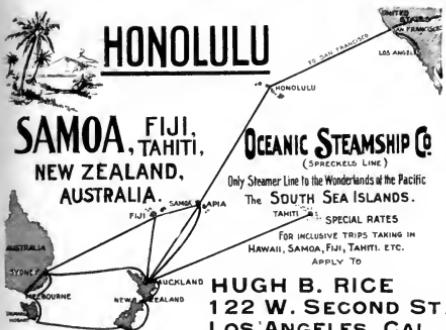
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Union Eng. Co.

THE FINISHING ROOM, EMPIRE LAUNDRY.

Photo. by Waite.



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# A BEAUTIFUL HOME



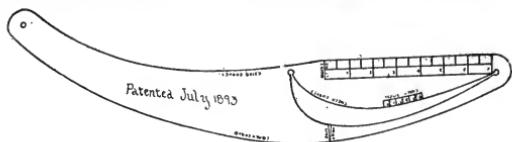
Wishing to live on my ranch, I will sell my city home. In the southwest—the prettiest and most growing part of Los Angeles. Best electric line in city passes the door; another line half a square away. 100 feet front. Charming modern story-and-a-half cottage, five large rooms downstairs, three above. Bath, abundant closets, all modern conveniences. Grape arbor, model henyards and pigeon-houses, cellar. Better water supply than center of town. Piped for gas, and hot and cold water. 35 varieties of fruit on the place. No end of raspberries, blackberries, peaches and figs. Rest of trees will all be in bearing in 1897. Rarest and best varieties plums, apricots, peaches, oranges, lemons, limes, loquats, pomegranates, grapes, pears, cherries, chirimoyas (custard-apples), guavas, nectarines, prunes, walnuts, olives, etc., etc. Magnificent rosebushes in variety. Fine lawn, flowers and shade trees. Splendidly fenced. Insured for two years. More closet-room than in any other house of its size.

One of the prettiest and most desirable homes in the Land of Sunshine, fruits and flowers.

For particulars, call on or address **CHAS. F. LUMMIS**, 501 Stimson Building, or 15 Forrester Ave. Traction or University car.

## The Freeman Curve Ruler—**FOR DRESSMAKERS**

This universal curve ruler is the most perfect and accurate of inventions. Can be used on any system of dress cutting to remodel into the new shapes, curves and darts. A self-instructor and



### THE MOST COMPLETE GUIDE IN CUTTING

All of the new Seamless Jackets and Princess Gowns, as well as all other garments, and is a complete system of itself. 149 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

*Hatt & Goetze MANAGERS.*

# CO-OPERATIVE TAILOR SHOP.

*We make Suits to  
order Cheaper than they can  
be bought ready made.*

222 NORTH  
SPRING  
STREET.

**City  
Property****WOOD & CHURCH****Country  
Property****WE OFFER**

a fine **ORANGE GROVE** of 25 acres close to Pasadena; 11 acres 25 years old, and 8 acres 10 years old; budded. One inch of water to each ten acres. There is also a variety of fruit and ornamental trees. Never offered before for less than \$20,000, but owner wants money, and will sell at \$11,250. It will pay 15 per cent. on the investment. We have a fine list of Los Angeles and Pasadena city property; some are bargains.

**Mortgages and Bonds for Sale.**

**123 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Pasadena Office, 16 S. Raymond Ave.**

**New York Dental Co.**

The only cut-rate Dentist  
East of Los Angeles.

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**REDLANDS....**

  
Ranches, Residences and all kinds of Real Estate in Redlands at reasonable rates. See Redlands before buying. Call upon or address **JOHN P. FISK, Jr.**,

Rooms 1 and 2 Union Bank Block,  
Redlands, Cal.

J. T. BENNETTE, Prop.

Telephone 53 Black

**PONY STABLES**

First-class Livery, Fine Tally Ho  
All New Stock

*Cor. Fifth and State Streets*

Special attention given to  
Tourists and Commercial Men

**REDLANDS, CAL.**

**We Sell the Earth....**

**BASSETT & SMITH**  
POMONA, CAL.

We deal in all kinds of Real Estate  
Orchard and Residence property.  
Write for descriptive pamphlet.

**Dr. CHAS. C. CURTIS**

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN

**OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

**REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA**

SPECIALTIES: Catarrh of the Nose, Throat, Lungs and Stomach, and Gynecology.

**GEO. H. PECK & CO.,**

**San Pedro Real Estate Agents**

Choice Lots for Sale on Install-  
ment Plan.

**OFFICE: BANK, SAN PEDRO, CAL.**

**JOHN T. GAFFEY**

HAS

**The Choicest Property**

FOR SALE AT

**SAN PEDRO, CAL.**

**HOTEL ARCADIA, Santa Monica, Cal.**

The only first-class tourist hotel in this, the leading coast resort of the Pacific. 150 pleasant rooms, large and airy ball room, beautiful lawn and flower gardens. Magnificent panoramic view of the sea. First-class orchestra. Surf and hot water baths a positive cure for nervous and rheumatic disorders.

Time from Los Angeles by Santa Fé or S. P. R.R. 35 minutes, Pasadena and Pacific electric cars, seventy-five minutes.



**S. REINHART, PROPRIETOR**

THE LEADING SEASIDE RESORT.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Redondo at 11 a.m., and Port Los Angeles at 2.20 p.m., for San Francisco, via Santa Barbara and Port Harford:

Santa Rosa and Corona—

June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29

Leave San Pedro and East San Pedro for San Francisco via Ventura, Carpinteria, Santa Barbara, Gaviota, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Cayucos, San Simeon, Monterey and Santa Cruz, at 6:30 p.m.:

Eureka and Coos Bay—

June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 23, 26, 30

Leave Port Los Angeles at 6 a.m. and Redondo at 11 a.m. for San Diego. Steamer Corona will also call at Newport (Santa Ana).

Santa Rosa and Corona—

June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing dates. Cars to connect with steamers via San Pedro leave S. P. R. R. (Arcade Depot) at 5:05 p.m. and Terminal Ry. depot at 5:12 p.m.

Cars connect via Redondo leave Santa Fe depot at 10 a.m. or from Redondo Ry. depot at 9:30 a.m.

Cars connect via Port Los Angeles leave S. P. R. R. depot at 1:35 p.m. for steamers northbound.

W. PARRIS, Agent,

124 W. Second Street, Los Angeles.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,  
General Agents, San Francisco.

## L. A. TERMINAL RAILWAY

Cor. E. First and  
Meyers Streets

Take Boyle Heights  
Cars.

### Time Table:

#### PASADENA

Leave for : 7:30, 9:35, 11:40  
a. m. 1:35, 3:35, 5:38 p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:47, 11:10, a. m.  
3:10, 5:10, 6:40 p. m.

#### ALTADENA

Leave for : 9:15 a. m. 3:15  
p. m.  
Arrive from : 11:10 a. m.  
4:50 p. m.

#### SAN PEDRO

Leave for : 8:50 a. m. 1:10,  
5:12 p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:00, 11:36 a. m.  
5:36, 7:30 p. m.



Boyle Heights cars pass Terminal Station.  
Sunday only.

W. J. COX, G. P. A.

#### GLENDALE

Leave for : 7:25  
1:15, 5:20 p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:28  
a. m. 2:28, 6:30  
p. m.

#### CATALINA ISL.

Leave for 8:00, 8:50  
a. m.  
Arr. from 5:36, 8:00  
p. m.

FIVE MILES FROM THE RECENTLY LOCATED

### DEEP-SEA HARBOR.

## ALAMITOS

The most beautiful location for a productive home in Southern California. The home of the Lemon and Olive. Small and deciduous fruits grow to perfection. No damaging frosts or hot, destructive winds; a climate perfect, winter or summer. Lovely homes, grand ocean and mountain views; the best of water, and plenty of it. Soil, a rich, sandy loam, free from alkali or adobe. Joins Long Beach, 20 miles from Los Angeles, on Southern Pacific and Terminal railroads. \$150.00 per acre;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years. Title perfect. One share of water stock with each acre of land. Address, E. B. CUSHMAN, Agent Alamitos Land Co., 306 W. First Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

RATES \$2 AND \$2.50 PER DAY

## Hotel Hardwick

J. J. HARDWICK, Owner.  
J. D. FEE, Lessee.

Adjoining S. F., P. & P. Passenger  
Depot

First-class Meals  
Elegantly Furnished Rooms  
With all Modern Conveniences

Phoenix, Arizona



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# SAN DIEGO AND CORONADO BEACH

The most beautiful  
Summer Resort

Accessibility  
Equable Climate  
Variety of Recreation

## POPULAR LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

Will be run

June 18th and 19th  
July 2nd and 3rd  
August 6th and 7th  
Sept. 10th and 11th

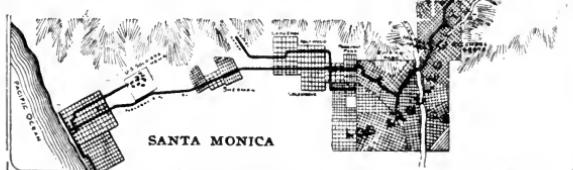
Round Trip Tickets, good thirty days from date of sale, from all points  
on the

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RAILWAY Santa Fe Route

LEAVE FOURTH ST  
Los Angeles for  
Pasadena.

*6 00 am	2 30 pm	*5 30 am	10 00 am	1 45 pm	5 30 pm
6 30 am	2 45 pm	6 00 am	10 15 am	2 00 pm	5 45 pm
7 00 am	3 00 pm	6 30 am	10 30 am	2 15 pm	6 00 pm
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2 15 pm					

\* Sundays excepted.  
† Connect with Mt.  
Lowe Ry.



LEAVE FOURTH ST  
Los Angeles  
for Santa Monica.

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**RIGHT AND WRONG** There is a right way and a wrong way to develop exposed films or plates. I not only know the right way but practice it as well. If tourists prefer to develop their own work, my rooms and chemicals are at their service, free of cost. I probably have as fine a

*Collection of California Views*

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**Fashionable Tailors**

22½ South Spring St.,  
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*Up-Stairs, first stairway north of L. A. Theatre.*

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**LOS ANGELES.**

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(Also 6-acre bearing Orange Grove) Los Angeles, Cal.  
at Redlands.)

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*Jewelers and Watchmakers*

Diamond Setters and Engravers.  
Medals, Society Badges and School Pins in gold and silver. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty. Any description of gold and silver jewelry made to order and repaired. Old gold and silver bought.

217½ South Spring Street  
Rooms 3, 4 and 7, Up Stairs, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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**Los Angeles  
Engraving  
Company  
Designers and  
Photo-Engravers**  
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Los Angeles, Cal.

**\$100 AN ACRE**

Is not much to give for a home in  
"GOD'S COUNTRY,"  
Where there are no cold winters, no  
burning winds, no blizzards, no cyclones, but

**A CHANCE FOR A PERSON  
WITH MODERATE MEANS.**

If you wish from 10 to 40 acres of rich, sandy loam, planted in three-year-old fruit trees, with railway and school facilities, and amid the grandest scenery in

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**  
address, C. M. DAVIS,  
**123 SOUTH BROADWAY**  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

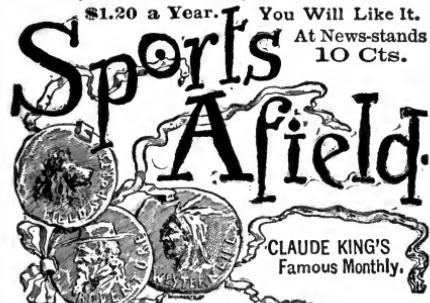
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Address,  
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Incorporated,  
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*Gameland and the Land of Sunshine, \$1.50 per year*

"Western, Masculine and Gritty."—*Harper's Weekly*.  
\$1.20 a Year. You Will Like It.

At News-stands  
10 Cts.



Sample copy sent on receipt of eight 2-cent stamps  
"Sports Afield," 358 Dearborn St., Chicago.  
Together with *Land of Sunshine*, \$1.50 a year.

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AGUSTIN M. ORORTIZ, Mexico City.

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products, mountains, desert, seaside, cities, and all that characterizes this beautiful land are described with enthusiasm and yet accurately. Just what the resident would like to tell and the tourist would like to know is contained in the 300 pages. 130 choice half-tones embellish the book. The seven southern counties—Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside and San Diego. It is for sale at all bookstores, or may be ordered of the author, J. W. HANSON, Pasadena. Price \$1.50 cloth; paper, \$1.00. Paper, type, illustrations and binding are of the very best.

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# Modern Mexico?

The monthly magazine published at St. Louis, Mo., and devoted to international trade? It's full of information about the Southern Republic, and is handsomely illustrated. Printed in English and Spanish—just the advertising medium to reach Mexican buyers.

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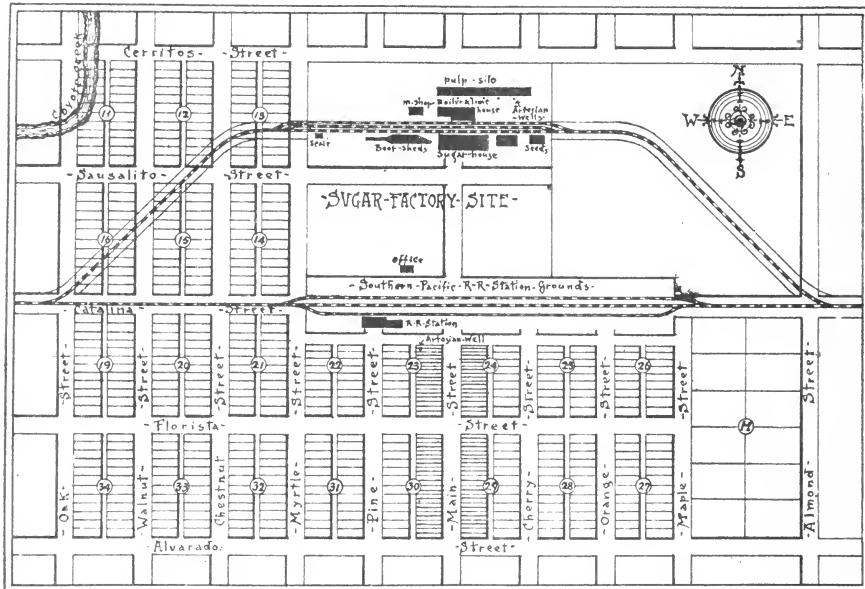
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JULY, 1897

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SOUTHWEST

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CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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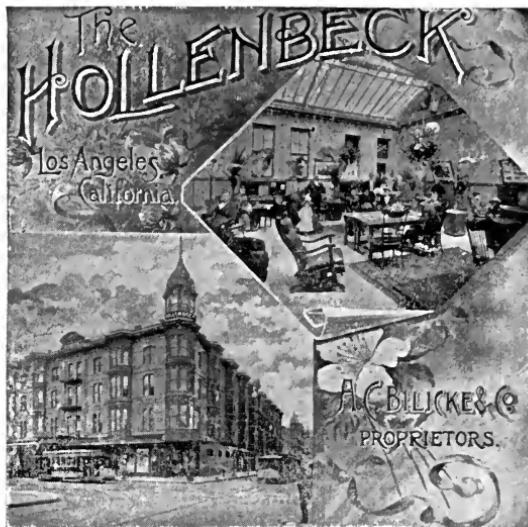
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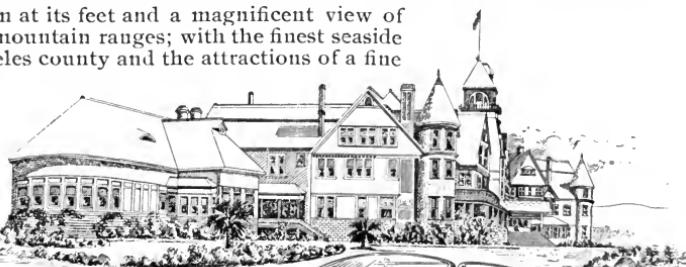


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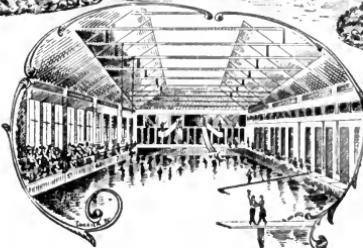
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# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

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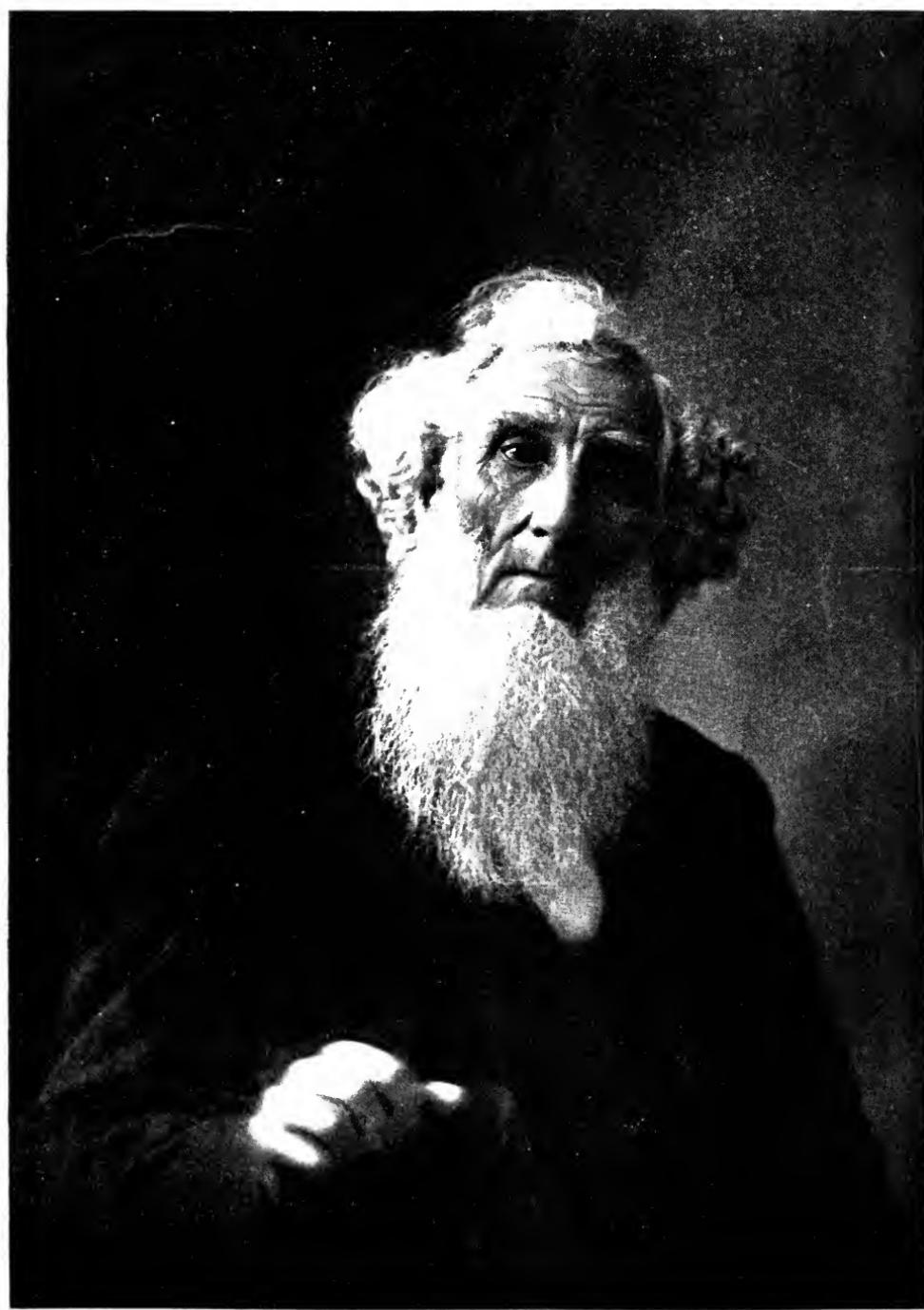
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VOL. 7, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1897.

## MEMORY.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

I watched the almond blossoms blow  
And whiten the warm earth below:  
"Even so," I said, "they used to fall—  
The slow, white petals of the snow,  
In my first, earliest home of all,  
And I, a child, would watch them fall  
In my New England, long ago."

I watched the petals of the snow  
Cover New England's breast; and "So,"  
I said, "I've seen my almond trees  
Snow down their blossoms when the breeze  
Blew soft as breezes used to blow  
In that sweet season long ago,  
In the dear Land of Sundown Seas."

A dweller in a distant star,  
Watching the worlds fade and arise  
Down the long vistas of the skies,  
Shall I still yearn with eyes afar  
And mists of memory in those eyes—  
"In my old earthly paradise  
Where all my lost belovèds are,  
Even so I watched earth's fireflies."

Pasadena, Cal

## THE FIRST AMERICAN POTTERS.

(Southwestern Wonderland Series, XVI.)

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Copyright by C. F. L.

HERE are two places where the fictile art, as among aborigines, reached its highest development. First, of course, stands Perú—and man still in the patriarchal stage never elsewhere made such perfect pottery as the coast tribes of Chimbote and Ancon, whose marvelous “portrait-vases” fear nothing by comparison with the sculptures of ancient Greece.

Perhaps next to the coast Peruvians stand the Pueblos of New Mexico—the second best Indian potters in America—a good deal behind the Peruvians artistically, but second to none mechanically. The broken sherds of water-jars made by their prehistoric ancestors, the so-called Cliff-dwellers, and for centuries exposed to the weather, are still in texture and in coloring fit to make a civilized potter scratch his head.

Naturally man does not go in much for the fictile until he has ceased to be a vagabond. The nomad makes baskets, because they can be safely and easily carried about. It is only when he learns to sit down and pull a wall around him that he begins to see any real utility in earthenware. Then, indeed, it comes by slow stages into his comprehension that a pot which could be set upon the fire would beat one whose contents must be heated by putting redhot cobble-stones into it. Like the conservative he is—and the savage is the father of all conservatives—his feet are leaden on the path of wisdom. It is long before he will concede, even



OLD ZUÑI TINAJAS.

(Elk and “Roadrunner” decorations.)

theoretically, that a fire-proof boiler may be better than a combustible one; and from theory to practice is as long and slow a winning. Determined at last to make a crock, he first makes a basket, builds his clay over it or in it, and completes the job by burning off the weaving



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**TIGUA WOMAN FIRING POTTERY**

which was four times as much work as the modelling that is left. By such vivacious steps does man—in breech-clout or full dress—press on unto knowledge.

But the encouraging thing about man, after all, is that he does learn—by mass. It may take a few centuries' toll of him on the road to discover that he has other talents than digestion—and 6000 years may be inadequate to teach him manners toward even that digestion. This leaves room for considerable waste of the individual; but the crowd emerges at last—even as the coral reef, built upon millions of submerged lives, finally gets its head above water.

But I stray. The point is that after a few ages as a basket-weaving vagabond; and some generations as a householder still too conservative to abandon baskets; and some more as an apprentice who makes needless baskets to burn, the aboriginal groper who is our common parent at last burst into the full light. And it is another of his saving clauses that when primal or secondary man does at last learn a thing, he learns



A RARE ZUÑI WATER-JAR.

it with every tissue of him. Wherein he has at last the better of us—who learn with incomparably greater swiftness (because we have help) and with incomparably less thoroughness (largely for the same reason).

Having blundered it all out for himself, painfully, slowly, wastefully, the aborigine knows his way at last. The civilized potter must have his wheel; but the Indian needs it not—and in fact never had it. In all the New World the potter's wheel was absolutely unknown before the Conquest, and is almost as unknown among the Indians to this day. The wonderful range of fictile art among hundreds of tribes between Santa Fé and Valparaiso is almost exclusively done without any other aid than a good eye gives to a competent hand—just as the Indians of



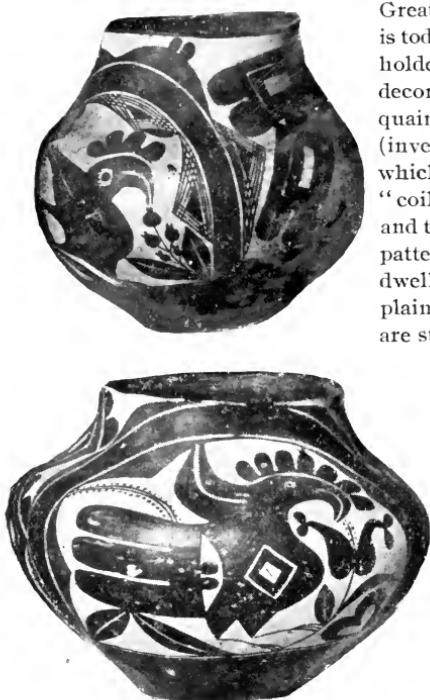
Commercial Eng. Co. Photo, by C. F. L.  
GOING FOR WATER.

Quito today whittle from the ivory-nut, with a rude blade, miniature vases which would tax an American jeweler with a lathe.

The Pueblos were the only considerable potters within what is now United States—as they were the only aborigines who had homes. The drifting Indians of the plains who ebbed and flowed with the buffalo, the nomad Southwestern tribes (Navajos, Utes, Cumanche, Apache and their branches, who lived a little by hunting, a little by piracy), the unspurred loafers of the Pacific watershed—these all wove baskets. With different degrees of zeal, it is true—and somewhat oddly the lazy Californians wove the best in the world; the baskets whose modern specimens cost the collector up to \$200 apiece. Now and then a restless dreamer of them burnt a bit of clay; and the Californians dug serviceable pots out of soapstone. But pottery in our North America was limited to the sedentary tribes. The Pueblos alone of all our Indians had homes; and as a logical result they lost the art of basketry and became the best (and practically the only) workers in clay in all the country.

How long ago they graduated, we shall not learn. Mr. Cushing tallies them by millenniums; but Mr. Cushing, while always a student, is sometimes a poet. All we know is that a thousand ruins in the Southwest were old, old in 1540—and with them the broken sherds which cover almost every square yard of their tumuli. Five hundred years is certainly a safe limit for some of them; a thousand years may be—but the safe figure is sufficient. While





QUERES JARS.  
(The sacred Summer Bird.)

a given pottery comes. The micaceous clays of Tesuque, the ebony of Santa Clara, the specific reds and greys of Acoma and Zuñi—all are



PREHISTORIC POTTERIES FROM CAÑON DE TSÉ-YI.  
(That to the left is of the "corrugated" pattern.)

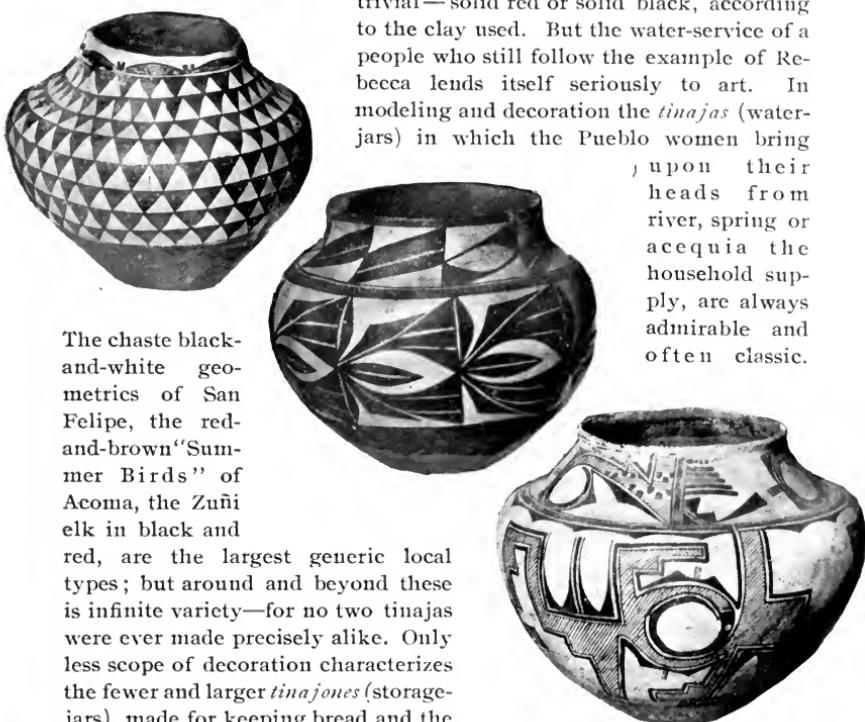
Great Britain was yet less civilized than Moqui is today, the First American farmers and householders were making smooth gray water-jars, decorated with imperishable colors, and the quaint, characteristic and rather puzzling ware (invented, I believe, by men nowhere else) which is indifferently called by laymen the "coil," the "corrugated," the "fish-scale" and the "thumb-nail" pattern. These curious patterns date back to the most ancient cliff-dwellings, as well as the oldest pueblos of the plain—which were largely contemporaneous—and are still somewhat obscure. There are Washington scientists who gravely hold that they were made by coiling endless thin tapes of clay until they resulted in a jar!

The corrugated pattern is no more made; but the other processes of pottery go on today, all across New Mexico, practically as they did before England was born. The Pueblo woman gathers her clay, in this locality or that, according to the nature of the vessel she would make—and even a half-way expert can tell as readily by the ware as by the decoration (both entirely unmistakable) from which of the 26 Pueblo villages

characteristic; and by the decoration a connoisseur can tell not only the pueblo but very often the exact family that made it.

To this day, though Studebaker wagons, and oak cabinet sewing machines, and Winchesters are ridiculously common among the Pueblos, there are probably not a dozen American kettles, nor a dozen buckets. This is not because the brown farmer who pays \$100 for a wagon and \$85 for a sewing machine couldn't and wouldn't expend a dollar on an iron pot. It is simply because he finds (as every graduate cook knows) that the right earthenware is better for cooking than any metal.

The cooking vessels (*ollas*) of the Pueblos are plain and artistically trivial—solid red or solid black, according to the clay used. But the water-service of a people who still follow the example of Rebecca lends itself seriously to art. In modeling and decoration the *tinajas* (water-jars) in which the Pueblo women bring, upon their heads from river, spring or acequia the household supply, are always admirable and often classic.



The chaste black-and-white geometrics of San Felipe, the red-and-brown "Summer Birds" of Acoma, the Zuñi elk in black and red, are the largest generic local types; but around and beyond these is infinite variety—for no two *tinajas* were ever made precisely alike. Only less scope of decoration characterizes the fewer and larger *tinajones* (storage-jars), made for keeping bread and the like. These do not attain the size of some warehouse potteries in Peru—where I have helped excavate specimens four feet in diameter—but they come near enough.

To make these serviceable and artistic potteries the Pueblo woman kneads her clay thoroughly, shapes it up with no other tool than her hand and a little flat stick, guided by her eye; polishes it with a water-worn pebble; paints the decorations (of ground mineral dyes) with a feather, and not by a pattern but from her head, and sets it to dry. Then she builds an out-door fire of *bois de vache*, sets up her circle of

GEOMETRICAL AND FLORAL SYMBOLS.  
(Laguna, Acoma and Zuñi, from left to right.)

vessels about the slow, pungent blaze, and toasts them till they are done.

Her art has undergone no vital change in more centuries than there has been an English language. But to one superficial innovation she has consented—she makes today certain clay toys which interest her children occasionally and the tourist all the time.

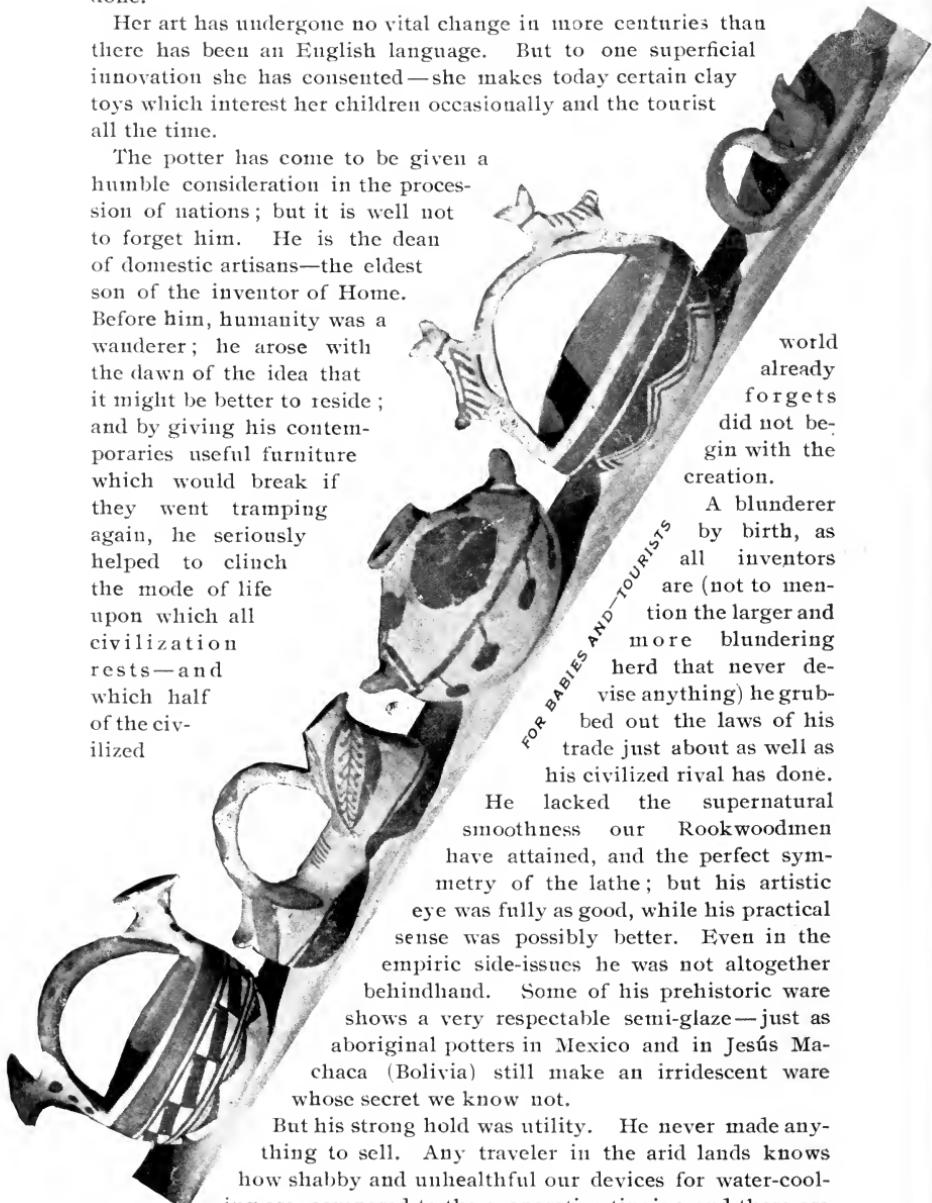
The potter has come to be given a humble consideration in the procession of nations; but it is well not to forget him. He is the dean of domestic artisans—the eldest son of the inventor of Home. Before him, humanity was a wanderer; he arose with the dawn of the idea that it might be better to reside; and by giving his contemporaries useful furniture which would break if they went tramping again, he seriously helped to clinch the mode of life upon which all civilization rests—and which half of the civilized

world  
already  
forgets  
did not  
begin with  
the  
creation.

FOR BABIES AND TOURISTS  
A blunderer by birth, as all inventors are (not to mention the larger and more blundering herd that never devise anything) he grubbed out the laws of his trade just about as well as his civilized rival has done.

He lacked the supernatural smoothness our Rookwoodmen have attained, and the perfect symmetry of the lathe; but his artistic eye was fully as good, while his practical sense was possibly better. Even in the empiric side-issues he was not altogether behindhand. Some of his prehistoric ware shows a very respectable semi-glaze—just as aboriginal potters in Mexico and in Jesús Machaca (Bolivia) still make an iridescent ware whose secret we know not.

But his strong hold was utility. He never made anything to sell. Any traveler in the arid lands knows how shabby and unhealthful our devices for water-cooling are, compared to the evaporative tinaja; and there are many other household points wherein we well might take lessons from the first American potters.



## THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.\*

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

### III.

 ICTURE to yourself the Nueva California of 1769, before civilization had set its foot here—a country of Indians mild, it is true, but among the lowest of all aborigines—and then compare it with the California of the beginning of this century, after 30 years of peaceful conquest by the Church. The contrast is amazing. That a few friars backed by a mere handful of soldiers (six to each Mission) should have achieved such results would be beyond belief were it not so fully proved. Here were eighteen Missions, beading the coast from San Diego to San Francisco (more than 500 miles), with over 12,000 converted Indians in their charge. Though the peaceful character of the savages contributed to this marvelous result, it was due much more to the indomitable energy and quenchless zeal of the Franciscans. The Missions were peculiarly fortunate in having Serra at their head. No hardship could detain nor danger daunt him in the fulfillment of what he believed to be his mission on earth; and while courage and zeal were common to the first missionaries, he had in an unusual degree the genius of the founder. There is little doubt that if the wavering company at San Diego had returned to Mexico (as it was about to do), thus abandoning the enterprise, Fray Junípero would have remained behind with what few followers could be persuaded, and attacked the wilderness almost single-handed. Such was the man—and such a man it needed to carry out so stupendous a work.

With the new century the Russians (who had so much influenced the Spanish colonization of New California) came first in contact with the Spanish settlements. The Russian American Company was organized in 1799, and established fur-sealing colonies in Alaska. In that inhospitable land they suffered greatly for want of provisions; and in April, 1806, Rezanof (the Russian chamberlain and inspector of the settlements) voyaged to San Francisco, aiming to procure supplies for his perishing colony and to establish a regular trade. After the bitter north, he was charmed with the fertility of California and the cordiality of the Californians—who on their side were glad to welcome, in their isolation, guests from the outside world. Rezanof and Doña Concepcion, the beautiful daughter of the Spanish *comandante*, Capt. José Arguello, fell in love with one another. The Russian sailed away with a laden ship for his starving colony. He was to return as soon as he should have made a trip to Russia, but died on the way to St. Petersburg. For years Doña Concepcion waited before she heard of his fate; then she took the veil. When the Dominicans founded the convent of St. Catherine at Benicia she entered it and there remained until her death in 1857.

\* Condensed from an unpublished historical sketch. See May and June numbers.



This first considerable contact between the Russians and Spanish was followed by years of aggression and recrimination—though the colonies on both sides were too feeble for serious conflicts. The Russians persevered, and in 1812 founded Ft. Ross, about 40 miles north of San Francisco. This revived the diplomatic quarrel between the two countries; but the Russian colonists were prudent as well as persevering, and held their post till 1820, when Russia yielded the territory claimed by Spain in return for the privilege of trade with California.

Father Lasuen, after filling the presidency of the Missions for 18 years, died at San Carlos June 26, 1803. He had wisely and well carried on the great work begun by Serra,\* and with less friction in his relations to the military authorities. His salary as a missionary (\$400 a year) ceased with his elevation to the presidency of the Missions; through that long term he was dependent on the alms of his brother Franciscans. He was succeeded by Estéban Tapis.

Santa Inés† (the 19th Mission, and the first in this century) was founded Sept. 17, 1804, between Santa Bárbara and Purísima. It was never large—only Santa Cruz and Soledad had fewer neophytes. President Tapis desired to found a Mission on Santa Catalina island, for the aborigines there who refused to join the mainland establishments. His plan (outlined in his report of 1804) was approved; but before it could be carried into effect an epidemic of measles swept the island, over 200 Indians died, and the project was abandoned.

In 1804 (after 8 years' deliberation) the Californias were officially divided into the provinces of Antigua and Nueva California, with the boundary already established by the Dominicans and Franciscans.

In 1816 San Antonio, an *asisténcia* (branch chapel) of San Luis Rey, was founded at Pala, an Indian settlement 20 miles east of San Luis. It flourished from the first, and in two years had 1000 converts and a resident missionary.

San Rafael Arcángel—the first Spanish settlement north of San Francisco, and with one exception the last Mission—was founded Dec. 18, 1817, as an *asisténcia*. In 1828 it had enrolled 1140 neophytes. A branch chapel of the Mission San Gabriel was established about 1822 at San Bernardino, 50 miles east; but in 1834 it was sacked and burned by the Indians, who massacred several persons. Padre Estéñega, who went out from San Gabriel to quiet the savages, was held prisoner by them for a short time.

A mortality among the Indians of Mission Dolores led to a transfer of many neophytes to the north side of the bay; and there the twenty-first (and last) Mission, San Francisco Solano, was founded July 4, 1823. To avoid the confusion of names, the two Missions dedicated to St. Francis came to be distinguished as "Dolores" and "San Solano"—the latter name finally reverting to Sonoma, the Indian place-name. A twenty-second Mission was planned to be founded at Santa Rosa, in 1827; but the project was given up.

\* Bancroft very naturally ranks Lasuen above Serra; but history will hardly sustain the verdict. Lasuen was a very happy choice for his task; a more politic man, and one who deserves high honor for a wise administration. But he was of a very different and of a less remarkable type than the great man who carved from the savage wilderness something to be administered. A "commercial traveler" in letters cannot fully grasp a nature like Serra's; and it is noticeable that Bancroft is invariably unable to translate such characters as the Apostle of California and the Herald of New Mexico. Lasuen is one of the notable names in California; Junipero Serra, one of the largest figures in all missionary history.—Ed.

† St Agnes. When she was 13 the son of the prefect, Sempronius, entered her chamber; but, as he approached her, was struck blind. His sight was restored through her prayers. St. Agnes was beheaded in 304, in the persecution of Diocletian.

## CAVES OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

BY ROB. C. OWENS.

**A**BOUT thirty miles off the coast of Santa Barbara, a group of barren and unpromising peaks rise from the bosom of the ocean, like sentinels before the pretty mainland harbor. Grim and desolate as they appear from the distance, they are rich in hospitality and entertainment for all who visit them.

These islands are as yet little known; and for that reason, among others, are a charming resort. On their hills thousands of sheep are raised for the wool. They are cared for by small colonies of Basques employed by the owners of the islands, who (aided by the lack of transportation) have thus far restricted excessive visitation and have held in



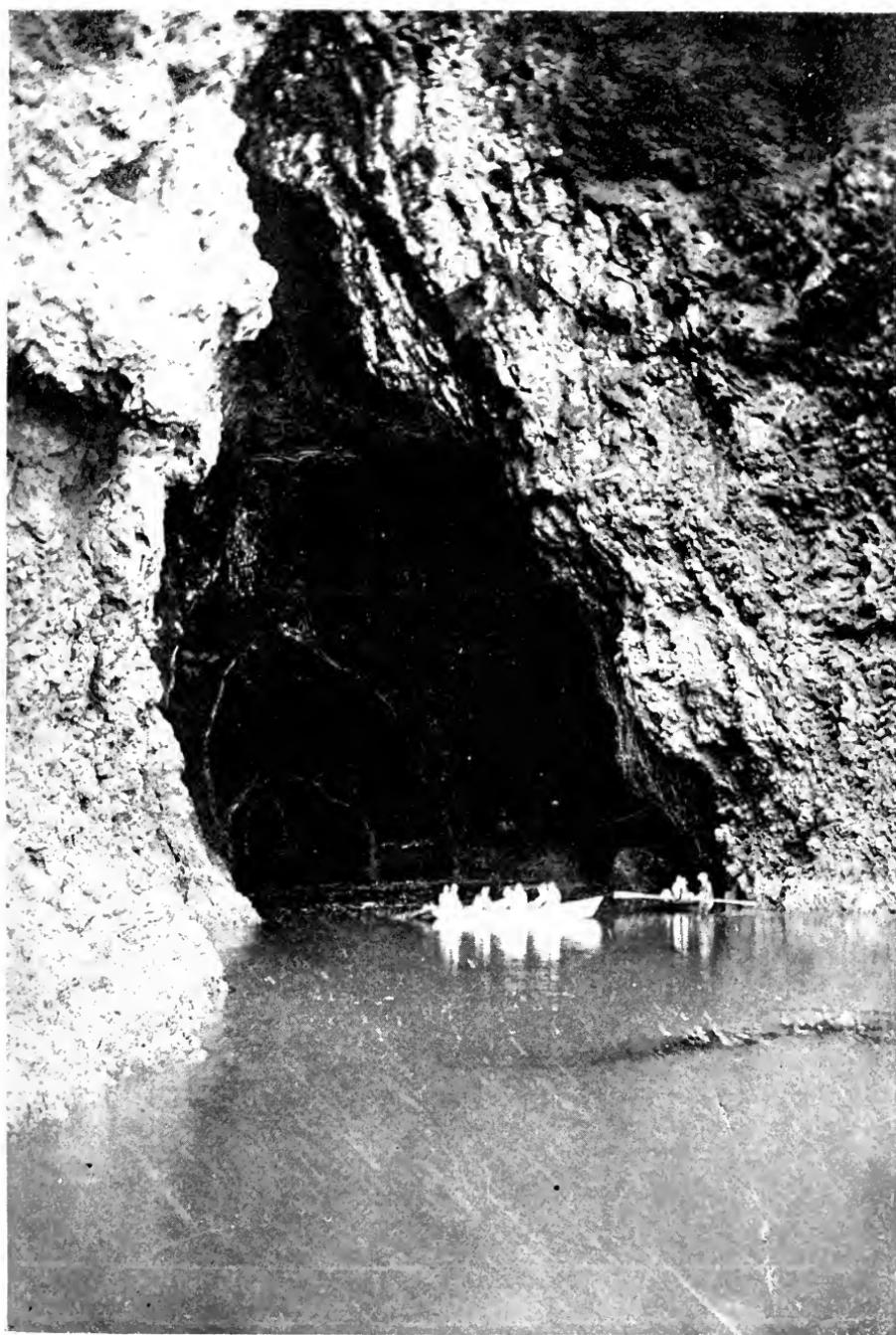
C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

CUEVA VALDEZ.

check that relentless enemy of nature—civilization. No hotels mar the pretty harbors. No company has yet advertised their beauties. But in modest retirement from the active world, washed by an almost boatless sea, they offer that peaceful enjoyment not found where people throng.

Santa Cruz, the largest of the group, and the most accessible (eight hours' sail from Santa Barbara), has ideal spots for camping. In its harbors are cænions which equal those of the mainland, while the hunting and fishing are unsurpassed. Among its many points of interest I would name first the sea caves along its coast.

We must start from our camp betimes to avoid the rough sea which rises later. Before 5 a. m. the air is redolent of boiling coffee, and we are dashing about in hasty preparation. By 5:30 we are off—two boat-loads of merry young people. The sun is just rising over the bay. The

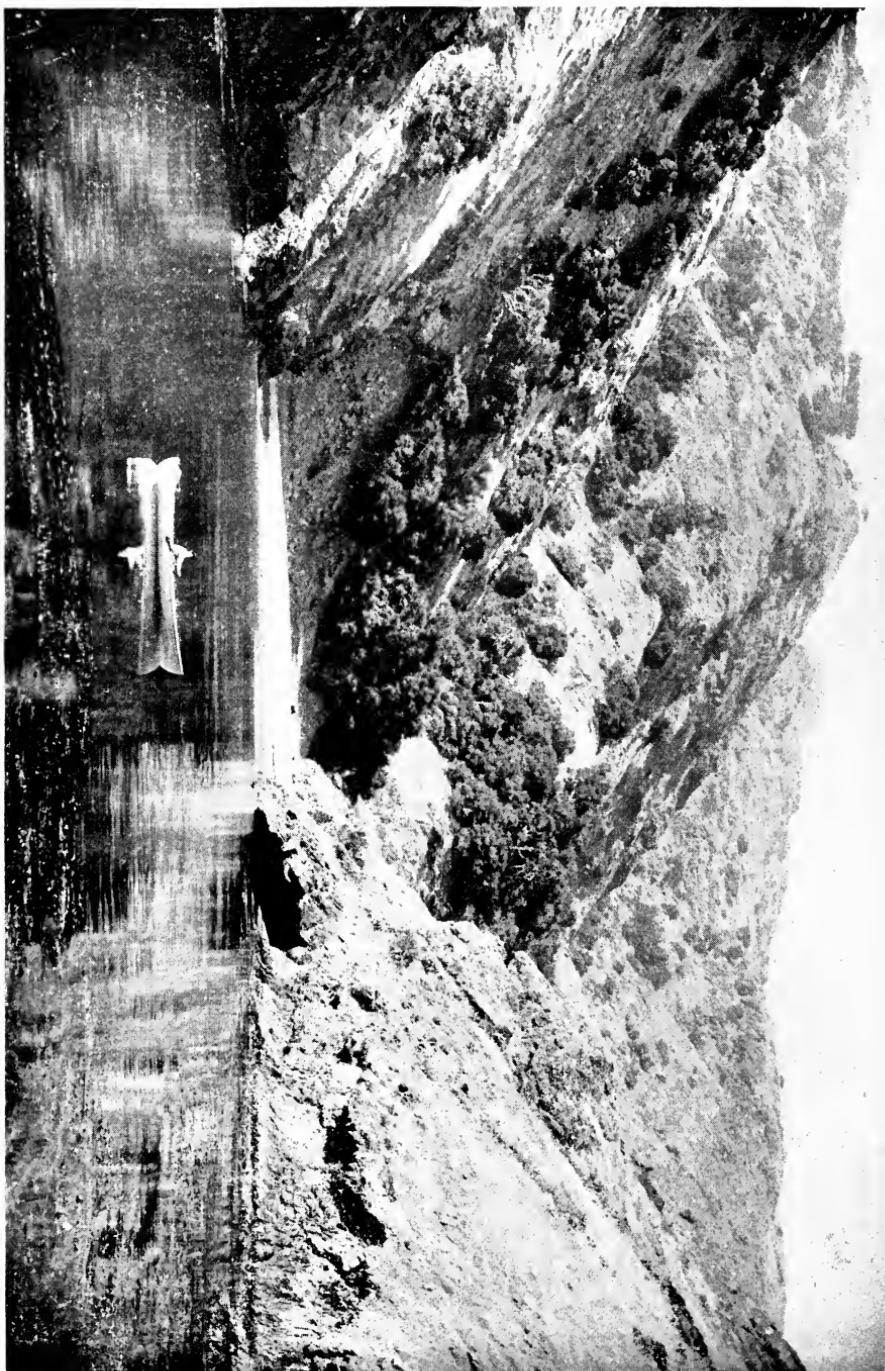


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*PAINTED CAVE*

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LADIES' HARBOR, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.





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horizon is blended of crimson and gold. The sea is perfectly calm, and only the screaming of the birds interrupts the gay chatter of the party.

Half-past six: and we are nearing the dangerous point. The sea is becoming rough, and the young lady in the bow of the boat bravely pretends she is not at all uncomfortable. The rocks seem but a few boat-lengths away. The oarsmen strain every muscle. The girls are



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THE ARCH.

bailing out water ; but as they throw out one gallon, ten are dashed in by the waves. The young lady in the bow is now crying ; the oarsmen rowing for dear life.

All over ! the danger is passed, and each declares he was not frightened, and had been in seas twice as high. The conversation resumes its former gayety.

After rowing into many smaller caves we arrive at about 8 o'clock at the famous Painted Cave, so named because of the beautiful coloring with which nature has decorated its walls and the series of arches that spring over the watery floor.

The first arch is lofty enough for a merchant vessel to enter. After the fifth is passed, the chambers gradually get smaller, till on looking back, the great entrance seems but a mere knothole. It is now time to light the torches, as the deepening darkness is oppressive and not without danger, and the din of the sea lions increases our fears. But as the torches blaze forth, we forget our nervousness, and gaze in wonder at the beautifully colored walls and majestic arches. Cautiously we enter another chamber. We are prying into a labyrinth, where a few false strokes of the oars will send us whence we shall hardly return. We know that the frightened seals may stampede and capsize the boats, yet the knowledge seems to enhance our enjoyment. Two of the oarsmen in each boat have reversed their position and are ready to pull back at the signal. The hoarse "bark" of the seals, like peals of thunder, echoes through the long corridor ; and splashing is heard on all sides, as the great animals tumble from the walls of the cave into the water. Consternation again comes upon us ; and as a drove of seals rushes frantically past, the signal is given to pull back. With a few strong strokes the boats shoot out from the chamber of terror, and we wind our way back to the blue sky and the sunshine, stopping occasionally to watch the many fishes that dart through the clear water ; and to gather sponges, or bright colored mosses from the niches and crevices.

A parting gaze at the magnificent dome, and we start homeward, stopping at every nook and inlet and visiting other caves. Reaching a shaded harbor about noon, we beach the boats and walk up a small cañon to a large oak, where, by a musical brook, we investigate the contents of the lunch box. And at last back to camp ; where by the fire, while the clams are roasting, we relate the day's experience to a group of eager listeners.

Claremont, Cal.

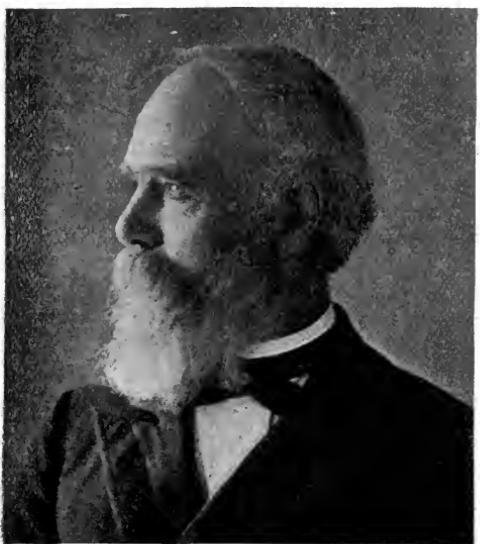
## AT SAN JUAN.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

The tawny hills lie sleeping in the sun,  
Their shapely flanks hirsute with grasses. Blue,  
Ah, blue as Eve's eyes when the world was new,  
Paler than sapphire, tenderer than any one  
Terrestrial pigment, lifts the sky, as spun  
A peerless tissue in aërial looms.  
These for the setting. Here are cloistral glooms,  
Pensive and cool. The agile lizards run,  
Oddly exempt by those four nimble feet  
From that antipathy as old as man.  
Around the ruined apse the swallows flit—  
Small mission mothers they, in service fleet.  
The quaint gray nests follow each moulding's span  
And in the doorways round the fledgelings sit.

Redlands, Cal.

“LITTLE BREECHES”  
AND ITS GODFATHER.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co. E. H. WINANS.

Ballads that have been his making. As a historian, Mr. Hay is assiduous, sincere and—a recorder. As the troubadour of Pike he was and will remain a classic; and it is better to be a backwoods classic than a metropolitan mediocrity. But for “Little Breeches” and its tremendous vogue he would hardly have come into the *Century* with Lincoln; but for the *Century* he never would have gone to Great Britain short of his own proper expense; and but for an Iowan now gracefully growing gray in Los Angeles, there would have been no “Little Breeches”—for Hay’s masterpiece rests upon a true story.

Ephraim H. Winans is now a well-known Angeleño. About the year 1863 he was an itinerant preacher in the Middle West; and in New Virginia, Ia., witnessed the dramatic incident which was destined to be the *motif* of one of the best dialect ballads in American literature.

Several years later, Mr. Winans was in Warsaw, Ill., the home of Hay’s father. He dined at the Hay house, and afterward the family (including John) accompanied him to the Presbyterian church where he preached on “Divine Providence; its possibilities under natural laws.” His exegesis was, briefly, that Providence may work in answer to prayer, or of its own tender mercy, without miracle but wholly in accord with rational laws—chiefly through the spirit. And among other illustrations he told the story which has since (with some changes under poetic license) become the enduring “Little Breeches.” In a visit this spring to Warsaw Mr. Winans secured the letter in which Hay acknowledges the source of his inspiration.

W HILE every American has, in our Ambassador to England, that undivided interest of the fractional master in the public servant, there is upon our present representative at St. James an unusual local lien. For it was not more Mr. McKinley than a gentleman of Los Angeles who sent Col. John Hay to keep the Lion’s fur smooth to us-ward.

However much their graduated author may look down upon those first achievements, it is not the Life of Lincoln but the Pike County

This private letter (of which, even after 26 years, the LAND OF SUNSHINE does not print the private passages) was addressed to Thomas Gregg, for many years editor of the Warsaw *Signal*. Hay remembers gratefully his "many acts of kindness and consideration, at a time when you were a busy man and I an inquisitive and talkative boy;" and tells his old friend of his new successes. He was then (the letter is dated Feb. 16, 1871) doing editorial work on the N. Y. *Tribune* under Horace Greeley, and writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*. He also mentions that "Osgood & Co. publish a book for me next summer called *Castilian Days*—which consists of sketches of life and character as I saw both in Spain."

Following in facsimile is the concluding paragraph of the letter:

The next week

I do not think much of my parent. They have had an enormous success both in this country and England; but I think it will be ephemeral. I got the story of Little Brother from a sermon by Mr. Winans, <sup>of Hanover</sup>. The character of Jim Blodoo was to a certain extent founded on Oliver Fairchild of Warsaw—of course not intended for a likeness. I have forgotten the real name of the boat in which he perished.

Yours very sincerely, *John Hay*

The episode which inspired Hay was as follows:

A dark rainy night in April, 1863 (or thereabouts; it cannot have been more than a year aside from that) a district Ministerial Association was in session in New Virginia, Ia. Rev. Henry B. Heacock (now located somewhere in Northern California) had just stepped to the stand and was giving out the hymn:

"Forever with the Lord!  
Amen! So let it be"—

when a man named Proudfoot burst into the church crying:

"A horse! For God's sake a horse!"

He had driven his wagon up to the church steps, and handed out his wife and parents; but just as he reached to take his little four-year-old boy from the back of the wagon the horses stampeded and were gone in the darkness.

The meeting was broken up, and the congregation (among them Mr. Winans) started out to follow the runaways. The night was impenetrably black; the rain and the Iowa mud made anything like tracking impossible. The searchers swept concentric circles, in the direction in

which the horses were headed; and in that fenceless prairie, through mire and gloom, they floundered on.

At last, possibly a half mile from town, they came upon the runaways. One horse was down in the head of a gully, the other up on the bank; the wagon, half overturned behind them. But the child was not there.

Round about they searched for the presumably trampled lad, but no trace was to be found. Their improvised torches were burning out. A Mr. Reed remembered an unused cabin half a mile across the fields, and led a party thither to find dry material for new torches. A flock of about 50 sheep had taken refuge in the cabin from the storm, and their bleating served to guide the searchers. But when they at last found the place they could not open the door.

A man was boosted up, crawled into the gable and brought out the torchwood. When he crawled out he said:

"I thought I heard a voice in there."

No one believed it; it must have been some note of the bleating sheep; but he insisted. At last they forced the reluctant door; and lo, in the middle of the flock, sitting on a box, was the lost child! He did not in real life say,

"I want a chaw of terbacker,

And that's what's the matter of me."

He simply said—"Here I am, papa," quite unabashed by his experience.

How had he come there in the night across the uncompassed fields, so far from the spilled wagon? God knows. Perhaps he heard the voice of the sheep in the storm, and followed it. And how did he pass the door which excited men could barely force? For that, Mr. Winans says: "I suppose the door may have been open when he came; and that the sheep, crowding back from where he sat, closed it; and that the rain swelled it so that it was difficult to open. At any rate, I look upon it as a Providence by natural means. We came forth with the child from the cabin singing the old long-meter doxology; and his mother and his

grandparents weeping and praying away back in town heard us, and knew that all was well. And that is the true story that John Hay and his father heard in my sermon in Warsaw; the story which gave him "*Little Breeches*." He has turned the rain to snow and the Ministerial Association to a jug of molasses, and taken some minor license with the story; but it is the story of Proudfoot's little boy in Iowa in 1863."

For the refreshing of those who may have forgotten, the poem follows:



JOHN HAY IN 1871.  
(From "The Bookman.")

## LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,  
I never ain't had no show ;  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir.  
On the handful o' things I know.  
I don't pan out on the prophets  
And free-will, and that sort o' thing—  
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe come along—  
No four-year-old in the county  
Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
Peart and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight—  
And I'd larn't him to chaw terbacker  
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket  
As I passed by Taggart's store ;  
I went in for a jug of molasses  
And left the team at the door.  
They scared at something and started—  
I heard one little squall,  
And hell-to-split over the prairie  
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

How did he get that? Angels!  
He could never have walked in that storm ;  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And fotching him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne.

Hell-to-split over the prairie ;  
I was almost froze with skeer ;  
But we rousted up some torches,  
And searched for 'em far and near.  
At last we struck hoses and wagon,  
Snowed under a soft white mound,  
Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe  
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soufed on me,  
Of my fellow-critters' aid,  
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones.  
Crotch deep in the snow and prayed.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
By this, the torches was played out,  
And me and Isrul Parr  
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold  
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
Where they shut up the lambs at night,  
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,  
So warm and sleepy and white ;  
And thar sat Little Breeches and chirped,  
As peart as ever you see,  
"I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that's what's the matter of me."

## AUTHORITIES ON THE SOUTHWEST.



GEO. PARKER WINSHIP.  
Munsell-Collier Eng. Co.

**A**MERICAN scholarship can very well afford to run in debt—it does not yet owe nearly enough to nearly enough people—for it increases its assets only by adding to its liabilities. It has every reason, then, to welcome a young man who fairly promises to become one of its preferred creditors. He has already brought us handsomely in debt to him ; and we hope to go very much deeper.

George Parker Winship, the first young American to seem disposed to take up seriously and on standard gauge the great documentary researches of Bandelier in early American history, was born in Massachusetts in 1871, and has always lived within sight of the Gilded Dome. He is of stock that goes back, on both sides, to pretty much the beginnings of New England, and one in which scholarship is no sudden freak.

The names of his father, A. E. Winship, and of his father's paper, the *Journal of Education*, are household words in New England.

Young Winship served a practical apprenticeship at the case and in the press-room of the *Somerville Journal*, and on his father's paper; and later did regular office and editorial work on the latter, besides reporting for the Boston *Traveller*. Graduated from Harvard College in '93 (and taking the degree of A. M. a year later) he was appointed to the History department of Harvard, and remained there two years. Mrs. Hemerway planned to send him to Seville for documentary study; but her death broke up the project.

As an undergraduate Mr. Winship had become interested particularly in Spanish-American history and that fascinating chapter in it, the expedition of Coronado. Discovering how unsatisfactory are Ternaux's French versions of the "sources," and finding in the Lenox library the Spanish manuscript of Castafieda (chronicler of Coronado's expedition) he determined to translate this most important document into English. The translation of other sources, and the collateral study of the literature of that day, duly followed in preparation for the introductory essay of his volume.

In the spring of '95 he was engaged by Mr. John Nicholas Brown to take charge of his famous library of Americana—the John Carter Brown Library, named for his father, who was all his life in close rivalry with James Lenox of New York in gathering these documentary treasures. This important post has given Mr. Winship very unusual facilities for research.

His acquaintance with "the Field" has been limited but fruitful—some touch of Colorado, two short tours in Mexico, a visit to the Moqui villages and the snake-dance. He is the sort of a student to whom one cordially wishes deeper intimacy with the field, for he is one of those whose construction permits them to learn from that great schoolmaster—as in fact he has already gathered more horizon by this very small getting-out-of-doors than several persons not unknown of print have been able to acquire with ten-fold the opportunity. That he knew something when he started is one reason; but the larger one is that he is of the mental texture which is permeable to outer truth. It is a good thing for the ambitious young student to remember that while a life of study can match Bandelier's thus far unparalleled documentary knowledge, nothing but the like hardships and dangers, the like infinite patience of mind and body to acquire intimacy with the brown man who is after all the final check and commentator of the chronicles, can ever give, to any born genius whatsoever, the same scientific horizon or the same depths of manhood. So far from being said in derogation of Mr. Winship, this is distinctly because he is one of the few to whom the preaching seems worth while. He owes it to himself—and to us, so far as he is vowed to the crusade of knowledge—to make sure that he takes his large postgraduate course in the field, among the human natures and the physical landmarks which were rudder to the history whose logbook he is so well mastering.

Mr. Winship's *Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542* (which was to have been brought out by Harvard but found better facilities with the Bureau of Ethnology, by which institution it has just been published), is one of the most important contributions of late years to American history. Without attempting here a critical review, it is to be said that this volume of over 300 pages makes accessible for the first time to English readers the full story of that most remarkable expedition in the history of North America. An itinerary of Coronado's marches, a historical introduction explaining their causes, processes and results; the full Spanish text of the peevish but indispensable Castafieda, and a critical translation thereof; translations of letters from Viceroy Mendoza to the King and from Coronado to Mendoza, etc., of the anonymous

*Relacion del Suceso*, of the *Relacion Postrera* (with Spanish text) of the *Relacion* of Capt. Juan Jaramillo, and the *Relacion* of Hernando de Alvarado and the *Testimonio* of those who went on the expedition—all this volume of the foremost documents in the case is rounded out by a full index and by the valuable bibliographic list before mentioned in these pages. The book is also illustrated with facsimiles from the Castañeda manuscripts, and of many rare old maps of the Southwest, and a fair array of telling modern photo-engravings from the oboriginal life of that region.

C. F. L.

## THEIR GRASS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

They say we have no grass!  
To hear them talk  
You'd think that grass could walk,  
And was their bosom friend—no day to pass  
Between them and their grass!

No grass! they say, who live  
Where hot bricks give  
The hot stones all their heat and back again—  
A baking hell for men.  
“Oh but,” they haste to say, “we have our parks”—  
Where fat policemen check the children’s larks,  
And sign to sign repeats as in a glass  
“Keep off the grass!”  
“We have our city parks and grass, you see—”  
Well—so have we!

But 'tis the country that they sing of most. “Alas!”  
They sing, “for our wide acres of soft grass!  
To please us living and to hide us dead!—”  
You'd think Walt Whitman's first was all they read!  
You'd think they all went out upon the quiet  
Nebuchadnezzar to outdo in diet!  
You'd think they found no other green thing fair—  
Even its seed an honor in their hair!  
You'd think they had this bliss the whole year 'round—  
Evergreen grass!—and we, plowed ground!

But come now! How does earth's pet plumage grow  
Under your snow?  
Is your beloved grass as softly nice  
When packed in ice?  
For six long months you live beneath a blight—  
No grass in sight.  
You bear up bravely. And not only that,  
But leave your grass and travel. And thereat  
We marvel deeply, with slow Western mind,  
Wondering within us what these people find  
Among our common oranges and palms  
To tear them from the well-remembered charms  
Of their dear vegetable. But still they come,  
Frost-bitten invalids, to our bright home,  
And chide our grasslessness, until we say—  
But if you hate it so—why come? why stay?  
Just go away!  
Go to—your grass!

## THE CALIFORNIA SNOW PLANT.

BY ROYCE P. ECKSTROM.



**T**HE most unique and one of the most beautiful of California's flora is the Snow Plant, *Sarcodes Sanguinea*. It is a member of the *Ericaceæ* (Heath family), and is closely allied to the *Pterispora* or Pine-drops.

There is but one species and it can be found during May and June. The Snow Plant grows to a height of from seven to sixteen inches and, for so large a plant, is exceedingly tender and brittle. It has a long raceme of pendulous, bell-like flowers of a blood-red color, covered with a coating of snow-white crystals. The leaves, tinted with almost as deep a red as the flowers, extend up to and twine among them. Indeed the whole plant is red, from the pale almost white of the roots to the deep rosy tinting of the flowers.

Naturalists have long claimed that it is a parasite and grows upon the roots of the cedar (*Libercedrus decurrens*) in a certain stage of decay. This may be, but

the Snow Plant is often found as high as a thousand feet above the cedars, though more often near and among them. The parasite of the manzanita, the *Boschniaria strobilacea*, resembles the

*Sarcodes Sanguinea* to a marked degree, but is brown instead of red.

The seeds of the Snow Plant are small and wingless, but of wonderful vitality, germinating after a lapse of years. The roots extend down to a depth of sixteen inches, though this is rare; usually they correspond to the height of the plant. They gather strength while under banks of snow, and as soon as it melts they blossom forth. High up on the mountain slopes, at an altitude of from four to eight thousand feet, sometimes in over an inch of snow, these beautiful specimens of plant life can be found.

Redlands, Cal.



## CAMILLA.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

Strike your guitar, fair Camilla, and sing the wild song you are dreaming;  
 Let the lithe fingers fly swift o'er its strings, for your dark eyes are beaming,  
 Beaming with far-away fancies, Camilla, that plead for expression—  
 Only thy vibrant guitar is attuned for the sacred confession.

Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in rapture the pulsating strings,  
 And her far-away eyes are intent on the scene and the story she sings—  
 Singing her song of Felipe, her hero intrepid and true;  
 Singing his praise, and recounting what deeds for her love he would do.

See the wild race after cattle, the bronco's wide nostrils blood red;  
 Hear the hello of the herder, Felipe who dashes ahead!  
 Hist, how the lariat sings as it flies o'er the horns of a steer!  
 See the wild plunge, and the horse standing firm—hear the bellow of fear!

Then on the trail of Apaches, who leads the long marches by night?  
 Who but Felipe would dare to press on o'er the mesa to fight?  
 Who but Felipe sits firm in his saddle when rifles ring out in the dark?  
 Coolly he levels his weapon, the bullet flies true to its mark.

Such is the song sweet Camilla is singing with gaze far away—  
 Such is the song, for she knows not how long her Felipe will stay—  
 Knows not that lone in the waste of the sage-brush her master lies,  
 slain—  
 Ah, sweet Camilla, thy songs for Felipe, the fearless, are vain!

Berkeley, Cal.

## AT POINT DUMA.

BY J. G. ROWLAND

I stroll along the ocean shore:  
 A whispered language comes to me,  
 Sighing in rhythm evermore,  
 Between the sea shells and the sea.

Tales of the wondrous long ago,  
 The muttered murmurs seem to be,  
 Which pass in cadence to and fro,  
 Between the sea-rocks and the sea.

And thunderous sounds are heard afar,  
 Attack—repulse—eternally;  
 The unvarying echoes of the war,  
 Between the sea cliffs and the sea.

The sea gull floating on the wave,  
 Beneath, the sea-fish, swift and free  
 Destroy to live: consume to save—  
 The very story of the sea.

Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Cal.



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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The construction committee has laid out the details of repair on the great monastery at San Fernando; and the work was expected to be actually under way by the time these pages are printed. The first procedure will be to remove with great care the tiles of the roof, and store them. Then the roof-structure will be renovated, and the tiles replaced. A huge and dangerous gap in the north wall, and several minor breaches, will be closed again with adobe masonry—as before.

To preserve the two chief buildings of the Mission of San Fernando (the monastery and the church) will cost \$2000. A little over \$1000 has already been raised; and the Club appeals to all Americans who care for the historic and the picturesque to aid in this work. Anyone can join the Landmarks Club by contributing one dollar to the cause; anyone can become a life member by paying \$25; and all sums between—and beyond—are welcome, and will be applied exclusively to the work.

A gallant example, which might well rouse other Native Daughters (and Sons) of the Golden West has just been set by Felicidad Parlor, No. 52, N. D. G. W., of Anaheim, Cal. Through its secretary, Frances E. Higgins, the Parlor has forwarded to the Landmarks Club the sum of \$50. These are good Californians.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Mission of San Fernando falls on the 8th of September, 1897. It is intended to hold a fitting celebration, on that day, at this historic spot.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK:

Previously acknowledged, \$2387.56.

New Contributions: Felicidad Parlor, No. 52, N. D. G. W., Anaheim, Cal., \$50.

Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Los Angeles, \$10.

\$1 each: Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Smith, Germantown, Pa.; Mary Sheldon Barnes, Earl Barnes, Stanford University, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Murrietta, Los Angeles.





THE  
"INNOCENT  
SPECTATOR."

It is undeniably irritating to be shot, or to see one's friends riddled—particularly if one was already mad about something else. But nowadays it is ridiculously easy to avoid this sort of lead-poisoning.

The Lion has seen a little of mobs, in and out of the United States; and has noticed that in such times there is a tendency for someone to get hurt. But the Innocent Spectator, who figures so numerously as target, is a tiresome myth, who does not exist outside of the newspapers. There are no innocent spectators when citizens trample upon the law. Perhaps but few of the mob are criminals deliberately; the most are only fools or temporary madmen; but no one is innocent, or a good citizen, who is seen in the same general landscape with rioters—unless he is standing like a man to face them. The only other place where he has a right to be is at home—and there he doesn't get hurt.

Under a despotism there may be an excuse for mobs. Under a republic, where the people make and unmake the laws, there is no excuse.

As for Urbana, O., it would better betake itself off the map of the United States until it is nearer fit for self-government. People who discuss whether they shall lynch, or merely indict for murder, sheriff and militia who uphold the law, do not belong in a republic.

"HAVING EYES

THEY

SEE NOT."

"In the brief limits of this story [*Hilda Strafford*] the heroine quarrels with her husband because of the bleakness and depressing effects of the California landscape, the lemon groves are ruthlessly slaughtered by a great flood, and the weak-lunged hero dies!

"What have Mr. Lummis and his *LAND OF SUNSHINE* got to say to that series of catastrophes? Have we been misled all these years about Our Italy, and is California really a bleak and howling wilderness, fatal to health and matrimonial happiness? Or does Miss Harraden always see things in a low, gray key?"—DROCH in *Life*.

Say? Why, nothing much. It would be sheer riot to quarrel with Miss Harraden's impressions, since her vision is not ocular but hepatic. The Handwriting on the Wall would have suggested to her nothing but a grateful consciousness that well-bred persons do not scribble in such places. New York should know by now, through rather personal experience, the full weight of insular "observation."

In the tenuous first five minutes of their small acquaintance, Miss Harraden informed the Lion that she could never forgive the mendacity of Charles Dudley Warner and T. S. Van Dyke. These gentlemen had ventured to see "square miles of flowers." She had not. A suggestion that she might be more fortunate at the season when wild flowers bloom

made no dint in the insular armor. She also confided her specific intention not to "scatter." Rather than get a smattering of California, she was going to learn one phase well. Her chosen phase was a San Diego county subdivision of the desert; and here, in the congenial atmosphere of an impossible ranch conducted by British younger sons, an arid waste made drier yet by insular inexperience, unteachableness and selfishness, she has built her horizon. California is larger than Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland and Greece, rolled into one map, and has at least proportionate range of climate, scenery and human interest. What Miss Harraden has seen is not California but a little English closet for folding away inconvenient offspring. Miss H. avowed her conviction that there could be no literary inspiration in California; and *Hilda Strafford* hardly quarrels with its author. As for the real California, the well-meant but English lady may safely be left to fight it out with Humboldt, Bayard Taylor, Helen Hunt, Charles Dudley Warner and others of larger travel and better digestion.

As that large American of eminent common sense, Thomas Benton, declared, the members of the Cabinet are merely the President's clerks. It is interesting to imagine what the great Westerner would think if he might come back and get a birdseye view of Secretary Alger—who seems to fancy that the President was elected just to give him a job as guardian angel to a corporation. It will be an innovation upon the scrupulousness with which every President thus far has guarded the dignity of his office if Mr. McKinley does not, in his own good time, remind someone that the veto power is not yet vested in the clerks.

WAGGED  
BY THE  
TAIL.

The Lion has watched Los Angeles grow from 14,000 to more than seven times that size. In 1890 the United States census found 50,000 population in the pueblo that had had 5728 in 1870 and 11,311 in 1880. For a year or two it has been claimed by Angeleños—and ridiculed by the North—that the city has over 100,000. An official census taken this spring shows a resident population of 103,000. Of this astounding increase, less than 10,000 has come by annexation.

AN  
OBJECT  
LESSON.

Relatively to population this is the richest and the best educated city in the Union. It has more money per capita in bank; fewer illiterates and incorrigibles. And aside from the mere figures, it is a standing riddle to the cooped East, which cannot yet conceive how a city so cultured and so beautiful can have sprung up so swiftly here upon the very brink of the Jumping-Off-Place.

It is an interesting as well as a true story which gives (on page 59) the details of the origin of "Little Breeches."

Along with this voice from the past, it may be pardonable to recall to Mr. Hay a text useful to be remembered when one begins to count the big thing done for the *Century* above the little thing done for Time—a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance—

"And I think that saving a little child,  
And fotching him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne."

Even though it happens to be the throne of England.



The most important book on the Southwest in several years is Dr. Washington Matthews's *Navaho Legends*, printed for the American Folklore Society, of which the author has been president, and is the most considerable field-student. There have been a very few other volumes of equal scholarship, of late, touching on our area; but actual scientific research among the aborigines is one of the rarest things in science as it is one of the most difficult.

Dr. Matthews's rank as foremost authority on the largest Indian tribe in the United States is secure, and has often been referred to in these pages. This handsome and elaborate volume, with its colored facsimiles of the sacred sand-painting, its half-tones from life and its liberal appendices, will enlarge the borders of his reputation. The curious Navajo creation-myth and some of its nearest ramifications are thoroughly well told; and the non-scientist will make a mistake if he fancies that this quaint story from the childhood of the race is good reading only for scientists. The notes are concise and instructive; and our own Prof. Fillmore elucidates the music of many songs in an appendix.

The only quarrel to be had with this monumental work is as to its spelling. The cryptographic alphabet invented to amuse the leisure of the Bureau of Ethnology is a useless hardship. Nobody understands it, and nobody outside of the Bureau desires to; and there is no sound which cannot be better expressed by vocables familiar to the rabble. These esoteric symbols are a serious obstacle to the general reader, and will scare off, even from this fascinating book, many who would be delighted when they had read it.

As for the word Navajo, it is a genuine pity that our Samson has been led (under pressure) to join the Philistines. Dr. Matthews has always spelled the word right; and though now he apologizes for changing to the barbarous and homeless form "Navaho," the solecism is one no apologies can remedy. This unlettered motion of the Bureau to "reform" the spelling of American history is precisely on a par with the recent phonetic Luther in the Postoffice Department who has tried to force on California the barbarism of making one word of Spanish article and noun or numeral and noun, like Delmar and Dospalos. Los-angeles and Sandiego will follow next. It is time for every scholar to set his face like a flint against the politician meddlers; and we have a right to expect so true and brave a scholar as Dr. Matthews not to lend comfort to the enemy. American Folk-Lore Society, Boston, \$6.00.

Dickydong of the Dickydongs, informed with that phosphorescent brightness which seems never to desert the young men of the modern pale-green school, Robert Hichens's novel, *Flames* is not after all to be dismissed with a good deal of the dead-mackerel literature wherewith Lununun condescends to favor us. In the first place, the author of the *Green Carnation* proves himself clever with plot as with epigrams. His conception of the soul-swapping which is the motif of *Flames* is distinctly ingenious; and his working out of a supernatural plot is less unconvincing than we usually have. Of Mr. Hichens's style it is to be said that if he were a quarter as smart he would be four times easier reading. His lapidarying of phrases is extremely skilled and he shows an awesome dexterity of words; but in a novel it is distinctly disadvantageous to stub one's toe in every sentence and have to go back even to enjoyment of the phrase—for in a story we would run.

It is a strong story, and it makes one wish Mr. Hichens had befallen the atmosphere of a Texas sheep-ranch sooner than the heavy present air of London. A man who can make the poor drabbled "Lady of the Feathers" a heroine could do saner work if he would switch off from Wilde to the wilds. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.50.

Garrett Newkirk's *Rhymes of the States*, originally published in *St. Nicholas*, are now issued by the Century Co. in very handsome book form. Mr. Newkirk's hope is that these rhymes—accompanied by sketch maps and fanciful drawings—will help the young American to learn his own geography, as he is aided in the calendar by the well-known doggerel:

"Thirty days has September."

Doubtless they will—whatever notions of verse they may give him. Still, it is to be remembered that Mr. N.'s themes hardly lend themselves to the upper poetry; and that we all have to learn geography.

There is one bright stanza, *re* Delaware:

"If like this State a boy were washed  
He surely would go frantic—  
His face in the river Delaware  
His back by the Atlantic."

As to the accompanying "facts," those which touch the Southwest are seriously unsatisfactory. A Pueblo village never "became Santa Fé;" Santa Fé does not date from 1640; the summer days are no longer in Arizona than in New York; nor is it easy to guess what is meant by "area 440 miles" as regards New Mexico. The Apaches are not in the Indian Territory; California was discovered and explored 38 years before the pirate Drake ever saw it; San Diego was not founded in 1768; "Oregon" is not "Spanish for wild marjoram;" Nevada is not "named for the snowy range of Spain"—and so on. The Century Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

Decisively the most picturesque facemaking that has enlivened periodical letters in a long time is the duel now on between the *Chap-Book* and the *Bookman*. The Chicago fort-

FIRE  
AND  
ASHES.

A STRING  
ON THE  
FINGER.

THE  
IRREPRESSIBLE  
CONFLICT

nightly is dexterous at taking a scalp as often as its New York contemporary can raise a crop of hair that needs pulling—which seems to be about once a month. As for the *Bookman*, it is deeply absorbed in devising new utterances for which it shall have to “apologize or fight” in the next issue.

The latest bulletin from the scene of inkshed is the *Bookman's* advice to the *Chap-Book* to go away and die, that its back numbers may become sought by collectors. I am holding the press to hear Mr. Stone retort that not even such an adventitious scarcity could give a file of the *Bookman* any value.

AND NOT A

WORD OF

CONGRESS.

James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has issued as a “separate” from the Bureau's 14th annual report his studious and highly interesting *Ghost Dance Religion*. The title is unhappily chosen, for “ghost-dancing” was never a religion; and in his collection of parallels this reputable scholar has had to lean overmuch upon less safe observers. To trace, for instance, “ghost-dances” in ancient Mexico and Peru—even in the rebellion of Tupac Amaru—is more newspaper than scientific. But the important part of the book is from Mr. Mooney's own investigations, field and documentary. His sub-title—and really his pivotal point—is “the Sioux outbreak of 1890,” and he writes well this black chapter over which every American's blood has boiled who knew anything of the truth. Aside from the scientific value of the book, it is useful patriotic reading. Just now, when we grow epileptic over paper “atrocities” somewhere else, it is soothing to remember that six years ago the United States shot down 300 Indians who were trying to surrender—and 200 of them women and children—that the wounded were left on the field for three days in a Dakota blizzard; that three salaried American missionaries within rifle-shot would not step out to them; that the frozen corpses of women and babes, stripped by Americans, were by Americans tumbled naked into a common trench. The reports from Cuba are mostly fakes, as a weary public knows; but the story of Wounded Knee is official.

Mr. Mooney's book is a manly as well as a scholarly one. Washington, the Bureau of Ethnology.

BY THE WAY.

The Lion is ashamed to make a blunder, but not to confess one.

Clarence Urmy may have the head of John the Apologist on a charger, simply for the asking. By one of those agreeable little tricks to which even well-behaved eyes sometimes revert, Mr. Urmy's line insisted on being read:

“Balboa sighed rapturously,”

instead of “sighed.” And of course it was just where that one letter made as much difference as the proverbial inch on a human nose. Mr. Urmy is in earnest; and from a present creditable achievement promises to climb higher.

Hamlin Garland would seem to have cause for action. No American paper has sent him to the Greek Baturkeyomachia. Yet he certainly is just as well able to write fine of the things he doesn't know as Stephen Crane and Richard Harding-Davis are.

Among the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co.'s monthly 25-cent novels are *The Earl's Atonement*, by Bertha M. Clay, and *Storm Signals*, by that mercurial Old Improbabilities, Richard Henry Savage.

The *Critic* thinks that *Life's Comedy* “lacks humor.” It lacks the unconscious sort.



# THE LAND WE LOVE (AND HINTS OF WHY)

No other civilized land in the world affords such charm, such convenience and such variety of summer outings as Southern California. A three-hundred-mile coast-line along the noblest, the bluest and the most friendly ocean; as long a reach of magnificent mountains from 5000 to 12,000 feet in altitude, with their cañons, their trout-brooks, their royal forests; happy islands, with shore and deep-sea fishing second to none in the United States; matchless waters for yachting, and unsurpassed bathing beaches; and a climate which does not sunstrike nor prostrate you—these things indicate in a general way the scope we have for health and pleasure in summer. Furthermore, all these recreations are to be had within a short ride from the metropolis or from almost any town of Southern California. And last but not least, they can be had "plain or with trimmings"—frilled with all the conveniences and social settings of a first-class summer resort, or just as close-to-nature "roughing-it" as you choose, or in any intermediate grade. All you have to do is to decide which you prefer, and then buy your ticket accordingly.



Behre Eng. Co.

Photo, by Mrs. Myra H. Randall.

A TRAIL AMONG THE MANZANITAS.

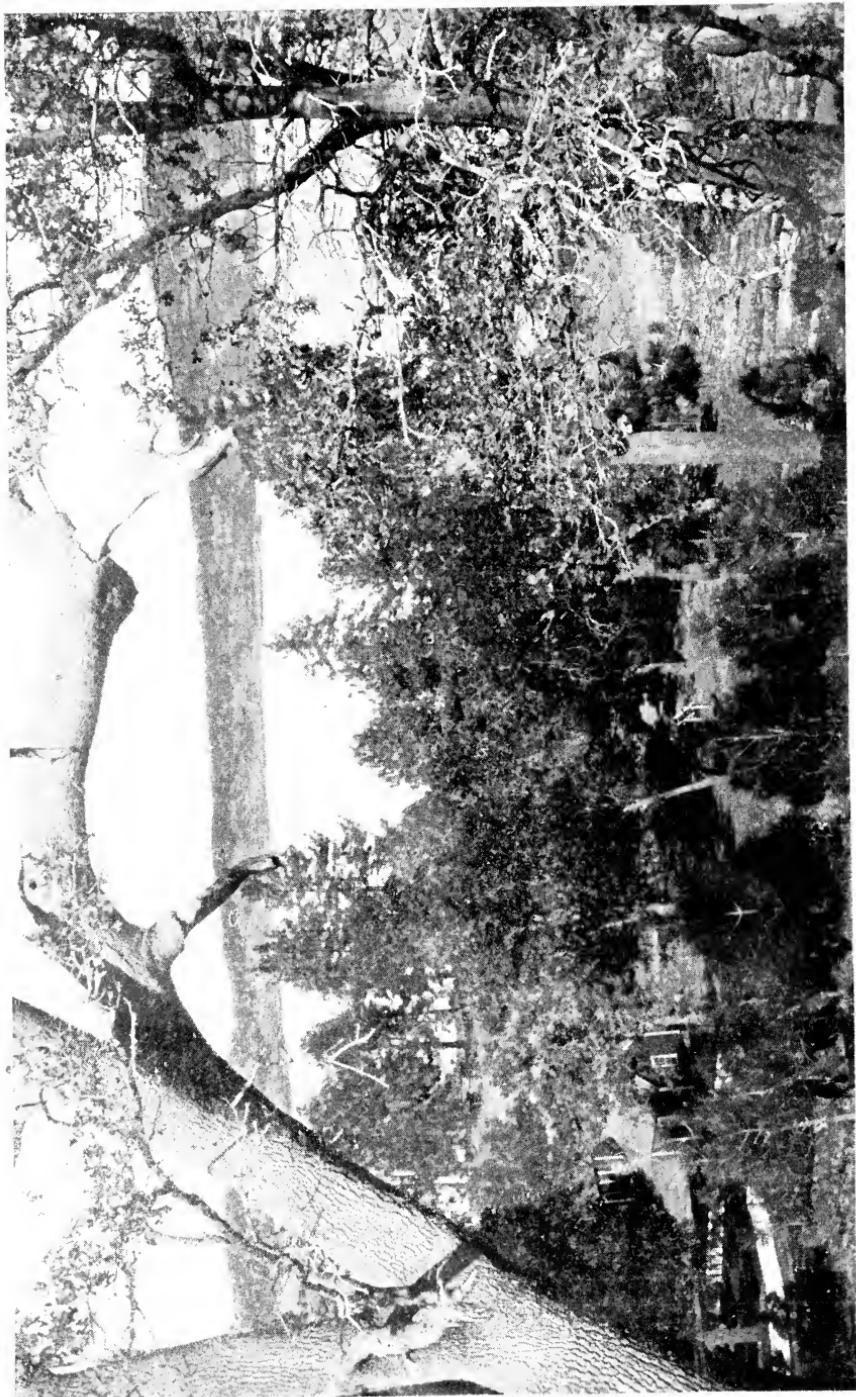
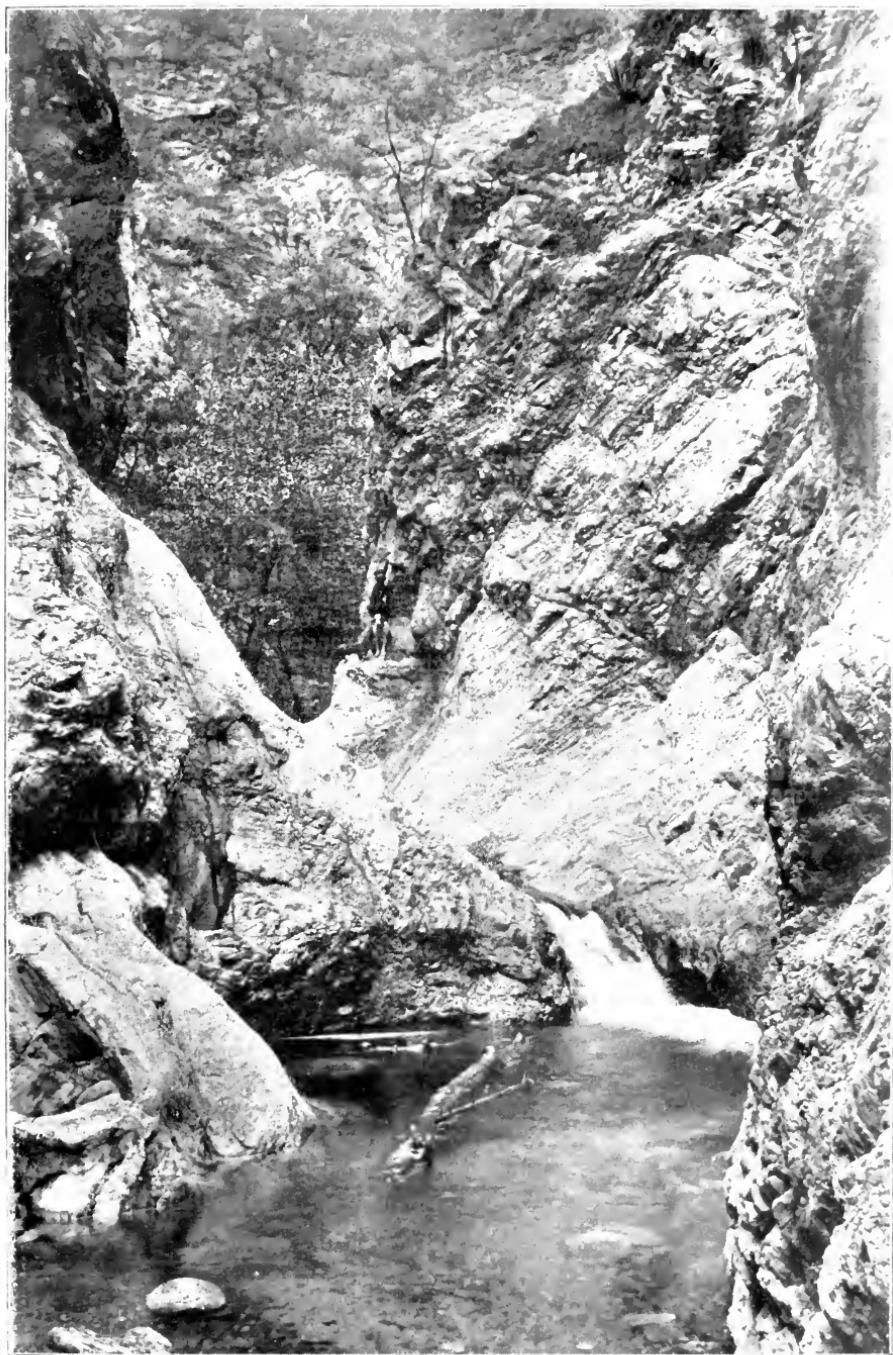


Photo - by Maude.

CUYAMACA LAKE.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN EATON CAÑON.

Photo, by Graham & Morris.

*THE COLD TRUTH*  
 OR  
*AN ARTIC CORNER OF A SEMI-TROPIC CITY.*



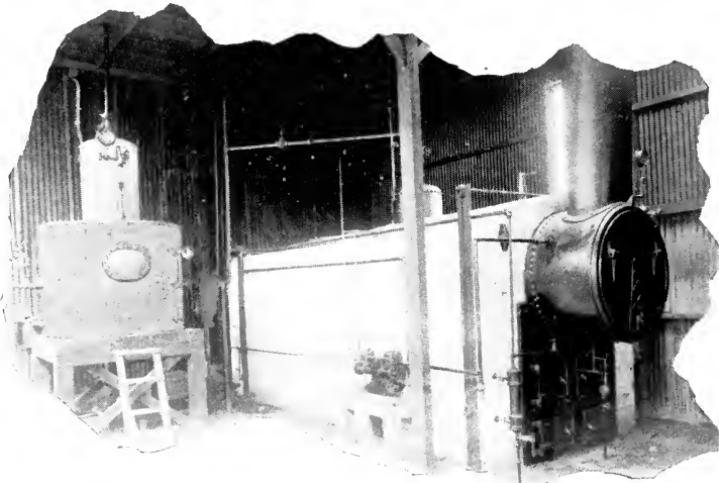
**B**EFORE coming in contact with foreign substances water is easily defined as two parts of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen; but whenever it gets into bad company, which is most always, the readiness with which it partakes of the nature thereof taxes even modern science to label the result. For example note the following analysis of the hydrant water of a city, not at all notorious for the worst drinking water in the land, and not far distant from our own City of the Angels:

Silica .....	1.168	grains
Oxide of Iron and Aluminum .....	.011	"
Carbonate of Lime.....	4.656	"
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	3.885	"
Sulphate of Lime .....	7.661	"
Sodium and Potassium Sulphates.....	2.117	"
Sodium and Potassium Chlorides .....	2.424	"
Sodium and Potassium Carbonates.....	5.400	"

27.322 grains per gallon of 231 cubic inches,

not to mention decomposed vegetable and animal matter. Boiling will kill the animaleculæ in such water but not eliminate a single constituent of the above analysis. And, while filtration removes insoluble substances, any druggist will testify that it does not free it from an iota of anything (however poisonous) which was held in solution. Certain minerals, although not classed as poisons, are superfluous in these days of known food constituents, and when the drug store can more intelligently be depended upon for such minerals as the human system may require. Waters containing alkalies are especially to be avoided by those who have reached the age when such substances are not readily assimilated or thrown off, and when the tendency to bone growth and brittleness is already too great.

By distillation only, has it been found possible to restore water to



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

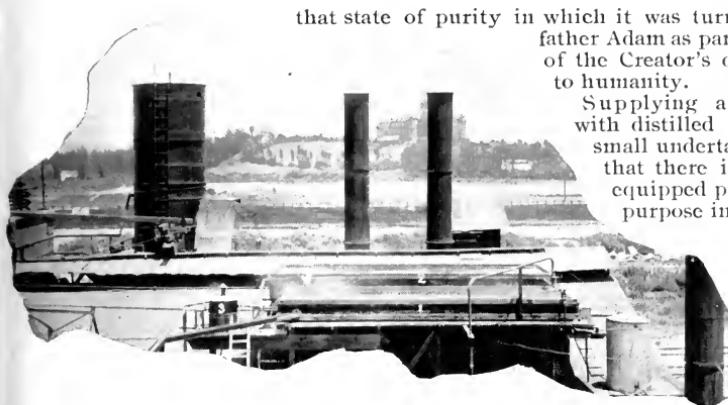
Graham & Morrill, Photo.

BOILER AND STILL USED FOR "PURITAS" DISTILLED WATER.

that state of purity in which it was turned over to father Adam as part and parcel of the Creator's deed, of gift to humanity.

Supplying a large city with distilled water is no small undertaking. And that there is a modern equipped plant for this purpose in Los Angeles, is at once a strong expression of faith in the product and in the City, as

well as a fact which prospec-



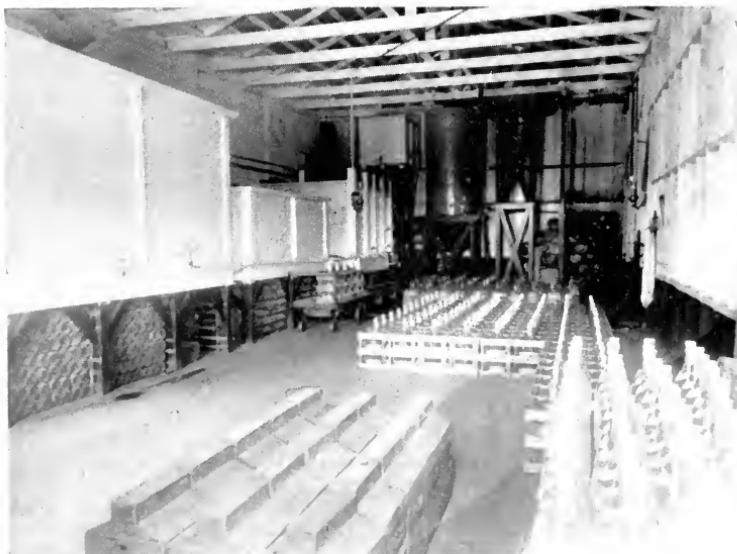
C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

1 and 2 Condensers or Water Tanks containing the Coils of Pipe. 3 Reboiler.

Graham &amp; Merrill, Photo.

tive residents will not be slow to appreciate.

At this plant deep wells on the premises are depended upon for water supply. This water is converted into steam at a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch which corresponds to a temperature of 330 degrees Fahr. Although the carbonates are precipitated at the boiling point, this greater temperature is necessary to thoroughly eliminate the sulphates of lime and magnesia. The steam after being condensed is again evaporated in a still at a pressure of about 15 pounds. From this still the steam passes into condensers, or long copper pipes lined with pure block tin and coiled in tanks of water. From the condenser the water passes into a



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

INTERIOR PURITAS BOTTLING DEPARTMENT.

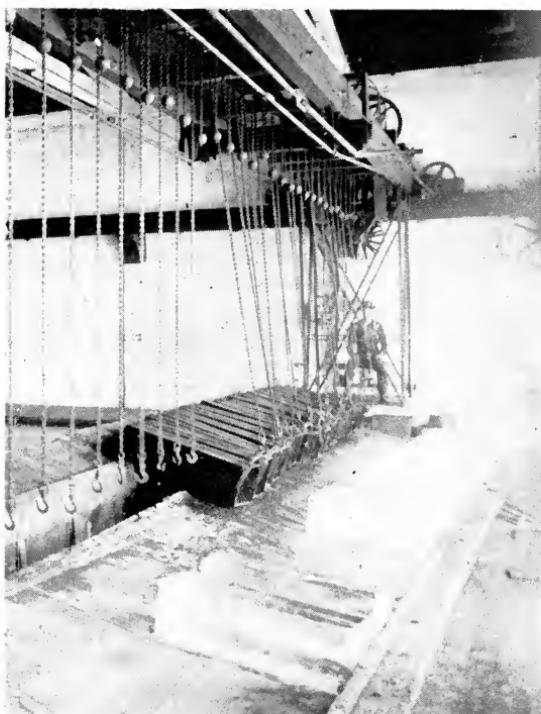
Graham &amp; Merrill, Photo.

reboiler where the gases which have been liberated during the process of distillation, are boiled out of the water which is then absolutely pure H<sup>2</sup>O, the only constituents of pure water. Having thus been thoroughly purified, the water passes through a cooler, after which, it is charged with air which has been filtered and purified. The product is then worthy of its name "Puritas", and passes into the receiving tanks of the bottling department from whence it is drawn into bottles for market.

Extreme care is exercised through the entire process. Not only are the condensers, reboiler, cooler and storage tanks all lined with pure block tin, the only substance which will resist the action of pure water, but, before being filled, the bottles are thoroughly sprayed with warm water, and afterwards rinsed with distilled water. The highest

priced corks are purchased. These are thoroughly steamed, and then rinsed in distilled water just before being used.

Aside from the large amount of money invested, perhaps the best expression of faith in the purity and necessity of "Puritas" is the fact that lithographers, photographers, photo-engravers, etc., who require absolutely pure water for their mechanical processes are numbered among its patrons. A large number of the most prominent physicians use Puritas regularly at their houses as well as in their practice, while, of the 72 Los Angeles druggists 45, or nearly two-thirds, use it in



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. CORNER OF FREEZING ROOM Graham & Morrill, Photo. DISCHARGING DISTILLED WATER ICE.

filling prescriptions and other preparations. Puritas is not only pure when first manufactured, but it remains so. This was amply demonstrated to the writer by Manager J. G. McKinney who broke the seal to a bottle which had not been uncorked for nearly a year and proffered a portion for examination. As compared with Puritas fresh from the receiving tanks, there was no preceptible difference to sight, smell or taste.

As it is generally understood that the process of freezing eliminates everything injurious; hence, ice is often cut from streams and ponds from which no one would run the risk of drinking. But it has been proven by eminent bacteriologists that typhoid fever and other disease germs are not killed by freezing, nor are lime, magnesia and alkaline salts that are held in solution thus eliminated.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

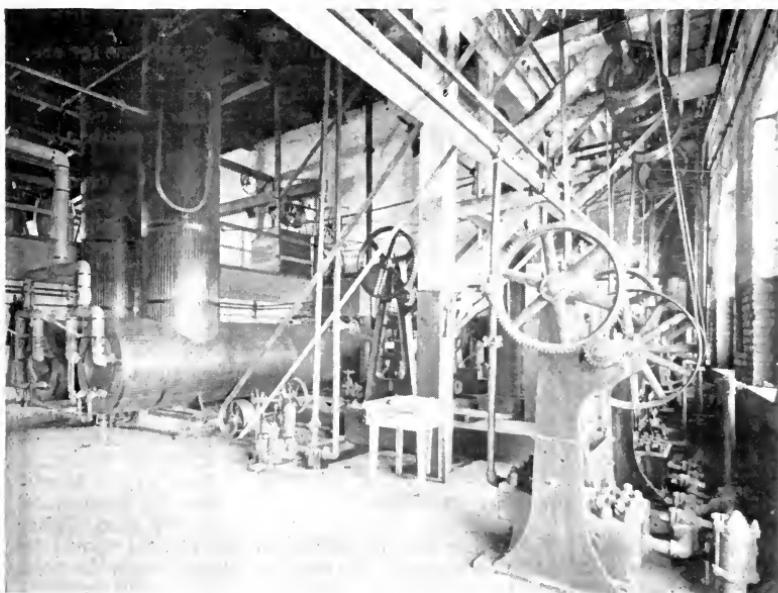
G. &amp; M. Photo

WHERE IT IS WINTER ALL SUMMER.

The water used for ice by the Ice & Cold Storage Company is distilled once, reboiled, and passed through three different sets of filters before it goes into the freezing cans which protect it from the refrigerating medium.

It is a fact not generally recognized that there is as much difference in the temperature of ice as in other cold substances; and that the colder the ice the more the cooling effect when melting. At the Ice & Cold Storage Company's plant, ice is frozen at a temperature of about 16 degrees Fahr., so that it is very hard, and contains the

maximum of refrigerating effect. If any one should entertain any doubt concerning this statement, he has but to accept Mr. McKinney's cordial invitation for any one to visit his plant. By the time the doubter has fairly entered the catacombs of its cold storage department, and noted that with the passage of each dark hall, and the closing behind him of each successive thick door the atmosphere has grown colder and colder until the icicles grow in length and crowd one another on the ceilings, while the refrigerating mains and pipes lose their identity in their thick and permanent covering of frost; the chances are that he would take our word for it, and stop short of the rooms where the ice in question is very much in evidence.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. A SECTION OF REFRIGERATING MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

STORAGE ROOM FOR FROZEN MEAT.

The 34 rooms of the cold storage department are of various sizes, and are kept at the various temperatures which the goods stored within them demand.

Poultry is sometimes carried in good condition in these rooms for over a year. Fruit is seldom kept in cold storage longer than six or eight months, although a box of apples was recently taken from these rooms which went into cold storage in September 1895. Butter and eggs are carried in perfect condition from March and April to December and January.



ONE OF THE DELIVERY WAGONS.

The rooms are cooled by means of coils of pipes arranged along the sides from the ceiling to the floor. Through these pipes is pumped what is known as calcium brine; a solution of sufficient chloride of calcium in water so that the temperature of the liquid can be brought to about zero Fahr.

without freezing. This brine is refrigerated in the engine rooms in what is known as the "brine cooler," and after passing through the cold storage rooms returns to be refrigerated and sent back, continuously. All refrigeration is produced by the expansion of ammonia from a liquid



THE ICE AND COLD STORAGE PLANT, 7TH AND S. F. RY. TRACKS.

to a gas. And, as the charge of ammonia for a single machine costs from \$500 to \$800, it also is made to do its work over again by being continuously condensed and expanded. In the various parts of the ammonia machines the pressure runs from 180 to 200 pounds per square inch. Therefore as an ammonia leak would be a dangerous as well as an expensive one, the coils, fittings and machinery necessary to handle it, are of the most substantial and expensive kind. For example, one of the several refrigerating machines of this plant cost the round little sum of \$15,000, while the entire plant already represents an investment of over \$250,000.

Few people indeed have any idea of the amount of care and expense necessary for the successful maintainance of a Cold Storage warehouse. Every one of the thousands of packages must be "lot numbered", and so entered on the books that they can be found on a moment's notice. The refrigerating machinery must be operated continuously night and day, the temperature of each room watched and recorded at all hours, and the rooms and halls kept clean and sweet, and free from all odors which might contaminate the butter, eggs, etc. The machinery must be in duplicate, so that, in case of breakage of any part, great damage may not ensue from the suspension of the refrigerating process.

This means machine shops on the grounds with steam power machines for cutting and threading all sizes of steam and ammonia pipes, blacksmith forges, power drills, two carpenters, three pipe fitters and machinists, three engineers, from forty to fifty other employes the year round, and above all a controlling master hand—which by the way happens to be a most conscientious and courteous one.

Therefore the reader of this magazine who, in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Avalon, Santa Ana, Escondido, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Redondo, San Jacinto, San Bernardino, Redlands, or Randsburg is so fortunate as to sit as his table de hote before a spring chicken which for twelve months has been waiting in cold storage for his praises, and lifts his glass of "Puritas" which has reached his host at an expense of less than one cent per pint, and cooled by distilled water ice at a cost of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent a pound, he may well say that he not only has "a feast fit for the gods", but one as pure as the Great Alchemist intended such blessing should be.

F. P.

## \* POMONA.

BY FRED J. SMITH.



*THE GODDESS POMONA.*

olives, nuts and small fruits. Its fruit area at the present time embraces nearly 14,000 acres, most of which is a sandy, gravelly loam, from decomposed granite, fertile and most easily worked. The warmth of the soil favors high quality in citrus fruits, and the orange and lemon groves of the valley are the most notable source of revenue. Under extreme tests (as at the State Citrus Fairs) the Pomona citrus fruits have borne off the palm of victory. Always well to the front, at the last State Citrus Fair, held in Los Angeles, Pomona was awarded the first premium for the best display of citrus fruits from any locality, and the same honor has been bestowed before. It would, perhaps, be unwise to claim too much on this score, but it is certainly a fact that, quality considered, Pomona can grow as fine citrus fruits as any section on the coast. The citrus fruits are largely marketed through the co-operative association of the growers, which has done so much to place orange growing on its present substantial and profitable basis. There are

**P**IN the great transformation, in which, for two decades, the arid plains of Southern California have been converted by the hand of man into fields and orchards of wondrous beauty, Pomona has become one of the most conspicuous figures. From the unknown hamlet with a postoffice and two general merchandise stores, fifteen years have seen it take its place in the front rank of the most prosperous cities of semi-tropic California, so that, with a present population of 6500 people, it now stands the third in size and importance in Los Angeles county, and the largest town along the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad between Los Angeles (33 miles distant) and El Paso.

Nature has been very kind to Pomona, endowing it at once with great beauty of natural surroundings and that wealth of varied soil conditions to which its unique prosperity is distinctly traceable. It stands before the world today as the fitting representative of its name—the Goddess of Fruit—for while the chief industry is the production of citrus fruits, attention has been given to the cultivation, in commercial quantities, of all the fruits of a temperate climate—peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, prunes, apples, pears, grapes,



Behre Photo, Process Eng. Co.

*BIRDSEYE VIEW OF POMONA.*

Howard, Photo

Association packing-houses at both Pomona and North Pomona (on the Santa Fé). During the summer season the handling of the deciduous crop of the valley gives employment to many hundreds of hands, many of the school children delighting in the opportunity. About 3000 tons of apricots, 2000 tons of peaches, 2000 tons of prunes, 600 tons of pears, and an equal number of tons of grapes constitute a fair crop. A large cannery takes care of a part of this vast quantity of fruit, and the rest is dried and packed, chiefly by Messrs. Loud & Gerling and several fruit



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*THE PEOPLES BANK.*

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

growers' associations. Many fruit growers supplement their income by growing small fruits and berries, which find a local market and are shipped to neighboring counties and Arizona.

Below the fruit belt lies a large acreage of alfalfa, which produces 6 to 10 tons per acre a year without irrigation. Beyond, on the slopes and outlying lands the golden grain crops yield feed for the local markets.

Energy, capital and skill have developed Pomona, but these would have availed naught had it not been for an ample water supply. The Pomona orchards are irrigated from three sources, the San Antonio creek, about 100 artesian wells, and streams which rise in ciénegas at the base of the San José hills. All this water is distributed through about 100 miles of cement

pipes. The extensive water rights of the Pomona valley are the best guarantee of her continued growth and prosperity.

Climatically, Pomona is very near perfection. Lying as it does about 40 miles from the coast and about 30 miles east of Los Angeles, at an average elevation of 1000 feet above the ocean, from which it is separated by a zone of foothills, it escapes to a large degree the summer fogs that drift in from the sea, and while warm enough to produce the highest type and quality of citrus fruits, it is yet near enough to the ocean to enjoy a more temperate summer climate than the more eastern valleys. It has the golden mean in climate, and the Easterner fleeing from the vicissitudes of his rigorous home weather may well stop to study the ideal conditions prevailing at this point.

Two transcontinental railroad lines, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé, pass through Pomona, and together give a service of 10 trains a day each way.

Pomona's location is beautiful and picturesque. The city is cosily nestled around the base of the San José hills at the western end of the



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FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

great San Bernardino valley (locally termed the Pomona valley), and these hills constitute a spur dividing the valley at this point into two arms, both of which lead out into the noted San Gabriel valley. At the extreme end of the San José hills, and embracing the summit, the city has purchased a site for a public park, the view from which is one of the most magnificent of all the grand views of Southern California. Immediately in the foreground lies the city, embowered in its shade trees and orange groves, an emerald gem with a setting of snow-capped mountains circling the plain in the order named: San Antonio, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Santa Ana, all of whose peaks, except the latter, exceed the 10,000 ft. mark. Travelers who have "done" the Alps and the Appenines and climbed the slopes of the Himalayas, say they have met with no such beautiful valley view as that.

The city itself is a fair counterpart of its surroundings. Its homes,



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POMONA HIGH SCHOOL.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

while not characterized by any extravagant outlay, are for the most part comfortable and surrounded by a wealth of lawns, hedges, shrubbery and flowers, easily obtained in this climate when seconded by a little labor and a love of home. The streets in the business portion are paved, and many miles of cement sidewalks reach out into the country. The business blocks are distinctly up-to-date in style and architectural beauty, and would reflect merit on any city of its size. The streets are lighted by electricity, and an admirable pressure system supplies the citizens with domestic water and gives protection in case of fire.

The people are intelligent, progressive, and come largely from that New England stock and that class in the earlier settled Western States which demand the best in the way of church, educational and social advantages and privileges. There are some fifteen churches, many of them handsome structures, and two large and eight smaller school-

houses. For years Pomona has taken pride in educational matters. From the thoroughly organized kindergarten up to the high school, every department has been characterized by the highest trained efficiency and administration, and under the present direction of Mr. J. A. Guttery, the superintendent, and the Board of Education, nothing is left to be desired.

Pomona's educational advantages do not end, however, with the high school. In the Pomona College, located about one-half mile from the city limits, at the pretty suburb of Claremont, its youth can have the benefit of a true collegiate training. David Star Jordan, president of Stanford University, pronounces it "the best plain college west of Col-



Behre Photo. Pro. Eng. Co. *I. O. O. F. HALL.* Schwichtenberg, Photo.



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*UNITARIAN CHURCH*

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

orado." It is singularly blest for so young an institution in the character and caliber of its faculty; and the fact that it will begin its new year with over 230 students, many of whom come to it from other States, shows the appreciation in which it is held. Its degrees are recognized in Eastern colleges and its graduates admitted to the higher courses of study in Yale or other great universities without further examination.

Pomona is proud of this college and sees in it an attraction that shall continue to draw to it as citizens more of that refined element which has so largely settled within its borders in the past.

Pomona maintains a well equipped public library of about 3500 volumes, and within its quarters its titular goddess holds court, in the form of a marble statue in exact representation of a Greek statue, made by a noted Florentine artist and presented to the city by one of its earliest settlers, the Rev. C. F. Loop. All the fraternal societies and orders are well represented in Pomona, the Odd Fellows having erected a handsome three-story building in 1892.



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Schwichtenberg, Photo.

**RESIDENCE OF HENRY G. TINSLEY.**

The newspapers of Pomona are three—the *Times*, *Progress* (Republican) and *Beacon* (Democratic). All are published weekly, and have done yeoman service in spreading the name and fame of Pomona abroad.

The financial interests of the city are well looked after by three strong banks, the First National Bank, Peoples Bank and The National Bank, founded in the order named.

In the San Antonio Light and Power Co., organized for the purpose of developing electric power in the San Antonio cañon to the north of Pomona, for lighting and power purposes, Pomona secured the first plant for long distance transmission of electricity for lighting purposes in the United States, and the whole world, being brought to Pomona 14 miles, and to San Bernardino 28 miles, from the power house in the San Antonio cañon. The success of this enterprise led to other enterprises of a similar nature being started at other points, and from present indications in a short time the available power of all the mountain cañons will be utilized.



Behre Photo, Process Eng. Co

POMONA'S LEADING HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

Pomona is the center of trade for a large surrounding country. Her merchants carry heavy stocks, and have enjoyed throughout the dull times a reasonable degree of prosperity. They are active, enterprising and progressive, and much of her prosperity is due to their public spirit.

Pomona has preëminent qualifications for becoming a place of residence for those of independent means in search of health and a comfortable life; its climate, altitude, and the class of people already there invite such people. At present it is largely a business community, and has grown steadily into prominence as such. Quietly, unobtrusively it is forging ahead, an average of about 100 houses being built per year for the past five years. It offers in its orchard property, to the worker with moderate capital, good opportunities for profitable investments; to the invalid it promises health; to him who must forswear activity and needs rest in his declining years, it guarantees as large a measure of peace and contentment as he desires or can appreciate. It is worthy of the attention of those new-comers who seek a home or business or property in Southern California, and it has a generous welcome for all.



POMONA COLLEGE.

## FOR EXCHANGE.



### "THE GOLDEN TERRACE RANCH."

Is situated near the Santa Fé station, in the northern part of the city limits of Pomona, and is considered one of the best and most attractive ranches in that vicinity. It has a beautiful location and a fine frontage on two of the main avenues leading into the city from the north and west. Being in the artesian water belt, the property is particularly valuable for the artesian water that can be developed thereon, and in the near future is destined to become valuable as a source from which to supply the growing demands of the city of Pomona for more abundant and pure artesian water for public use. It is noted for the mammoth Gold of Ophir rose-bush, said to be the largest of the kind in the State, which covers the entire side of the house, extending from the ground to the roof.

The ranch consists of 44 acres, all set to bearing citrus and deciduous fruits, as follows: 14 acres Washington Navel oranges, 6 acres in prunes, 8 acres in apricots and pears, 4 acres in olives and peaches, 10 acres in raisin grapes, 1 acre in alfalfa and 1 acre devoted to garden and berries.

Ripe fruit is picked every month in the year. There is a good house of 7 large rooms, barn and all necessary buildings, in fine condition; abundance of water for irrigation and domestic purposes deeded with the property. Title perfect.

I am authorized to EXCHANGE this beautiful home for property in New York City; Albany, N. Y.; New Haven, Conn.; Hartford, Conn.; Springfield, Mass., or that part of the country.

Value of the entire property, \$40,000; will make a liberal discount for cash.

### FOR SALE.

In addition to the above I offer for sale my "Palmdale Ranch," containing 45 acres, all set to budded Washington Navel oranges one year old. There are 4000 trees all in fine thrifty condition and are of my own growing, the buds having been carefully selected from bearing trees.

The soil is a rich, deep loam, easily worked, as it does not "bake" or become hard after irrigating.

The location is all that can be desired for successful orange growing, being free from frost or harsh winds—ripe tomatoes can be gathered all winter, and the tenderest flowers bloom luxuriantly the year round. This property is located 1½ miles northwest of the thriving town of Lordsburg, where is located Lordsburg College, public schools and churches, on the line of the Santa Fé railroad and Southern Pacific railroad, 3½ miles northwest from Pomona. The land slopes gently to the south, is well graded and is easily irrigated. There is a fine building site, commanding a fine view of the valley and surrounding country.

This will make one of the finest ranches in the valley. I will sell the 45 acres for \$10,000, and make terms to suit purchaser.

I also have for sale a beautiful home of 9 acres, all set to bearing oranges, with sufficient peaches, apricots, figs, berries, etc., for family use. Good new house of 9 rooms, nice barn, all in fine condition; nice lawn and rare flowers. Irrigating and domestic water free with the property. This is in the city of Pomona. Sidewalks all the way to the property, and within 10 minutes walk of postoffice and business center of the city. A beautiful home, and only \$7,500.

9 acres on the Kingsley Tract in the city: 8 acres in oranges, 1 acre in prunes; fine soil. Irrigating and domestic water deeded with the land. Trees in fine condition. There are no buildings, but a fine site left for a house; \$5,500.

12 acres in bearing prunes, fine soil, \$2,500.

Unimproved orange lands from \$100 to \$250 per acre in 10 and 20-acre tracts.

I have a tract of 63.64 acres of unimproved land suitable for growing apricots, peaches, prunes, olives and raisin grapes that I will trade for Eastern property. The land is smooth and level, and fine soil. Value of land, \$50 per acre.

For information concerning the above properties, and particularly as to the beautiful city of Pomona and the surrounding country, address

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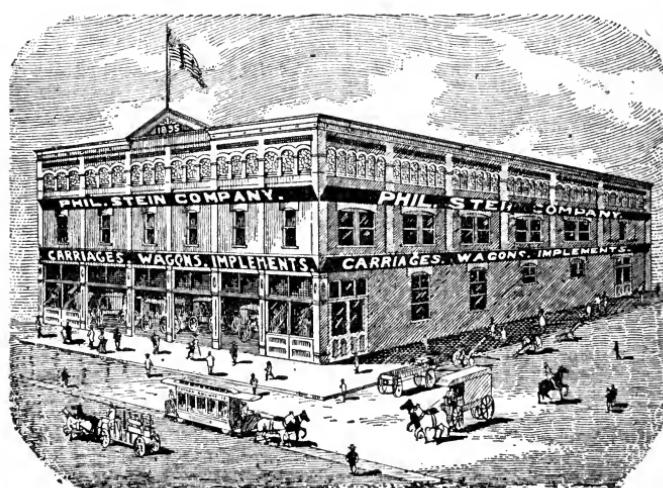
**READER**, are you thinking of locating or investing in California? Yes. Then let us congratulate you on your wise conclusion. There are a great number of States in Uncle Sam's wide domain, but California stands out without a peer. For health, pleasure or profit she has no equal. Of course there are some parts of the State preferable to others, and after a residence of over 20 years on the coast our choice is Los Angeles County; and to be minute, Pomona Valley, lying about thirty miles east of Los Angeles. For diversified products she has no equal. Oranges, lemons, olives, prunes, sugar beets, alfalfa, etc., etc. In fact, there is not a month in the year that we are not marketing something in commercial quantities.

Here you can see the largest bearing navel orange orchard in the world, and within six miles the largest sugar beet factory in America. And the noted Olive Mill that produced the olive oil that took first premium at the World's Fair in Chicago in competition with olive oil of the world.

**WE SELL THE EARTH**—and, reader, we can sell you any class of property you want, and at reasonable prices. You make a mistake if you locate in California without first investigating this valley.

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**W. M. AVIS**, the subject of this sketch, was born in New Jersey. He came to Pomona in the Spring of '89, and for a few years engaged in the Berry-growing and Gardening business, which well fitted him for his present business which he entered into December, '92, occupying his present location with a room 12x24 feet, the ground of which he bought afterward and erected the present imposing structure which he now occupies. His line covers **Fruit, Produce, Seeds, Bulbs, Plants**, of which he carries a complete line. Seeds and Fruits he makes a specialty, carrying by far the largest stock in these lines in the city. His shipping business is a main feature, taking special pains with that department, in berries especially. He ships to all parts of the Territories, and by his fair and courteous treatment his business has grown wonderfully.

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**TENTH YEAR** begins Sept. 17, 1896.

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A Pointer to Advertisers.



Don't Know Him? Well, Arizonians Do.

And by his fruits *you* may know him, for here are the yearly subscriptions (written close lined), taken by him throughout Arizona and New Mexico from the *cream of the people*. The inhabitants of such hot interiors come to the sea coast in summer, do they not? *Are they of any use to you?* The evidence presented above and the recent purchase by the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* of the subscription books of its only rival in that territory, demonstrates that the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is read by the majority of those worth reaching in that territory—and the only California publication which is. *Let us make the connection for you.* It is business for you, while Arizonians are glad to learn of the opportunities of the locality in which they spend several months of each year.

Education Free!

To the two boys or girls, young men or young women, who send in before September, 1897, the largest list of subscribers to the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* we will give a six months' free scholarship each in the famous Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena.

Mr. J. Hadley Stewart, the subject of the frontispiece to this issue of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*, was one of the forty-two men who organized the present Republican party in 1856, together with Hon. Leonard Surett, Hon. Jessie Fell, Abraham Lincoln, Judge Davis and other leading men of that time. Mr. Stewart was born in Ohio in 1817, and has resided in California since 1884.

# MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

Los Angeles society turned out en masse on June 17 to show its appreciation of the fact that Marceau, the owner of three photographic studios and a national reputation, has chosen Los Angeles as his permanent headquarters. The artistic taste, culture and refinement displayed in the arrangement of his spacious salons elicited encomiums from all who had the pleasure of being present. His galleries are replete with choicest specimens of photographic art, and occupy the entire two floors of the Los Angeles Theater building, which have been remodeled for Mr. Marceau, and the ceilings and walls decorated by the well-known professionals Miller & McGrath of South Broadway. The swinging doors at the head of the staircase open into a large reception hall, which widens into the reception room. Both are in rich browns on burlap, shading softly from the deep tones of carpets and curtains to the soft smoky tint of the walls. Opening from the reception room on the north is the art room, done in dark sage green, blending from a deep tone on the walls to a lighter tint on the ceiling; this, with the soft fibrous effect of the burlap, makes an excellent background for pictures, having a tendency to throw out instead of detracting from them. On the south side is the Turkish room, which is simply a mass of rich Oriental colors. Its walls are of pomperais red, and the frieze and ceiling a combination of old blue, green and red, an appropriate Turkish proverb: "Graces of the Cove," the translation of which may be had from the Colonel. All of the wood is finished to harmonize with the wall colorings. An open staircase leads from the third to the fourth story, upon which are the waiting and dressing rooms, three in number. The first is a Japanese room, done in olive tints, with wood work to match, and treated as only a Japanese room can be. From this opens an Empire room, done in old rose with old ivory-finished woodwork, truly a beautiful effect, and one that has been much admired. The third room is called the Blue room, and is treated in the dainty shades of that most pleasing of colors. From the Blue room we enter the operating room, which is done in deep siennas, giving a soft light to the pictures. An elevator connects with the entrance hall of the theatre below, and on the walls of this hall are to be seen photographs of various sizes, in relief and otherwise. Visitors will be well repaid by devoting some time to an inspection of the art treasures contained in this palace of Oriental and photographic magnificence.

Elmer Wachtel, whose drawings have frequently graced the reading pages of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*, has returned from London to his host of Los Angeles friends. Unlike a great many Americans who have experienced European art advantages, Mr. Wachtel's hat is still a good fit, although he is well pleased with his sojourn abroad.

The Treble Clef Club gave its third concert, eighth season, at Music Hall on Thursday evening, June 17th, under direction of Madame Isidora Montinez. The event proved a great success musically and socially, as the concert was followed by a reception to Madame Martinez, and from ten to twelve by informal dancing under direction of Henry J. Kramer. The efficient work of the club in each number rendered showed careful study in every detail. The delicate shading in the several numbers was worthy especial praise.

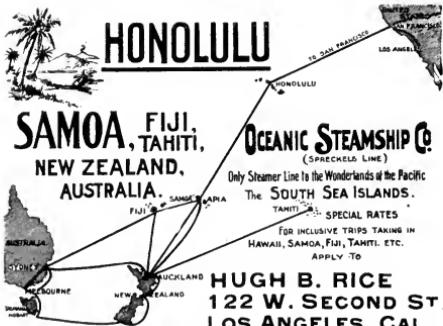
The assisting artists were J. Bond Francisco, Mrs. G. B. McLaughlin and Madame Martinez. The Reverie, by Viruttempis, was rendered by Mr. Francisco in his usual artistic manner. The Aria, *Piè aux clercs*, by Herold, as rendered by Madame Martinez, with violin obligato by J. Bond Francisco, was of especial merit. The Rose of Avon-Town, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, was given by the club and Mrs. McLaughlin in a most pleasing manner. Next season the club will give their concerts, fitting the music to the season. The first two will be of a classical order, with full orchestral accompaniment, assisted by the best solo talent obtainable. The third will be similar to the one just given, as the club intends making their closing concert of each season a social success.

The piano recital by Herr Thilo Becker's pupils, on Friday evening, at the Blanchard-Fitzgerald music hall, was attended by a large audience. Each number was well rendered, showing great credit to Herr Becker as an instructor.

On Tuesday evening Dr. G. H. Kriechbaum, and C. S. DeLano's Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club gave an informal musical and reception at their rooms, 356 South Broadway. The rooms and halls were beautifully decorated. During the evening a musical and literary program was rendered by Mr. DeLano's Club assisted by the Apollo Club, Miss Ida Dotter, Len Shepardson and Miss Fountain. Light refreshments were generously served during the evening. The musical numbers were all well received as well as the work by Mr. Shepardson, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by the large number who attended.

The priceless value of the climate, soil, resorts, etc., have been re-echoed till the most incredulous have been convinced of their worth. But all have not heard so much of the artist, authors and inventors on which Southern California justly prides herself. At a recent exhibition many were astonished at what had been done along the line of inventions, but what attracted my attention most, was an invention, certain of wide future recognition. This curious little device formed into different curves, so arranged as to cut any garment used in clothing the human form, and peculiarly adapted to the curves and graceful forms of woman. In conversation with Miss Freeman, the inventor of this curve, I learn that her life has been prolonged by coming to this land of sunshine, and she expressed her thankfulness to Los Angeles for furnishing her a home in this helpful clime. And as much as she has been benefited hopes to give in return good to the young ladies of California, by developing their artistic taste in clothing the human form.—*Tourist*.





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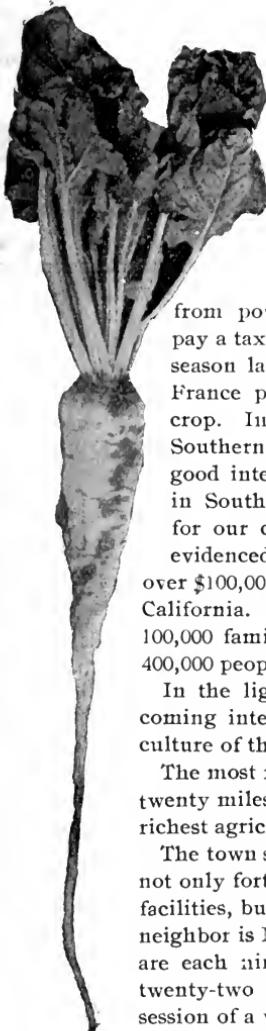


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## THE SHORTEST AND SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH.



**L**AND that is suitable for the successful culture of fruits that bring good prices in the market costs a considerable amount of money. The trees also cost money, and then the orchardist has to wait from three to five years before he can expect any return. On the other hand, Southern California is worthy a more valuable crop than grain. To the capitalist and the industrious person of small means alike, the sugar beet therefore offers possibilities of which few who have not investigated have any conception. In Denmark the sugar farmers have risen from poverty to affluence, though the manufacturers have to pay a tax of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cents on every pound, while the sugar making season lasts only 100 days as against 4 to 6 months in California. France paid its enormous debt to Germany with its sugar beet crop. In Belgium good sugar beet land brings twice as much as Southern California's highest priced orange land, because it pays good interest on that figure. Sugar beet land can be purchased in Southern California at one-third that rate. That the demand for our crop is not likely to be exceeded by the production, is evidenced by the fact that the United States sends abroad annually over \$100,000,000 for sugar. All this sugar might easily be raised in California. This would give an income of \$1000 a year each to 100,000 families, or employment in the field and factory to over 400,000 people.

In the light of these facts it is not strange that capital is becoming interested in this field, large tracts being laid out for the culture of the beet, and sugar factories erected.

The most recent of these enterprises has located in Orange county, twenty miles from Los Angeles, in the heart of 40,000 acres of the richest agricultural land in Southern California.

The town site which has been laid off and named Los Alamitos is not only fortunate in an unfailing artesian water supply and railway facilities, but has been admirably located in other respects. Its nearest neighbor is Norwalk, seven miles distant. Long Beach and Anaheim are each nine miles distant, Santa Ana, fourteen, and Los Angeles, twenty-two miles. It will thus be seen that it has undisputed possession of a vast tributary area of farming land capable of producing one of the most profitable crops of the day. A sugar factory now ready for operation will annually distribute for beets and factory labor from \$350,000 to \$400,000 has been erected within the confines of the town. It cannot, therefore, but be recognized that the most potential conditions assure a rapid growth and permanent prosperity for what is at present Southern California's youngest town, Los Alamitos.

Los Alamitos town lots, which can today be secured at bed rock prices, must soon rise in value, and it therefore behooves investors and home seekers to send at once for maps, prices and circulars, or apply to

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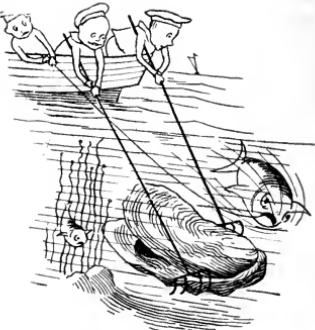
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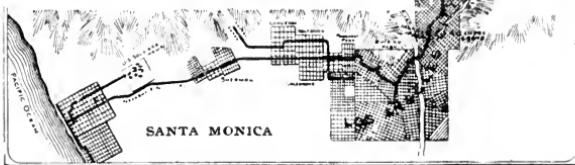
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Santa Rosa and Corona—

July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31

Leave San Pedro and East San Pedro for San Francisco via Ventura, Carpinteria, Santa Barbara, Gaviota, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Cayucos, San Simeon, Monterey and Santa Cruz, at 6:30 p. m.:

Eureka and Coos Bay—

July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28

Leave Port Los Angeles at 6 a. m. and Redondo at 11 a. m. for San Diego. Steamer Corona will also call at Newport (Santa Ana).

Santa Rosa and Corona—

July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing dates. Cars to connect with steamers via San Pedro leave S. P. R. R. (Arcade Depot) at 5:03 p. m. and Terminal Ry. depot at 5:10 p. m.

Cars connect via Redondo leave Santa Fé depot at 10 a. m. or from Redondo Ry. depot at 9:30 a. m.

Cars connect via Port Los Angeles leave S. P. R. R. depot at 1:35 p. m. for steamers northbound.

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p. m.  
Arrive from : 7:55, 9:41, 10:15  
a. m. 1:20, 4:45, 6:25, 7:30  
p. m.

### ALTADENA

Leave for : 8:40 a. m. 4:55  
p. m.  
Arrive from : 10:15 a. m.  
6:25 p. m.

### Long Beach & San Pedro

Leave for : 8:00, 9:45 a. m.  
1:22, 5:15 p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:28, 11:50 a. m.  
4:50, 6:25, 7:30 p. m.



\*Sunday only  
†Sundays excepted

### GLENDALE

Leave for :  
16:42, 9:45, a. m.  
1:21, 5:30 p. m.  
Arrive from :  
17:50, 10:55 a. m.  
2:38, 6:39 p. m.

### CATALINA ISL.

Leave for : 8:00 a. m.  
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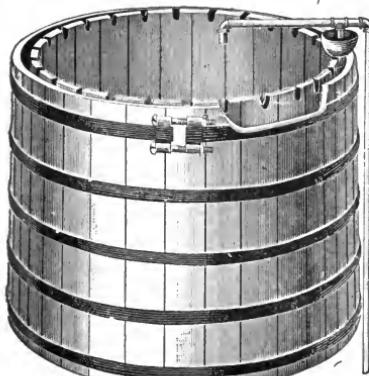
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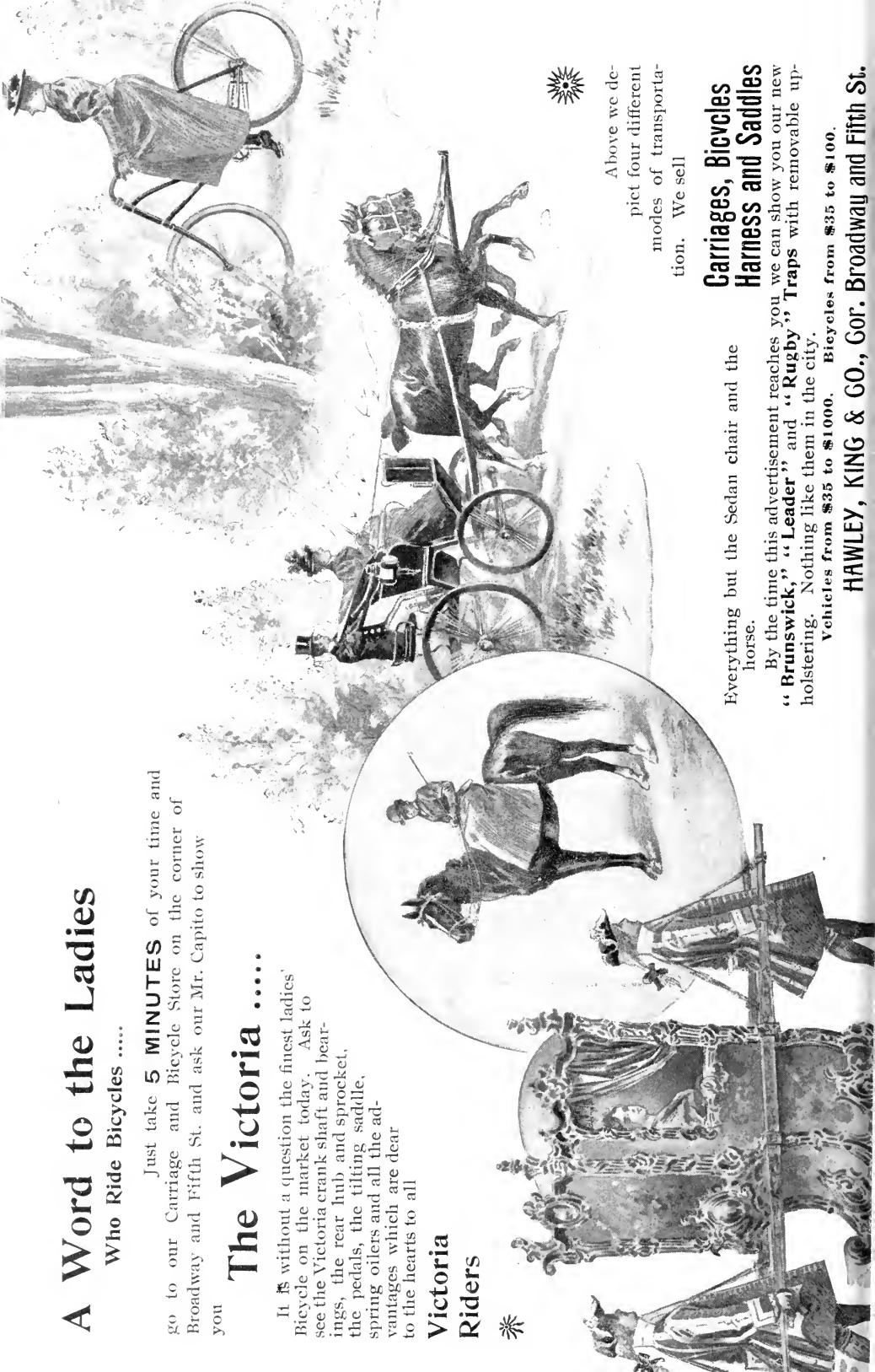
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VOL. VII, No. 3

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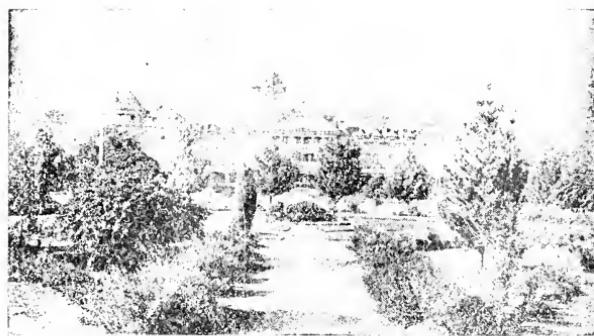
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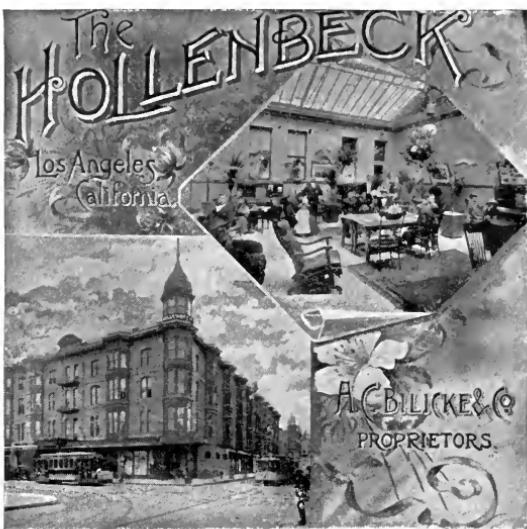
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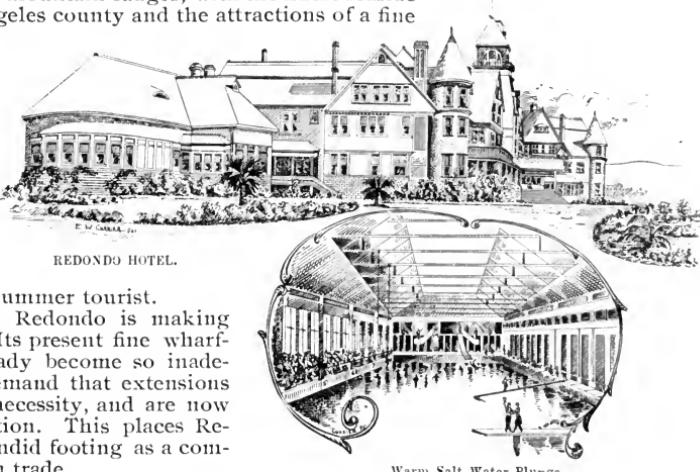


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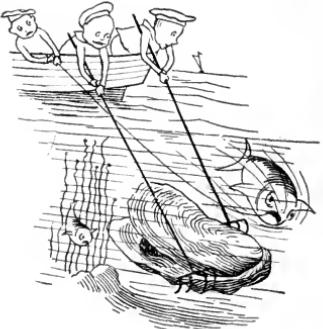
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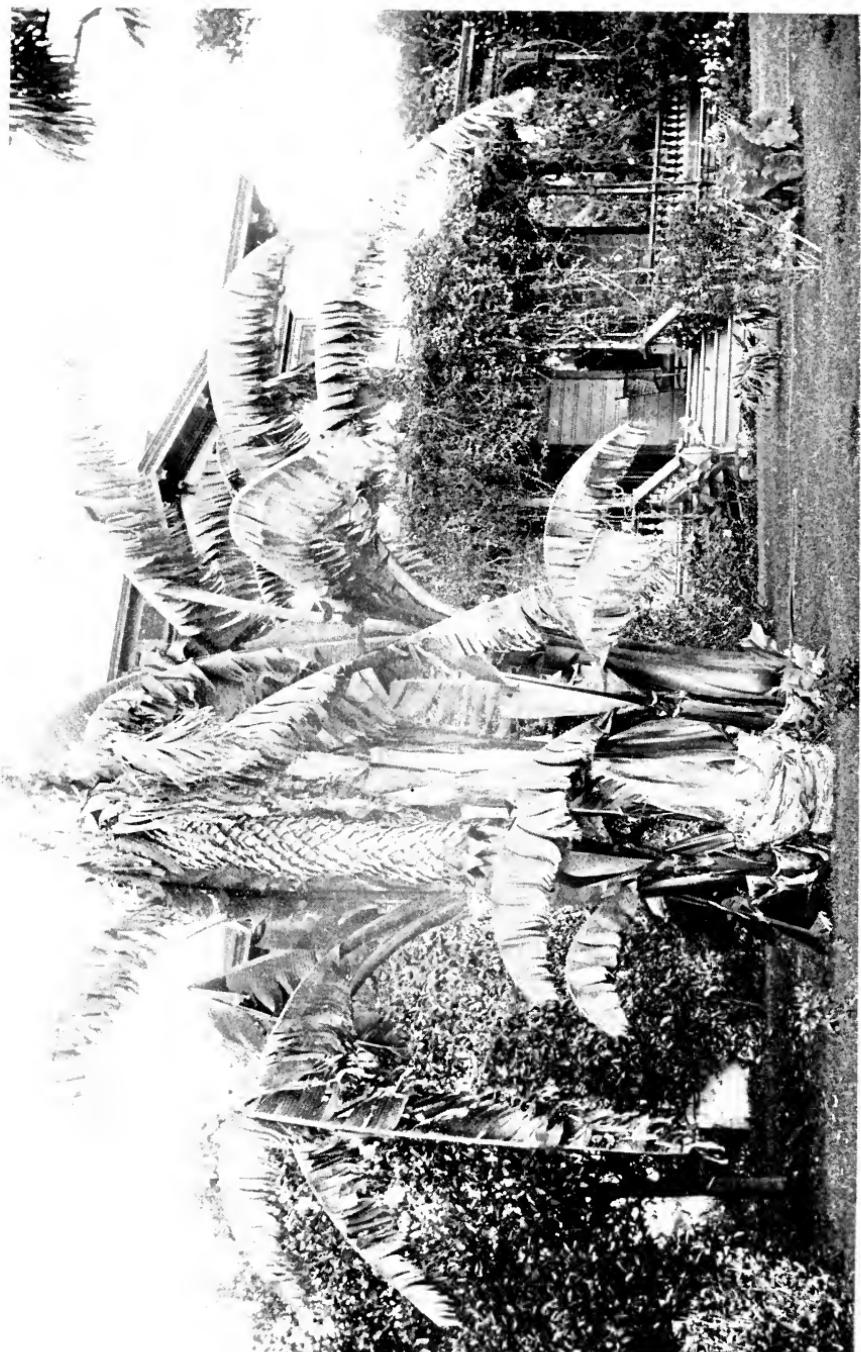
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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, NO. 3.

LOS ANGELES

AUGUST, 1897.

## COLLECTING CALIFORNIA FERNS.

BY M. EVELYN FRANCISCO



Many rare and beautiful ferns are found in the extreme southwestern corner of the United States, particularly in Southern California, that the systematic collection of them offers rare pleasure to lovers of nature.

Comparatively few tourists take the trouble to gather them—in fact many do not know how profusely they grow, perhaps only a short distance from their hotel or stopping place. I have noticed, however, that they can always find room in already overcrowded saratogas for a few pressed specimens of these delicate works of nature. To those who wish to take the trouble (or rather let us say the pleasure) to press a collection of California ferns, a few practical hints may be in order.

You should be provided with one or more books, at least eight by ten inches in size, with stiff covers and rather porous leaves (neither ferns nor wild flowers press well if the paper be in the least glazed), and a sheet of cotton batting cut into small squares, between the layers of which to press the more delicate wild flowers—for surely you can never, if a true lover of nature, go fern hunting in Southern California, in the spring-time (which is the fern season) without pressing a few of the blossoms that greet you in new colors and shapes at almost every step. The ferns themselves, however, all press best with porous paper next to them.

In San Diego county you will find the silver, maidenhair, spoon, and wire ferns, and a few gold ferns, growing quite near the coast; but to gather all the varieties which are natives of the county, and to find them growing in luxuriance and quantity, you will be obliged to travel twenty or thirty miles inland. There you will find, growing along the road-

\* With illustrations from the author's collection.

side, in the cañons and gorges—mostly on the southern side of the cañon, the following ferns:

*Aspidium rigidum*, Var. *Argutum*, which is a large brake handsomely decorated on the back, when ripe with purplish, and later, dark brown spores; this fern often grows two and three feet tall, so you will be obliged to gather some of the more stunted fronds, if you wish to procure ripe ones that are small enough to press whole in your book.

*Polypodium*, California *Polypody*, is a sweet-fern beautifully embellished on the back with rows of brown, bead-like spores—in fact you must always look on the back of a fern to find the spores, which often determine the beauty of the specimen. This *Polypodium* later in the

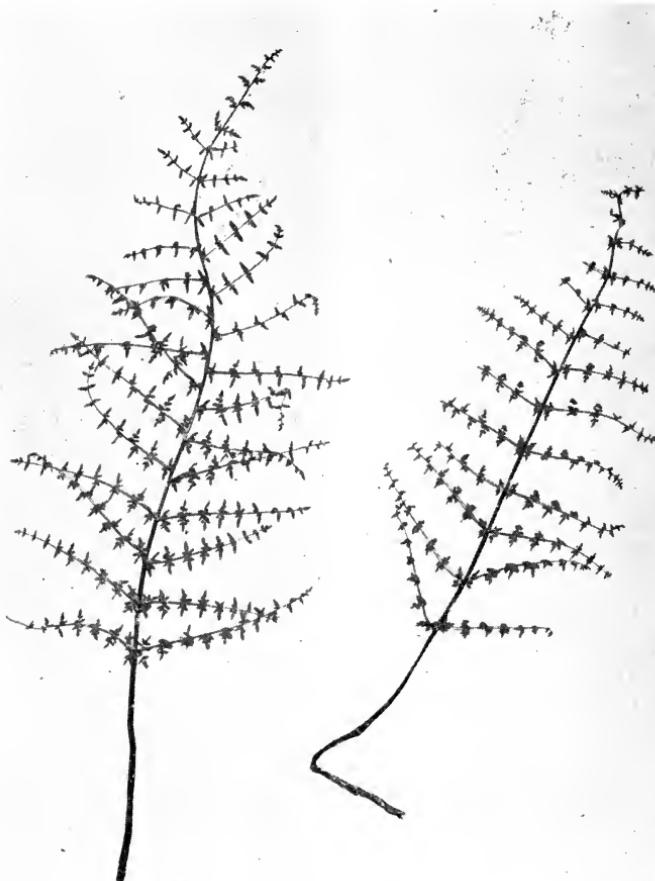


season turns from green to a magnificent golden brown, which, with its covering of dark brown spores, is in my estimation the most exquisite fern we have.

Cheilanthes<sup>7</sup> *Californica*, the lace fern, is the most delicate of our varieties, and you will often see the best specimens away down between the cracks of huge boulders, out of reach—unless you have brought a garden rake, which is not probable. How tantalizing to be obliged to satisfy oneself with the less luxuriant which grow within reach! You will always find our ferns (with the exception of those which thrive near the coast) growing in greatest profusion where there are huge boulders and great masses of loose rock—where it is also as well to keep your eyes and ears open for the rattlesnake.



Let us climb yonder barren hill and see what we can find to add to our collection among those rocks near the summit. It is a sleep climb, and we arrive at our destination out of breath and very warm. But we will not be likely to stop long to rest, for at our very feet are myriads of ferns, and we are all excitement to see who can gather the most and the best specimens. Here we find *Asplenium Trichomanes*, the feather fern, whose huge slender fronds (from three to ten inches long and less than an inch wide) are a valuable addition to our collection. So is the *Cheilanthes Clevelandii*, a lip fern, which we find in all shades from light yellow through golden brown to almost black. We may also find a plant or two of *Cheilanthes Nyrophylla*, a lip fern which much resembles *C. Clevelandii*, though it is rather scarce above the Mexican line.



We descend and resume our drive; but soon some watchful enthusiast utters an exclamation of surprise and delight, at seeing in the crevices of a towering mass of rock beside the road some handsome specimens of *Notholeana Newberryi*, the cotton-back—and again we are down from our carriage, gathering the most exquisite specimens among a perfect chorus of delighted cries. The excitement is cumulative at a fern hunt, for one is always coming upon the unexpected, and each believes he or she is finding the most perfect specimens. The climax is reached as we enter a shady cañon where are found, under clumps of bushes and in damp places, the gold and silver ferns, *Gymnogramme*



Triangularis. They are synonymous except in color of spores, which completely cover the back of the fronds. The silver fern found near the coast and in barren rocky places is sticky, and is *Gymnogramme Triangularis*, var. *Viscosa*.

In this same shady dell you will find the most rank growth of spoon and wire ferns, *Peltaea Andromedeaefolia* and *Peltaea Ornithopus*, respectively; and the delicate maidenhair growing near a little waterfall is *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*.

*Adiantum Emarginatum* is found in every direction in this cañon.

A few roots of each variety should be dried, as, in mounting, they form a desirable substitute for the out-of-place bow of ribbon often used in finishing.

On returning from your outing, carefully look your ferns over, straightening out bent leaves, and putting a few of the cotton, feather, and *Clevelandii*s into a curved position. In mounting, a few graceful curves are a great help in making your work artistic. Lastly, place your books under a heavy press where they should be left a month without handling.

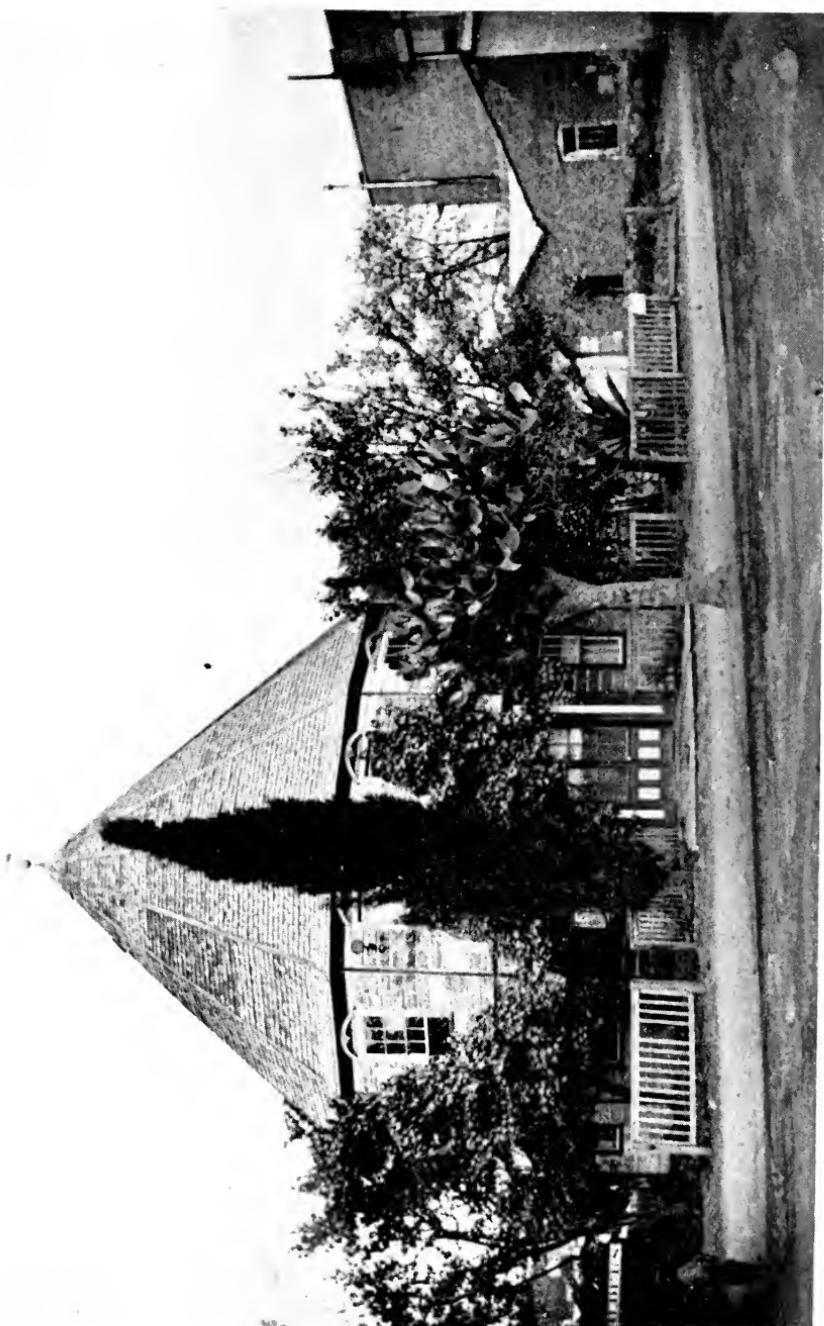


Scientific and common names for reference, listed by Prof. D. C. Eaton:

- Aspidium rigidum* — Var. *Argutum* (brake).
- Polypodium* (*California polypody*).
- Cheilanthes California* (lace fern).
- Asplenium Trichomanes* (feather fern).
- Cheilanthes Clevelandii* (lip fern).
- Cheilanthes myrophylla* (lip fern).
- Notholeana Newberryi* (cotton fern).
- Gymnogramme triangularis* — Var. *Viscosa*.
- Gymnogramme triangularis* (gold and silver fern).
- Peltaea Andromedaefolia* (spoon fern).
- Peltaea Ornithopus* (wire fern).
- Adiantum emarginatum* (maidenhair).
- Adiantum capillus Veneris* (Venus' hair).

San Diego, Cal.





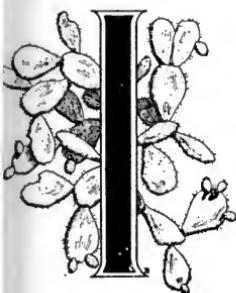
L. A. Eng. Co.

A LOST LANDMARK—THE OLD "ROUND HOUSE," MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES

Photo, by Fletcher.

## A LOST LANDMARK.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.



In the years from 1854 to 1886 an odd-shaped structure stood on lots fronting 120 feet on Main street, Los Angeles, running through to Spring. The latter was in the earlier part of this time little more than a country road. The building was a conspicuous landmark of the town, universally known as the Round House, though within the memory of most American residents who were here then it was, strictly speaking, an octagon in shape. Its exact location was ninety-one and a half feet south of Third street, on the site of the present Pridham & Pinney block. The old well, from which water was drawn by a primitive arrangement of a long pole and a rope, weighted with rocks, was on the north line of the lot now owned by Mr. Pridham.

This land was granted by the Ayuntamiento of the pueblo of Los Angeles, to Juan Bouvette and Loreta Cota, his wife, August 31st, 1847. On March 3rd, 1854, it was purchased by Remundo Alexander and Maria Valdez, his wife. Mr. Alexander was a native of France, and came to California as a sailor. In Africa he had seen houses of stones built cylindrical in form. So when he married Doña Maria, daughter of Señor Valdez, a prominent citizen and native Californian, though a grandson of Spain, he varied the uniform style of building in Spanish-America and fashioned the new adobe dwelling for his bride after the architecture of Africa. It was two stories high, with an umbrella-shaped, shingled roof, and cost, Mrs. Alexander thinks, with the lawn, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

On July 28th, 1856, it was sold to George Lehman and his wife, Clara Snyder. In transferring the property the wording of the deed follows established custom, for in Spanish countries a woman does not lose her maiden name. After marriage that of her husband is affixed to her own with the preposition *de* (of) between.

Mr. Lehman was a native of Germany, familiarly known to his fellow-citizens as "Dutch George."

He is described, by those who knew him well, as a good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning man, full of vagaries and fantastic notions.

After he came into possession of the round house he enlarged it by enclosing it in a frame extension about ten feet deep, which on the exterior was an octagon, and in the interior divided into additional rooms. Over the windows he painted the names of the thirteen original States, with that of California added.

Mr. Lehman had a strange hallucination (exceptional in Californians) that he had found the garden of Eden, and he set to work to make his grounds as nearly as possible resemble his conception of the dwelling place of our first parents.

He built a labyrinth of arbors which in time were hidden under a pro-

fusion of vines and roses. He planted fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and plants in quantity and variety, supposed to have delighted the senses and sheltered the bodies of the progenitors of the race.

The entrance to this modern *Eden* was not guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, but by something probably more effective in excluding intruders; a row of tuna cactus extended across the Main and Spring streets sides that grew from ten to fifteen feet high with branches so closely interlaced that they formed an impenetrable hedge. This garden became a thicket of foliage and bloom, to which the owner charged a small admission fee; and he sold beer and pretzels within its shady recesses. It was embellished with cement statues representing Adam and Eve reclining under a tree, with the wily serpent presumably alluring Mother Eve to take the initial step in human progress that bequeathed her name to posterity as the first woman who aspired to a higher education. Scattered about under the trees were effigies in cement of the animals which passed in review before Adam to receive their names.

For more than twenty years this garden was one of the resorts of the town and was used on public occasions, notably the centennial celebration of July 4th, 1876.

On March 6th, 1879, it passed out of possession of Lehman, sold under foreclosure of mortgage. The cactus hedge was cut down in July, 1886, when the city ordered the laying of cement sidewalks.

The building was used as a school house after Lehman left it, then as a lodging-house, and in its last estate became a resort for tramps. It disappeared before the march of progress in 1887. An air of mystery in later years surrounded the unique structure and strange stories were told of the eccentric owner, not substantiated by those who knew him best.

He owned a large tract of land on what is now Broadway and Fifth street which he called Georgetown. He had no children, and after the death of his wife he lived alone in a house on his own domain.

The city of Los Angeles has occasion to hold in grateful remembrance the generous though eccentric George Lehman, for to him it is indebted for the land he gave for our lovely Central Park, which in poetic justice should have been known by his name.

Los Angeles, Cal.





Behre Eng. Co.

**CENTRAL PARK, LOS ANGELES.**

Photo, by Maude.

## THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

### IV.

 ROSPEROUS materially as well as spiritually under the direction of men who combined great business ability with their zeal for God's work, the Mission San Juan Capistrano began in 1797 the erection of a church which became the finest structure in California. This edifice, in the shape of a Latin cross, was built principally of stone, and had an imposing tower and seven domes.\* It was finished in 1806, and dedicated Sept. 7, in the presence of Gov. Arrillaga and padres from most of the other Missions, soldiers from San Diego and Santa Barbara, and a great concourse of Indians.

Upon this flourishing Mission fell, six years later, a calamity paralleled but once in the history of the area now comprised in the United States. Sunday morning, Dec. 8, 1812, while the people were at mass, the greatest earthquake that ever visited California toppled the Roman tower of Capistrano upon the southerly domes, crushing them down upon the worshipers, and killing about 40 persons. This tremor was felt from San Diego to Purísima, and somewhat damaged the church at San Gabriel. Shaler<sup>t</sup> ranks this earthquake with that of Charleston,

S. C. (1886) as of the second or possibly the third class in intensity. There has been but one earthquake of the first-class in the United States—that of New Madrid, Mo., and the Mississippi valley (1811)—and only two (Charleston and Capistrano) which caused loss of life. Bancroft skeptically attributes much of the ruin to faulty construction, but this theory is not supported by fact.†

1812 was long known as "año de los temblores" (the earthquake year), being marked by many shocks. One on the 21st of December did considerable damage at San Fernando, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Inés and Purísima. At San Buenaventura the church was so damaged that the people removed for some months to San Joaquin y Santa Ana, where a *jacal* [hah-cál, hut of chinked palisades] was erected for a chapel. Upon their return to San Buenaventura they had to tear down and rebuild the tower and part of the façade. This church (still in use) was half finished in 1794, but was not dedicated till 1809.

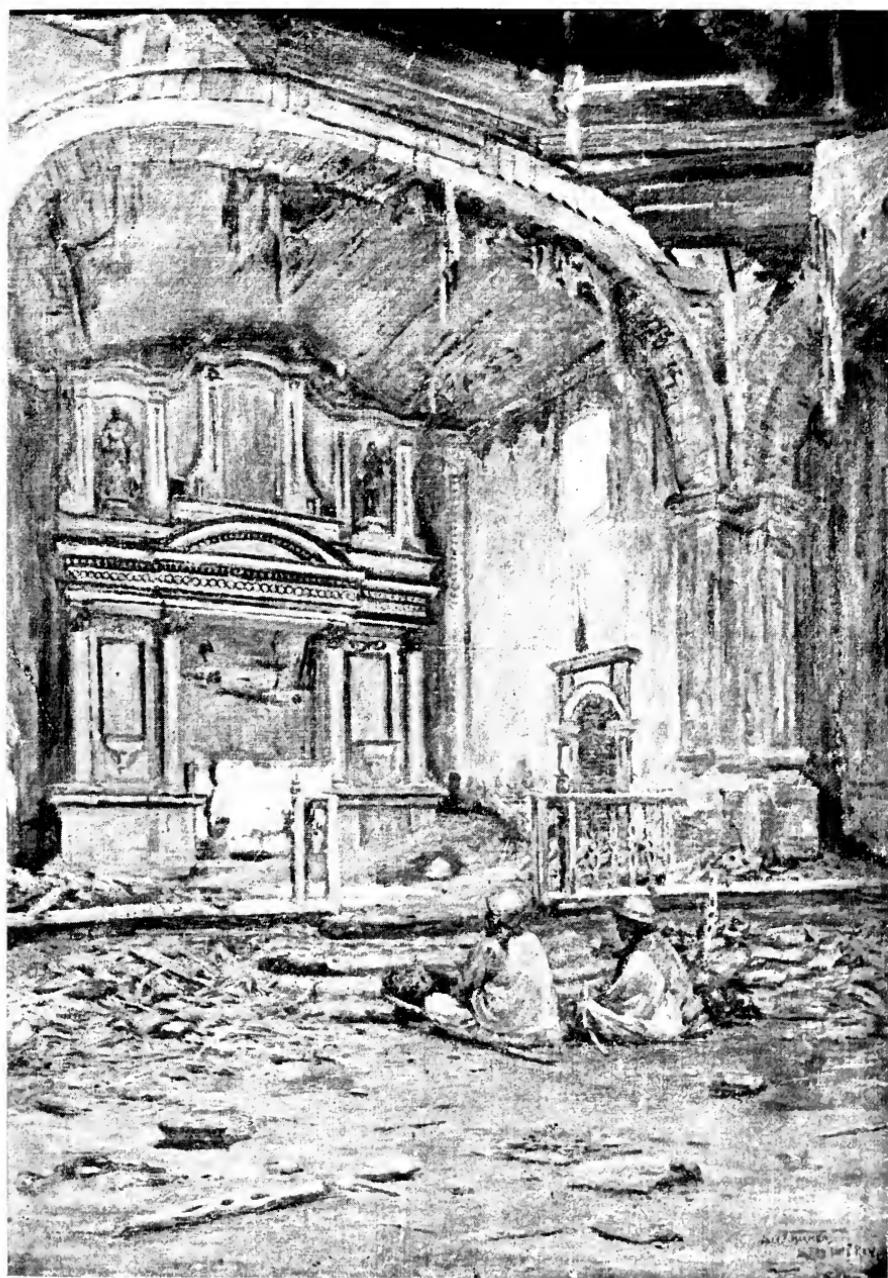
At Santa Barbara the church was so racked that it was torn down; and the present temple was built. The church at Santa Inés was also badly wrecked, and a new one was completed in 1816. The church of La Purísima was abandoned for a new site about a mile distant; but rather to better the location than because of the damage done by the earthquake.

In 1824 came the great Indian uprising—the most serious outbreak in the whole history of Nueva California. Split into small, scattered and mutually hostile tribes, the Indians had not dreamed of their strength; but brought together in the Missions they began to realize the possibilities of strength by union. They plotted to rise simultaneously at six Missions on Sunday morning, Feb. 22, at the hour of mass; to kill all the *gente de razon* (civilized people) and free themselves from the restraints of religion and industry which chafed them as school chafes stupid and lazy boys. At Purísima, the fountain-head of the conspiracy,

\* The transept and altar are practically a monolith, domes and all; the masonry crowned with a cement which has defied time better than the stone itself.—*Ed.*

† "Aspects of the Earth."

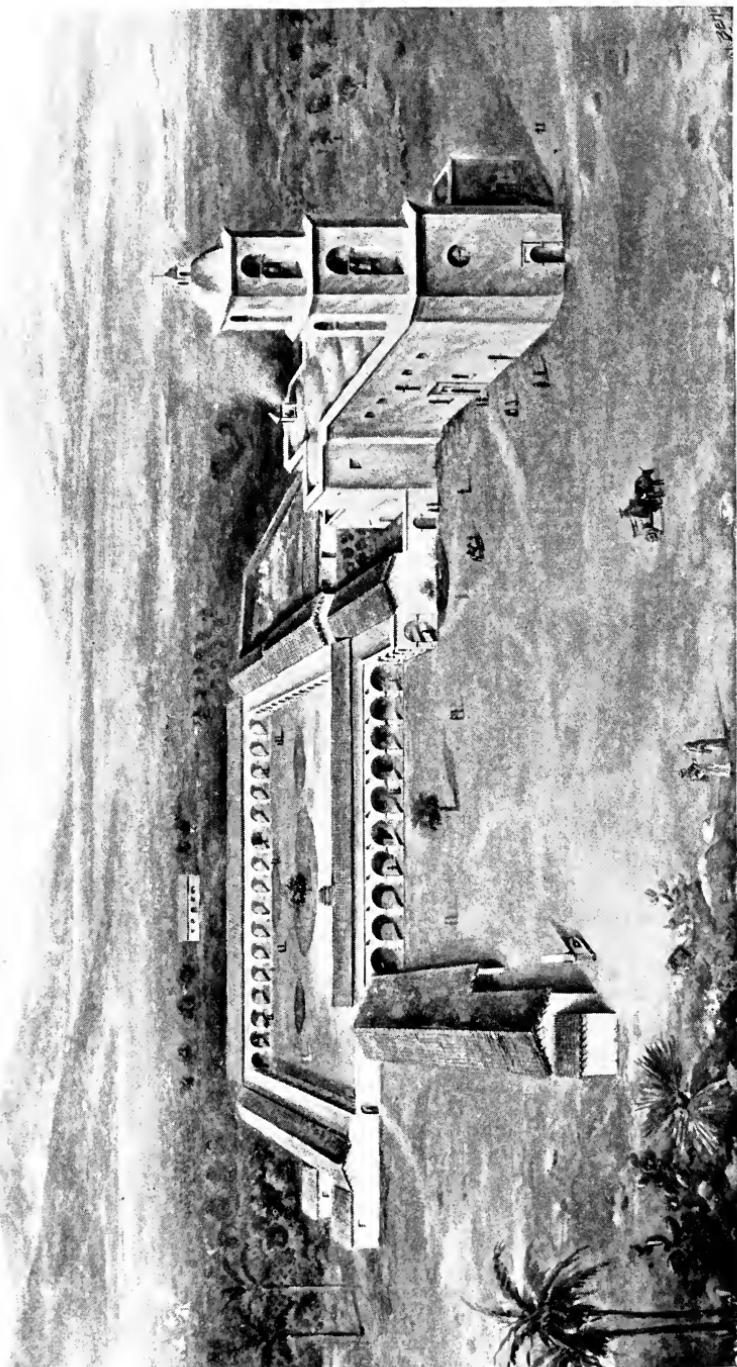
‡ As already noted, the structure was of extraordinary strength. Bancroft's guesses at its construction are unusually ignorant. Only an earthquake of great violence could have racked it. Of course the fall of the lofty tower upon domes 80 feet high broke them. But it is well known that most of the ruin of this great stone temple dates from the Sixties, when misguided people blew up with gunpowder the front of the church, planning to rebuild it.—*Ed.*



L. A. Eng. Co.

OLD ALTAR, SAN LUIS REY  
(Before repairs.)

From painting copyright 1897 by A. F. Harmer.



MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO IN ITS PRIME.

Bethro Eng. Co.

From painting by Fred J. Behre

the padres were driven to Santa Inés, where the Indians were finally repelled after they had burned two-thirds of the buildings. At San Luis Obispo, Santa Bárbara, San Buenaventura and San Fernando the conspirators weakened and there was no outbreak. A company of soldiers from Monterey put down the insurrection. In this uprising 16 Indians were killed and many wounded; one Spaniard killed and two wounded. About 400 Indians and 100 whites were engaged. A new church, to replace that ruined in the revolt, was dedicated at Purísima Oct. 4, 1825.

The term from 1800 to 1830 was the meridian of the Missions, as 1769-1800 may be called their pioneer period. They were steadily growing in power and (with but two exceptions) in number of neophytes. Seven Missions reached their maximum membership between 1810 and 1820; and seven after the latter date. Numerically, San Luis Rey was far in the lead, having in 1826 no less than 2869 neophytes—which was nearly 1000 more than San José, the next largest, could count. In 1803 there were 3941 baptisms—the highest record for any one year in the history of the Missions. Yet it was of course inevitable that as time went on these numbers should dwindle for want of more savages to convert. The field was becoming so well gleaned that few Indians were left outside the fold, except those fiercer remnants that had retreated to the mountains and repelled all advances.

TOTAL NUMBER OF BAPTISMS  
at the Missions, from their foundation to 1834:

San Diego.....	6638	Soledad .....	2222
San Carlos*.....	3057	San José .....	6737
San Antonio.....	4456	San Juan Bautista.....	4100
San Gabriel.....	7854	San Miguel.....	2588
San Luis Obispo.....	2657	San Fernando.....	2839
San Francisco†.....	6998	San Luis Rey.....	5591
San Juan Capistrano.....	4404	Santa Inés.....	1372
Santa Clara.....	8640	San Rafael.....	1873
San Buenaventura.....	3876	Sonoma‡ .....	1315
Santa Barbara.....	5679		
Purísima .....	3314	Grand total.....	89,576
Santa Cruz .....	2466		

California was little known in those days—for it was before travel had become fashionable—and we have few descriptions of visits to the coast; still fewer of visits to the Missions. The only voyagers to such far lands were men with some definite object, commercial or scientific. Vancouver was one of the first foreigners to make extended visits to the settlements of California, and he has left some interesting descriptions. Yet as his visit (1792-94) was long before the Missions reached their highest point—and even before some of them were founded—and because he could not speak the Spanish language and had to trust too much to hearsay, his statements are often inaccurate, and his book has little direct value as concerns the Missions. Dana was on the coast in 1835 gathering hides for shipment to Boston, and has given us vivid pictures of various phases of life at Monterey, Santa Barbara, Capistrano and San Diego, but little of the Missions themselves. Duflot de Mofras voyaged to Nueva and Antigua California in 1841, and visited probably every Mission—but then the Missions had received the fatal blow of secularization, and were rapidly dying.

By far the most interesting of all the few voyagers to this little-known land was Duhaut Cilly, a French navigator. Coming to California in 1827 with a shipload of goods, he tried to establish trade between France and this Mexican province. He spent nearly nine months journeying

\* Estimates for last three years; statistics for three years entirely lacking.

† Statistics for San Francisco to 1832.

‡ Statistics for Sonoma to 1835.

up and down the coast, and visited in all ten Missions. Being a Frenchman and a Catholic, he was welcomed with open arms by the padres at each Mission, and thns had exceptional opportunities for collecting a great deal of accurate information, which he has transcribed for us in the fascinating account\* of his travels. He visited the Missions when they were at their best and most flourishing period; and his descriptions of them are so interesting that I can do no better than translate two or three passages on Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey—two Missions which greatly impressed him. It is to be regretted that he did not visit Capistrano; although at that time the great stone church was in ruins, a description of the establishment, by him, would be valuable.

Of Santa Barbara he says: "As we advanced, the buildings of the Mission presented themselves under a finer aspect. From the roadstead we could have taken it for a chateau of the middle ages, with its apertures and its belfry. Coming nearer, the edifice grows more imposing; and without losing anything of its beauty it takes on, little by little, a religious aspect; the tower becomes a steeple; the brass, instead of announcing a knight's arrival, sounds the office of the Angelus. The first illusion is destroyed, and the castle is a convent.

"In front of the building in the middle of a huge square, is a playing fountain, the workmanship of which, tho' imperfect, surprised us the more since we had not expected to find in this country, otherwise so removed from the fine things of Europe, this sort of luxury which among us is reserved for the dwellings of the most wealthy."

After remarking on the ease of building in France or any other civilized country—where one chooses an architect, contracts for all material needed, and has no other care than to see that everything is of the required quality and is properly used, he makes a comparison with the far different conditions of Santa Barbara, thus :

"Here, on the contrary, everything is in the rough, even to the men, and the first necessity of the builder was to mold his workmen. It was necessary to make bricks [adobes] and tiles from the mere earth; to cut down large trees, at a distance, and to bring them in by main strength of the workmen over roads made expressly for this purpose, through valleys and over precipices; to gather laboriously on the shore shells for making lime. In fine, down to the smallest detail of this edifice has cost preliminary work which must have augmented considerably the difficulties. At the same time, one is astonished by the boldness of the design and the firmness of its execution. There is nothing except a boundless zeal for the spread of religion which could have made Padre Ripoll victorious over such obstacles."

Father Antonio Ripoll was born in Palma, Mallorca, in 1785. He was an enthusiast in his work, whose results we see in Santa Barbara today. He was in charge there from 1815, to 1828; when, being against the Mexican republic, he had to flee. He was accused by the Mexican government of taking a large sum of money in his flight; but the charge was never proved.

San Luis Rey elicited the still higher admiration of the French traveler. Thus of his first sight of it he writes:

"At last we turned inland again; and after a jaunt of an hour and a half we discovered ahead of us, from the top of a hill, the superb buildings of the Mission San Luis Rey, whose glittering whiteness was flashed back to us by the first rays of the day. At that distance, and in the still, uncertain light of dawn, this edifice, of a very beautiful model, sustained upon its numerous pillars, had the aspect of a palace. The faults in its architecture cannot be grasped at this distance; and the vision is attracted only to the elegant mass of this beautiful structure. . . . .

\* "Voyage autour du Monde, principalement à la Californie et aux Iles Sandwich pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828 et 1829." Par. A. Duhaut Cilly. 2 vols. Paris, 1835.

Instinctively I stopped my horse, to gaze alone for some minutes on the beauty of this sight."

"The buildings were drawn on a large and ample plan, wholly the idea of the padre [Peyri]; he directed the execution of it, in which he was assisted by a very skillful man who had contributed as well to the building of those at Santa Barbara; so, although these are much more sumptuous, at that place may be recognized the same hand."

"The building forms a large square of five hundred feet on each side. The main façade is a long peristyle borne on thirty-two square pillars supporting round arches. The edifice is composed, indeed, of only a ground floor; but its elevation, of fine proportions, gives it as much grace as nobleness. It is covered with a tiled roof, flattened, around which reaches, as much without as within the square, a terrace with an elegant balustrade which simulates still more the height. Within is seen a large court, neat and levelled, around which pillars and arches, similar to those of the peristyle, support a long cloister, by which one communicates with all the dependencies of the Mission."

"Two immense gardens, well planted, provide abundant stores of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. The large and easy flight of steps, by means of which one descends into that one to the southeast, recalled to my mind those of the orange garden of Versailles—not because the material was as valuable and the architecture as fine; but there was a certain resemblance in the arrangement, number, and dimensions of the steps."

San Luis Rey and Peyri are names which should be bracketed, for the name of the father cannot be spoken, or thought of, without calling to mind the Mission he loved, and which was his life work, as he was here laboring for the Indians for more than thirty years. Antonio Peyri was born in Spain in 1769; he came to Mexico in 1795, and to California the year following, and served two years at San Luis Obispo, when he was sent to assist at the founding of San Luis Rey, of which he became the head. Duhamel-Cilly has recorded in a quotation Padre Peyri's account of his first coming here, which I cannot refrain from giving:

"He [the padre] related to me how he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, the 13 June, 1798, at this valley, at that time deserted, with the commander of San Diego, a detachment of soldiers and a few laborers. 'Our first care,' said he, 'was to put up some huts, like those of the savages of this country, to give us shelter, while the Mission should be building; but the next morning, before laying out the foundations, a grassy altar was extemporized on the green sward; and under the dome of heaven, I celebrated the first sacrifice which had ever been offered to the Eternal in this valley upon which, since then, he has showered so many blessings.'

Astonishing as it may seem, the present church at San Luis Rey was completed by 1802—the largest of any of the Mission churches, and this in the wilderness where everything had to be prepared from the very beginning. An almost unlimited number of workmen, untrained though they might be, could alone make this possible, and the Indians furnished the necessary labor. The church is about thirty by one hundred and eighty feet. Under Peyri's incessant care, San Luis Rey became the largest and richest of the Missions, and maintained this supremacy from 1821-30. At the close of this period, it had 2,776 newphytes, less than one hundred under its maximum population, 2,869, in 1826, a figure which was nearly reached again in 1834, when there were 2,844. This was the only Mission to show a gain in population during this period. In 1816, Peyri started the "asistencia" at Pala, twenty miles east from San Luis Rey, which, two years later, had enrolled 1,000 converts, a larger number than several of the regular Missions attained. Peyri took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, but weary and heart-sick with the increasing difficulties of the Missions as they

neared the period of their death, and which was plainly foreseen by such men as he, as well as feeble with his years, he left San Luis Rey and California for Mexico the last of 1831. According to tradition, he was obliged to leave the Mission secretly, but five hundred of his neophytes, discovering it, hastened to San Diego to prevent his departure; they were too late, as the ship had just left her moorings, and they reached the shore only in time to receive his blessing from the receding vessel. He left Mexico in 1834, by way of New York and France, for Barcelona. Afterward in his native country, he regretted having left California, but he was then too old and feeble to return. He is thought to have died in Rome in 1835, but nothing certain is known of his end.

But let us close this chapter in the history of the Missions, without marring the picture they present to us at this period of the meridian of their life. They should be thought of today as they were at their best, when, after thirty years of struggle and hardship, they attained to the height of their usefulness, to be followed by thirty years of increase in all prosperity, material as well as spiritual—the proud outcome of so humble a beginning—before their final passing away.

Bloomfield, N. J.

## THE PATIO.\*

BY ARTHUR BURNETT BENTON.

HE inner court appears in nearly all systems of architecture from the earliest to the latest. Comparatively few great buildings of many rooms are without it in some form, as in them it becomes a necessity as well as an embellishment. In this paper however it is my purpose to write, from an architect's standpoint, of the patio as it may be adapted to enhance the comfort and beauty of private dwellings.

The dwellings of modern civilized men, especially our American "cottages," are of very recent invention indeed, and so much more convenient in many particulars of arrangement and fittings than those of any preceding age, that we manage to keep house with fewer servants than has before been possible for a luxury-loving people. Nevertheless we may learn much from the domestic architecture of other lands and ages to make our homes more beautiful, more healthful, more altogether habitable than they now are.

In the old days, when every man's house must indeed be his castle, the inner court was the heart of it; whether builded in Egypt or England or Italy. Outer walls were thick and high with few windows and one strongly protected door through which none entered uninvited. Within was a small kingdom, where the household law ruled supreme, whose indwellers were secure against attack by armed marauders or the too curious gaze of passers by.

In the Orient where the primitive conditions of society prevail and the women are often slaves, even in the palaces so marvelously beautiful, the patio still holds its place as a principal architectural feature. In America where we have had no need of castles since the days of block houses and Indian wars, and our women enjoy the largest liberty, we too often reverse the ancient order in the planning of our homes and build first for the public eye and last for privacy and comfort. In fact privacy is no longer possible in or about many of our dwellings. Lawns and porches are as public as the streets; walls, fences, hedges, and with them our gardens, are disappearing. The "garden gate" is a myth to our children, who must stay within doors or herd with everybody's children, learning the slang of the street before they can talk plainly.

\*Pronounced Páh-tee-o.

Certainly there is no place outside the threshold where one may take one's ease in peace and quietness. In our towns and villages we are building our houses so close together, with such ostentation of parlor windows of shop front dimensions and such miserable insufficiency of thin walls that we must dodge from room to room and hush our voices almost to whispers lest we exhibit ourselves en deshabille or tell our private joys and griefs to the neighborhood. If with our barriers we had put away our national temperament; if like the German we had learned to enjoy ourselves in public simply and naturally with our families about us, or like the Frenchman to live in the full glare of the boulevard, it would matter less; but the Anglo-Saxon American, although he may learn to dine in the bosom of his family with all the shades up and all the lamps lighted, is always self conscious when subject to public inspection. So we are in danger of growing even less demonstrative of the small graces of family intercourse. We need as a people more than almost any other good a simple, hearty, unrepressed home life where the high tension to which our business hours are keyed may be healthfully relaxed.

It is right to make our dwellings beautiful without as well as within; it is well that our streets should be as park-like as they may; but it is folly and sin to sacrifice for outward show the comfort and privacy of home. That should be a sheltered place to be born into and grow up in, a quiet place to rest in, a peaceful place to die in; not a show place nor a public monument.

Our civilization has built for us invisible walls which fence out physical danger better than could solid masonry; but there is still need of shelter from prying eyes and the dust and tumult of the highway.

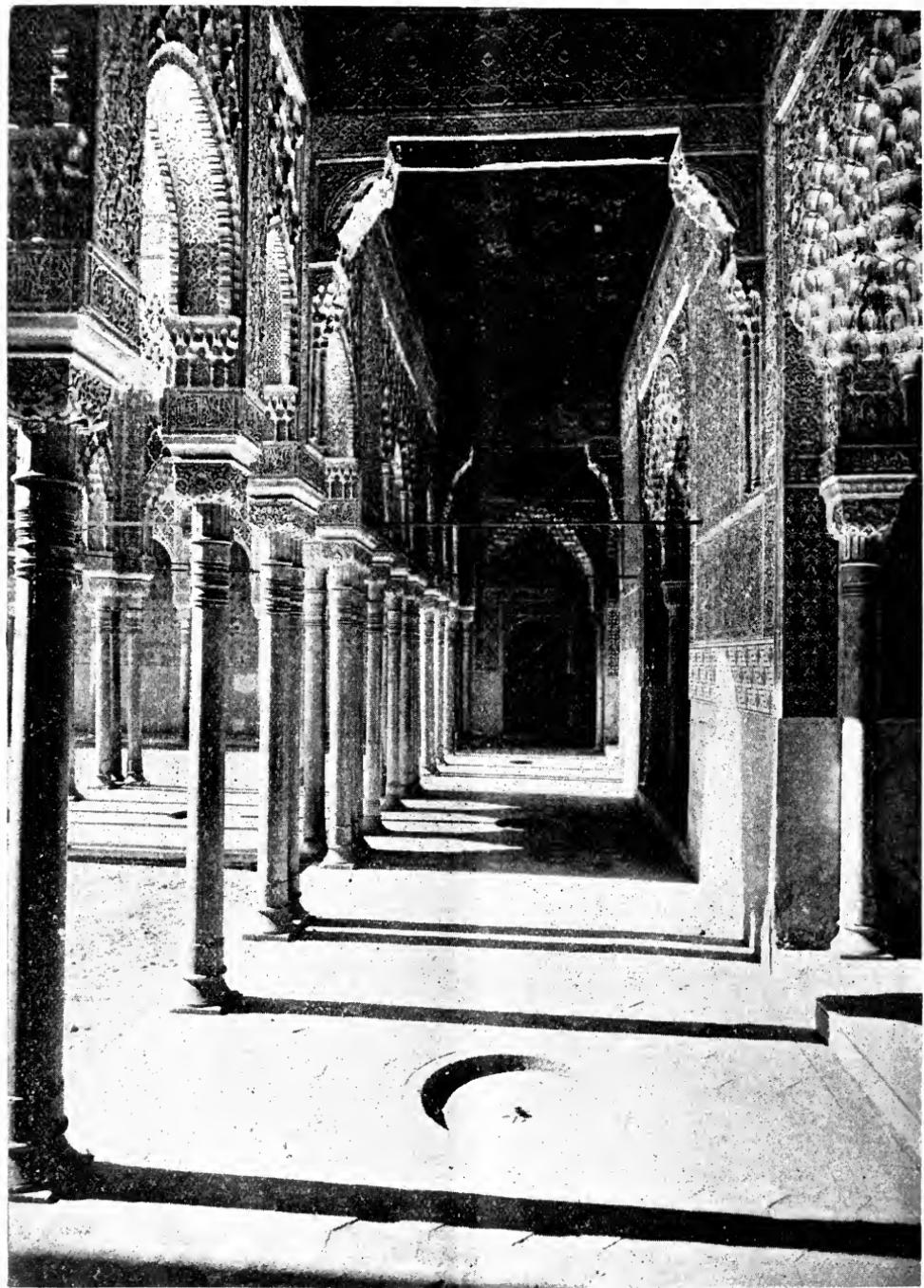
The Latin races more than others of modern civilized nations have retained in their building the patio. This is especially true of Spanish peoples both in the old world and the new, and their architecture is peculiarly rich in fine examples. The courts of the Alhambra are among the noblest remains of that poetic, fanciful architecture which the Moors brought to Spain in the eighth century; the admiration and despair of all succeeding generations.

After the Moorish expulsion came the Renaissance architecture with its striving after large and beautiful enclosures, its arcaded cloisters and its revival of classic interiors, in which type Spanish architects have continued to build almost exclusively ever since.

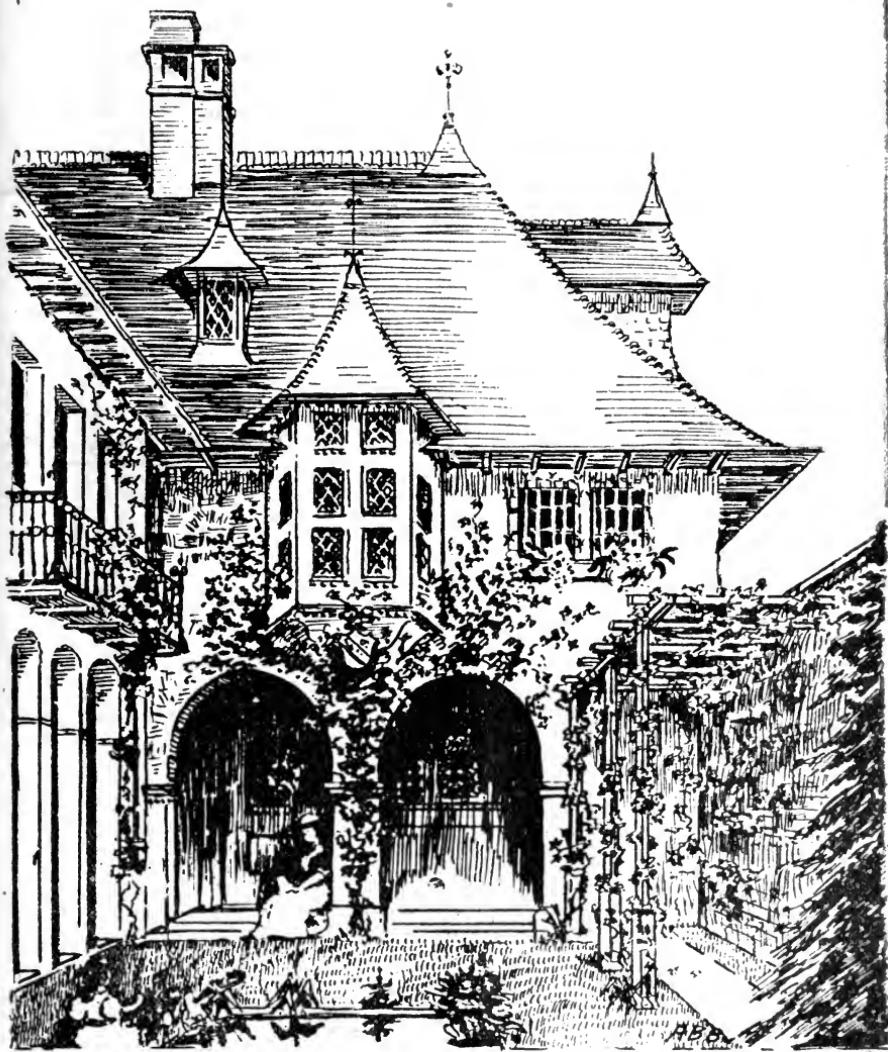
Naturally the best development of the patio is to be found in tropical and semi-tropical lands. Mexico and Spanish America have innumerable notable ones; and in California almost every large adobe house had its patio. Those of the Franciscan missions at San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano are their chief glory.

It is therefore to the Spanish architecture we go for our best models; but it is a mistake to suppose that only the Moorish and Renaissance styles are adapted to the use of the patio. Romanesque and Gothic buildings of the medieval period contain some of the noblest ever constructed, and Egyptian and Greek builders knew well how to give to simple post and lintel cloisters a dignity now so often wanting in our most ambitious structures.

In planning our dwellings it will usually be found inexpedient to provide large spaces entirely surrounded by portions of the house proper, as this would inconveniently scatter the limited number of rooms. In large mansions with ample grounds the house walls may form two or a part of three sides of the quadrangle, and the stables and covered galleries the remaining sides. These latter need not be waste room; in Europe long, narrow rooms are not uncommon. I have one in mind which is twelve feet by one hundred and twenty, used as a picture gallery and library. By a skilful division into bays a most charming effect is attained while the wall space available for "hanging" is immense.



A PATIO IN THE ALHAMBRA



L. A. Eng. Co.

SUGGESTION FOR A CITY PATIO.

Drawn by A. B. Benton.

The effect of an open arcade of good design, with climbing vines and ornamental vases, is at once dignified and refined and may serve a most useful purpose by supporting a roof to the walk from house to stable. In country places much may be done with clipped hedges and rough vine-covered stone walls to extend the shelter of the dwelling about a generous plat of mother earth. In the city or town, where most people live, it is much more difficult, but by no means impossible, to find space and inclosure.

A patio twenty feet by forty is practicable on even a fifty-foot "inside" lot, and where the right exposure can be secured, may be made the most delightful place in the home.

It is a mistake to suppose that the patio must be of large area to be desirable. I have an engraving of the atrium of a Pompeian house, no larger than are some parlors; but whenever I look at it I envy that old pagan his house—or at least that part of it wherein he and his family are enjoying genuine home comfort. The matron reclines on a couch with her maidens about her; a daughter from her cushions on the tiled pavement directs the gambols of two plump, half-naked babies who tumble about a tiger-skin rug; older children sail mimic barges in a marble basin whose calm surface mirrors the blue sky; while the master of the house standing beside a column neglects the parchment in his hands to enjoy the happiness of his family. There is the elegance of classic architecture, the lustre of polished marble, the sweep of costly hangings, as well as vines and flowers; but the chief charm of the scene is its happy union of the refinements and privacy of a parlor with much of the freedom and sunlight and verdure of the lawn.

I have sketched a small patio for a city home which may suggest the possibilities open to home builders in California, where questions of drifting snow and freezing water-pipes vex not the householder.

As an architect I realize fully the noble effects which may be gained by spacious courts surrounded by pillared cloisters, roofed with tiles and enriched with sculpture and wrought metal work. These are for our millionaires—when they shall have learned wisdom to build them. But for the many I would steal a little plat from the more or less public common surrounding most California homes; I would inclose this after such fashion as I might with wall or hedge or screen or arcade—not to make a place to look at (although it would be well worth it!) but a spot where mothers and their little children and feeble old folk and sensitive invalids, whom cool winds or a shrinking from publicity now keep prisoners within doors, might enjoy God's sunshine, in that peacefulness and seclusion which do befit a home. In doing this there would always arise possibilities for artistic adornment too many to be considered here. An abundance of sunshine may be secured by wise planning; and a substantial enclosure, as sound-proof as may be, at the cost of an ordinary room; and a few vines and shrubs and bulbs will add the finishing touches.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY BANANA.

BY DR. F. FRANCESCHI.

OW it happens that there is similarity of climate between the plateaus of Abyssinia, ten thousand feet above sea level, and our coast of the Pacific, I dare not attempt to explain; but that it is a fact is proved by the way *Musa Ensete*, the "Abyssinian Banana," is thriving in Southern California, and chiefly at Santa Barbara. This giant among bananas appears to have found a congenial home with us, growing with surprising rapidity, often coming to bloom in not much over thirty-six months, its fruits containing at times as

many as twenty seeds, much larger and possessing higher germinative power than any produced in other countries.

This "Abyssinian" has become quite familiar to everybody in Southern California; however, it is not generally known that no other plant will build a stouter trunk in a shorter time, nor cover a larger surface with each leaf. Unlike other kinds of bananas, *Musa Ensete* will not send out suckers, the single trunk dying entirely after blooming; a remarkable exception being shown in the frontispiece, engraved from a photograph of a plant growing at the residence of Mrs. Julia Redington in Santa Barbara, now some eight years old. This has been sending up suckers for a long time; some of them have bloomed and ripened perfect seeds.

Seedlings raised from this plant and suckers detached from it do not appear to partake of this extraordinary proliferousness. This case, if abnormal, is not quite unique, other suckering Abyssinian bananas having come recently to my notice in other localities of Southern California.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

## THE BLASTED PINE.

BY EDITH MANLEY.



THE road wound by the flank of a mountain. On every side the prospect was sheltered by mountains, rugged and precipitous near at hand, but melting in the distance into soft outlines of amethyst. A primitive mail wagon was passing along the rough trail. An old bald-headed eagle soared high over the heads of the passengers, then, settling in sweeping circles, lighted on top of a tall pine. Blasted and thunder-riven, the tree stood out with striking distinctness against its goodly fellows uniformed in green like sturdy forest soldiers. Not one less than one hundred feet tall, they formed a giant's guard of which the mountain might well be proud.

The eagle, too, was proud, as she sat near the dizzy top of the ancient tree; she did not deign to move as the stage passed, but gazed at its motley load in the majestic mood of her own mountains. The tree on which she sat was blackened and twisted; it threw out its misshapen branches like so many arms appealing to the heavens. Dangling from one of the limbs was a rope with a noose. The forest tree had borne unnatural fruit.

This is the story the eagle heard from the blasted pine as the sound of wheels died away.

There lived not many miles from here, near the lake you can see from my topmost branches, a poor old man. He had one son, whom he loved with a love that held in it the strength of many loves, since the boy was the only one of his sons left alive. And the lad loved his father, and played among the tallest trees with youthful light-

heartedness.

The old man was poor, even as wealth is counted among my red children. In his wickiup, made of young saplings and covered with earth, there were no piled-up heaps of blankets and tule mats, nor strings of braided shell-money. Half a dozen ponies cropped the coarse grass near the shore of the lake. For the rest, he set traps for the mink and the sable; he hunted the deer and the antelope; sometimes the huge grizzly itself fell before his unerring bullet. When game was scarce and he had no more furs to sell to the traders, he caught the beautiful

trout which filled the lake and the clear mountain streams. He harvested the wild roots from the meadow and the lily-pods from the marsh—camas and wocus, he called them. Nature provides for the Indian as she does for the squirrel; but the white man is her step-child—for him she does not care.

The old man was happy. His lodge was warm with heart's love, as well as with coals of the fir and the cypress. The blue smoke from the fire-hole curled, like the incense of his thankfulness, to heaven. And the little boy was happy. He waked before the sun, and no day was long enough for his joyful games. He shot at the gophers with little blunt arrows, and gathered eggs from the nests in the tops of the tall trees he climbed; only the lazy-bird's nest he spared, for his father had told him that the Indian boy who ate the lazy-bird's eggs would be idle and thriftless and must sit at home among the women. And the boy knew it was pain to sit still, so the lazy-bird's nest was untouched. They were so happy, the old man and the boy, that they forgot to be grieved that they were poor. That was years ago, before there were many white faces in the country.

But one morning the little boy did not get up with the sun. He lay in the corner of the wickiup with a face swollen and discolored and a hand that was hot like flame. He did not taste of the dried fish, nor of the wocus; he was too weak to hold the little bow in his hand. At first he would call his father by name, but again he would forget him. Sometimes he bade him with hoarse, quick words, do this or that, as he might have spoken to some childish comrade in a game.

The old man was sad. He was poor, and this lad was to him instead of riches. So he sought out a medicine-man and told him, "My boy is sick; can you drive away the evil spirit that has power over him?" And the medicine-man said, "First give me two ponies, or the lad will surely die." Then the man of mighty secrets put on a mask with the face of a bear, and he wrapped around him the skin of a bear; on his breast was a roll that was great medicine. Then he came to where the sick boy lay tossing with fever. He beat upon a tom-tom and sang to the spirit of the fever and told it to leave the boy. Then he went down and laid his lips on the hot flesh to draw the evil one out.

But in the morning the boy was no better; then the medicine-man said to the father, "If the evil spirit has not departed, it must be he is strong. It is true, I am stronger and can fight the evil spirit and drive him away, but I must have more ponies." "Take them," said the father. He did not stir nor take his eyes from the sick boy's face.

But the child did not grow better, for all the shrieking and beating of tom-toms that went on around him. In vain was his flesh pounded and kneaded, in vain the exorcising powder burnt; he grew worse steadily. Still the medicine-man clamored for more pay; he would let the child die if he must go without his reward. The old man's face was like one of the stones on the mountain side. He made a pile of the skins of the coyote and ermine, on which he had counted to buy food for the winter; on this he laid the wocus mat of braided tule, and the water-tight baskets in which he cooked the game he brought from the mountain. On top he placed the blanket stripped from his own back. His gun stood in a corner of the hut; once he put forth his hand as if to add that also to the heap, but the next instant he withdrew it hastily. There was nothing else left for the old man to give. Only his gun was left, and one thin pony which cropped the coarse grass by the lake. It was so stiff and old that the medicine-man did not want it.

Again the tom-toms beat and the chant was sounded. The medicine-man moistened the parched lips from the medicine roll he carried. But the sick boy by this time was beyond help. His mutterings had ceased and he lay breathing heavily and slowly.

Then the medicine-man knew in his heart that the child would die,

but he feared the old man. "The evil spirit has left your son," he said; "in the morning he will wake and laugh. I am tired with watching and fighting the evil one." When he was outside the door he mounted the fastest of the ponies which had been the old man's and were now his. He was tired, but he rode furiously and far, and not towards his own house.

¶ The old man sat patiently beside his son till the dawn came to look at a little face as still and brown as the leaf that had fallen from its tree. Even then he did not speak. Tenderly he wrapped the little boy in the blanket which had been his couch, and laid the wooden bow and arrow by the dead boy's side. The child could carry no other wealth with him into the spirit land. All the scanty riches of the hut had gone to that medicine-man who had let the evil spirit slay the boy. Then the old man took up his gun and loaded it carefully.

— He was old, and the keen air must have pinched the withered limbs as he crawled out from the wickiup and searched carefully among the dry grass and pebbles for the print of a horse's hoof. Yet when he found the trail and walked to where his old pony stood tethered, his step was both sure and light.

¶ Poor and old, like himself, was the pony he mounted. Along the bank were many pitfalls, and the pony's legs were stiff with age; yet at every stumble the lash fell relentless, till the animal plunged forward once more. The old man never drew rein except to examine some twig, bent by a passing form, or to look more closely at hoof-marks in the soil. His eyes seemed keen as in youth, and his ears caught the slightest sound. He was the best hunter in the mountains—but never had he followed as now. He knew neither cold nor hunger nor weariness—only the desire of haste.

The trail led off up the side of the mountain, amid crumbling rocks, and scoriae and slippery pine needles. The horse toiled painfully every breath a sob, yet its rider never ceased to urge it on. Towards sunset they passed around a great boulder of lava, pitted as if with rain, and yonder—

The medicine-man was riding along quietly enough. He had long ceased to fear pursuit. An old man and a broken-down pony—he was a fool to be afraid. There was a puff of smoke near the boulder, and a bullet went true. The old man had his revenge. Such is the custom among my Klamath children, (said the tree); if a medicine-man cannot cure the sick he must pay with his life. The life of the medicine-man belonged to the father, and he took it. That was as it always has been.

— There were but few white men in the country at that time, but among them was one they called a judge. A judge is a man who punishes Indians. The judge said that the old man had broken the law and must die. So they tied a rope around his neck and hanged him to the fairest of my branches. And that was well for the old man. The sorrow in his heart was still, and he left no work unfinished that he should desire to live. For him it was not ill; but my branches are blasted by the lightning. For his sake I am accursed among trees. Was it not well that a father should avenge his son?

¶ The wise old eagle made no reply. She had been watching a hare among the pine needles; now she dropped from her perch and seized it in her talons.

And this story of the forest, how came it to me? Perhaps some way-worn traveler paused to rest beneath the tree and listened to the story it is always repeating, and listening, remembered.



# THE LANDMARKS CLUB

INCORPORATED

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

It is not without romantic suggestion that the conservation and repair of the noble Mission of San Fernando Rey de España befalls in the centennial of its founding. What a hundred years the grave, gray buildings have seen ! A third of the time amid the best days of the Mission regime, with that wonderful system of merciful civilization growing to a spiritual and temporal success that seems little short of miraculous ; and two-thirds of the century amid a strange reversal of the old and an incredible change in the new. Secularized—that is to say, in plain English, robbed—neglected and plundered, left to the ravages of the weather and the spoliations of the as soulless squatter for more than 60 years, this fine if battered monument of heroic times is at last coming back to care. The new and unguessed world has raised up for it friends who love it not for the olden faith, which is not theirs, but for its beauty and its romance ; for that which it bespeaks of the brave humanity we all revere and have a claim upon, whatever its catalogue by creed or blood.

Plans are going forward for a fitting celebration, at the Mission, of the one hundredth anniversary of its founding, which falls Sept. 8, 1897. Railroad arrangements will be made for an excursion from Los Angeles to San Fernando, of which due notice will be given in the dailies.

Meantime, preparations continue for the work of repairs which the Landmarks Club has undertaken. One thousand dollars is on hand, but a thousand more must be raised before the work can be completed. It is believed that with this sum the buildings can be made good to grace a second century celebration in 1997. All persons who care to encourage such a work—and that ought to mean every educated American—are asked to join the club and add their donations. Annual membership is \$1 ; life membership is \$25 ; and several subscriptions of \$50 and \$100 have been received.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.**

Previously acknowledged, \$2453.56.

New Contributions : Mrs. Van Nuys, Los Angeles, \$25.

Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., \$10.

\$1 each — G. W. Marston, San Diego ; Mrs. Susan Hayes Wood, New York ; Mrs. Catherine Wilson, Mrs. J. G. Chandler, Los Angeles.

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A man who will believe that we need islands 2000 miles from our shores for defense, would believe anything. A man who talks of Hawaii desiring annexation, has no sensible notion of the taste of truth in the mouth. And any American who desires his country to enter upon the entanglements and the infamies of the land-grabbing policy for which we justly condemn England, does not soberly know how to spell patriot, however good a one he may mean to be.

THOU  
SHALT NOT  
STEAL.

In sober truth the proposition to steal Hawaii is the most dishonest that has ever been made by the government of the United States. Instead of strength, it would bring us weakness—not only in the concrete case but as the initiative of a robber policy. It is a proposition to destroy freedom; for it contemplates the usurpation of power over a large population of the natives of the islands. Nobody in Hawaii desires annexation except the relatively few American filibusters—and no matter how good men some of them may be individually, they are filibusters. The Lion believes that no one in the United States desires annexation except some politicians, some selfish merchants, and some voters who are accustomed to being led by the nose and to thinking with their utterance. It would be a tyrannous thing, a cowardly thing and—from even the selfish standpoint—a fool thing to do; and the saving sense of the plain people of the United States will probably kill it. In this, as in many other cases, Californians may be a little proud of Stephen M. White—one of the few men in the United States Senate who stand for the ability to think twice.

One often wonders why the novel and picturesque conditions of life in California have never yet found quite their adequate place in literature. It is as astonishing how seldom they inspire even the attempt. Bret Harte's stories and poems of course, are (or rather were, when he was genuine) good literature; but they were never precisely California—because they were always willing to sacrifice local color to picturesqueness. Gertrude Atherton (to fall down stairs a full flight) is incomparably less artist and no more truthful to nature; and most impossible of all is Richard Henry Savage. As for the smaller fry, they hardly merit mention in any serious consideration of the upper truth.

▲  
LOST  
MINE.

Many of our writers—like Mrs. Graham and Grace Ellery Channing—are fit to companion the elect, but do not often seek their specific inspiration here. And even our own Joaquin, very much the largest of our products in letters, has not been wholly definitive in his local color. The only California novel of great success and very accurate local color was, oddly enough, written by a woman who knew California for only a few months, but whose crusading fervor to learn the truth remedied her occasional blunders of words with a very genuine and very wonderful insight into one phase of California life. That novel, of course, was *Ramona*.

Descriptive and historical matter we have had in quantity and quality—what with Dana, Bayard Taylor, Nordhoff, Charles Dudley Warner,

Van Dyke, Widney, and many more on the one hand; and on the other the clear, fair works of the Hittells, Royce's powerful but bitter and dangerous work, and many minor ones. And yet the definitive description and the definitive history of California are still to be written.

ROOM FOR WORK.

An amiable San José monthly (the *California Review*) inclines to chide the Landmarks Club for sectionalism—because it is incorporated “to conserve the Missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California.”

There are, it is true, interesting and important Missions in Northern California, and they certainly should be saved. But the *Review* seems to realize, on a little reflection, that this is a long State. The directors of the Landmarks Club pay their own salaries and their own expenses. They are taking care of 300 miles of California, and that ought to be enough. There are people as well as Missions up north; and probably San José need not borrow money or brains from us. Probably also (and it is pleasant to note that the *Review* has become willing to head a local movement) the northern end of the State is not so poverty-stricken of invention that it need steal and try to overlap a name invented and incorporated down here a year and a half before it dreamed of waking up. There is one Landmarks Club; and while similar work will be done wherever Californians have brains enough, Mission Clubs too dull to invent names for themselves will never do much.

The Landmarks Club is no junket. Its small executive force has to do a large amount of tedious, unpleasant, hard work—the few trying to do the duty of the community. There was no sectional spirit in the conception of the Club, and there is none in its conduct. It was specifically hoped that the other half of the State would be as patriotic. Such work means personal supervision; and the directors in Los Angeles cannot supervise much farther than from Boston to Buffalo. And while the Club hopes for the preservation of every California Mission, it does not believe that even a good cause is helped by plagiarism. If the people up north wish to save their landmarks (which God grant), let them be as deliberate in choosing a name as they have been in getting to the work; and let them do both thoroughly. Possibly in a generation or so, the like patriotism may become contagious even in the East.

PREMIUMS ON VICE.

Every American does not smoke, but neither does every American eat meat. If a national law were passed compelling all

but millionaires to eat spoiled meat or no meat at all, even the vegetarian patriot would feel his gorge rise. But that is precisely the effect of our legislation on tobacco. We fine a man for smoking a fit cigar; we practically compel him to smoke an unfit one.

The United States is the richest, most educated and most luxurious nation on earth. At its very doors the best tobacco in the world is “sold for a song, and sing it yourself.” Just across the border into Mexico, even, five cents gold will buy a better weed than was ever sold among us at three times that price. It is not much of a mental hardship, for all the average American knows about his cigar is the price; but it is bad art and bad morals to teach a man the use of adulterated and counterfeit goods. If people will indulge in the awful vice of smoking, the least that should be done is to see that they smoke tobacco and not the Connecticut apology for cabbage. The amount of it is that at present we are vitiating the taste and bleeding the pockets of about half our adult male population to subsidize a few hundred foreign-born Key West cigar-makers who have in this very year cost the United States more than they were ever worth.

NOW LET US REST.

New York has taken in the Bacchante out of the rain, and all is well. Macmonnies' splendid statue was too good for Boston anyhow—that dear old province which likes nothing to go naked except her own ignorance.



Of the making of "California plays" there has been no end—and unhappily no quite satisfactory beginning. It is there-

fore distinctly joyful that a young San Francisco player has made a modest but worthy start. It gave me peculiar pleasure to see Francis Power's *The First Born* during the last nights of its run at its birthplace. It is a little two-act drama of Chinese life in San Francisco; it needs the blue-pencil in some of its dialogue; but it cuts to the quick of human nature. It is a clear novelty in a dusty field; and its success—which bids fair to be continued in the East, whither it is now headed—gives one to marvel yet again why more plays are not made from the wonderful material here by someone who knows something about it.

Altogether the most important historical work that has ever been done in the United States in the collection of original sources, is the publication of the *Jesuit Relations* by a public spirited Cleveland house; and every public and private library of any standing must have this monumental and fascinating work, or fall entirely behind. As every intelligent reader knows, the effective pioneering of Canada was done by the Jesuit missionaries; but it may not be so universally known that these devoted men who were scholars as well as pioneers wrote observant, quaint and delightful reports of their experiences in the wilderness. As mere reading, these *Relations* are far more interesting than ninety per cent of our latter-day novels; and so far as scientific value is concerned, no one can pretend to any serious knowledge of North American history who has not read them.

The edition is finely printed and admirably edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. It gives the originals, with competent translations, and is, in a word the definitive edition. There will be about 60 volumes, of which five are already issued. The Borrowes Bros. Co., Cleveland, O., \$3.50 per vol.

A book of vastly bright literary gossip is *Hours with Famous Parisians*, by Stuart Henry, author of *Paris Days and Evenings*. And it is not entertaining only, but graphically informative of at least some of the salient angles of the twenty-two celebrities Mr. Henry has thus snap-shotted. Madame Adam, Sardou, Daudet, Zola, Verlaine, Coppée, Bernhardt and Bouguereau are among the sitters for his remarkably clever portrayals; and the reader will not complain that any of the brief chapters are dull. Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.

An early work by Christina Rossetti cannot fail to interest a large class; and wide attention is being given to her *Maude, Prose and Verse*, which has just been issued in a form that cleverly imitates the style of its date, 1850. The story—which her brother in an introduction takes to be somewhat autobiographical—is palpably immature; but in the verse already lurks something of the essence of this gifted woman. Chicago, H. S. Stone & Co., \$1.

AN HONOR  
TO AMERICAN  
SCHOLARSHIP.

LITERARY  
CHALK-  
TALKS.

ROSSETTI.

## STUDIES

## IN BLACK

Another contribution to the sketches of "life among the lowly" which are now of such vogue is *Pink Marsh*, by Geo. AND WHITE. Ade, author of *Artie*. "Pink" is a colored bootblack whom the not wholly unconscious author chronicles with many of his discourses in the Senegambian idiom of Chicago. "Pink" is a diverting person, and a type of his class. The book would be better for a little less of the chronicler's superior personality. Illustrated by Jas. McCutcheon. Chicago, H. S. Stone & Co., \$1.25.

## DREAMS

## OF

## TODAY.

Among the best things in the first volume of the *Chap-Book* (the volume which made the reputation of that successful Chicago fortnightly) was a series of "Dreams of Today" by Percival Pollard. It was very delicate and "taking" work, and marked Mr. Pollard as a young man of promise. Now these "Dreams" have been enlarged and added unto, given continuity, and received book publication in the artistic dress for which its publishers are noted. The cloth edition has a cover designed by Hazenplug; and the paper edition a very beautiful cover by Nankivel. Way & Williams, Chicago. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

## BOOK

## NOTES.

The complete edition of Joaquin Miller's poems—eight "books of song" in one volume—is now issuing from the press of Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco. The East, even, has discovered Joaquin at last; and it is a pretty poor Californian of pretension to intelligence who shall fail to have the crowning work of the one great Western poet—who is at the same time in some ways the greatest American poet.

Volume 2, No. 2 of that creditable California publication, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, is interesting as its predecessors. The Sierra Club is doing a gallant work for the preservation of our forests, the making known our magnificent sierra, and other things fit to be done by patriotic Californians; and it should have a large membership in the Southern part of the State.

Rand, McNally & Co. have issued in paper, at 25 cents each, three more of Henry Savage's red romances—*The Flying Halycon*, *The Princess of Alaska*, and *For Life and Love*. The same firm also issues, in the same edition, Bertha M. Clay's *Which Loved Him Best*.

The Southern California Acclimatizing Association, of Santa Barbara, has issued No. 2 of its interesting general catalogue and garden guide. It lists 1500 varieties of plants and trees, mostly exotic, classified as to hardiness, and with hints for their culture.

Now that the eminent French critic, "Th. Bentzon," has paid such gorgeous (and merited) compliments to Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet of the South Seas is in danger of adequate discovery by his countrymen.

The first and second (quarterly) publications of the Southern History Association are interesting and substantial pamphlets which are doing an excellent local work. 325 East Capitol street, Washington.

William George Jordan, whose editorial skill made *Current Literature* so popular, is now managing editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

*A Daughter of Judas*, by Richard Henry Savage, is one of the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.



Commercial Eng. Co.

ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE.

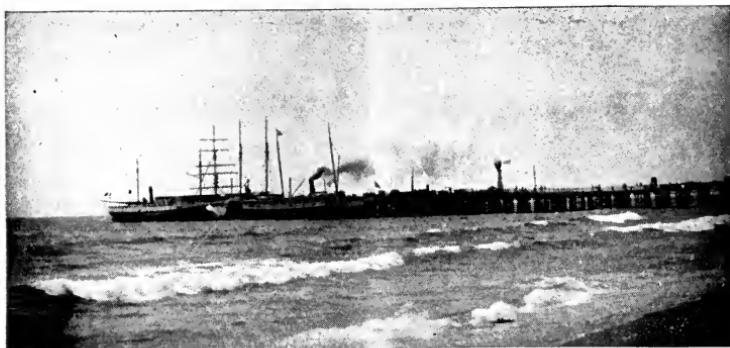
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C. M. Davis Eng. Co. AMONG THE SANTA BARBARA OAKS. Photo, by Graham & Mo'rill.

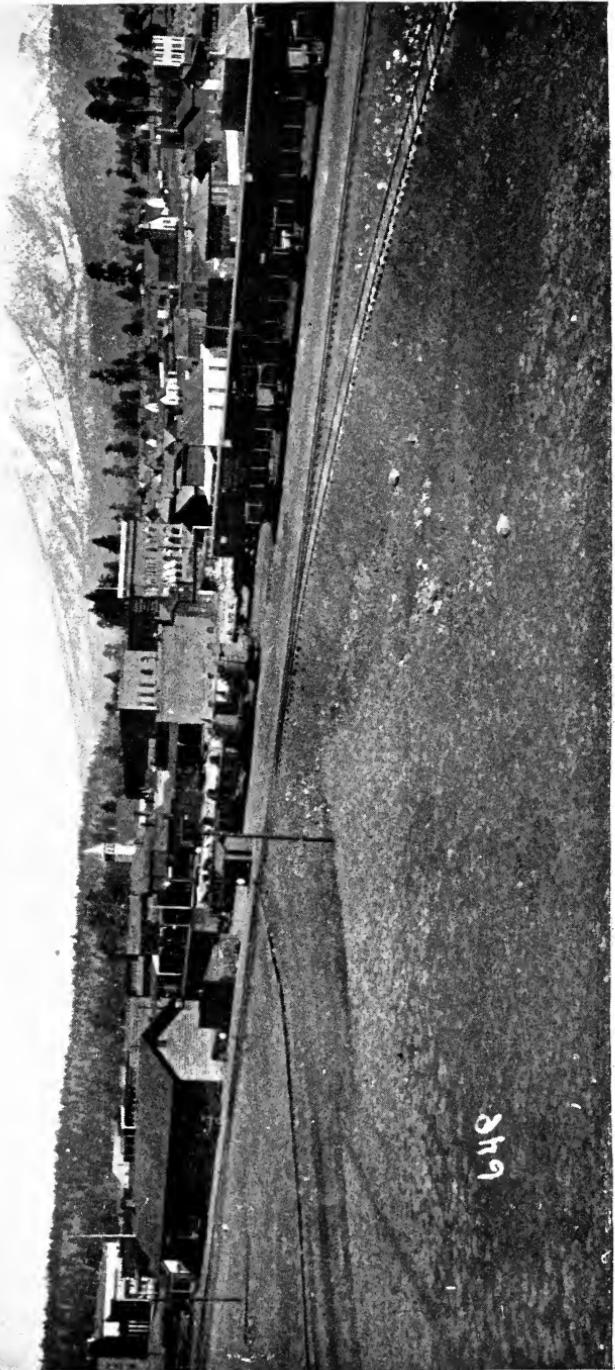


Union Eng. Co. THE MATCHLESS CORONADO PENINSULA.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. IN HOLLENBECK PARK, LOS ANGELES. Photo, by Maude.

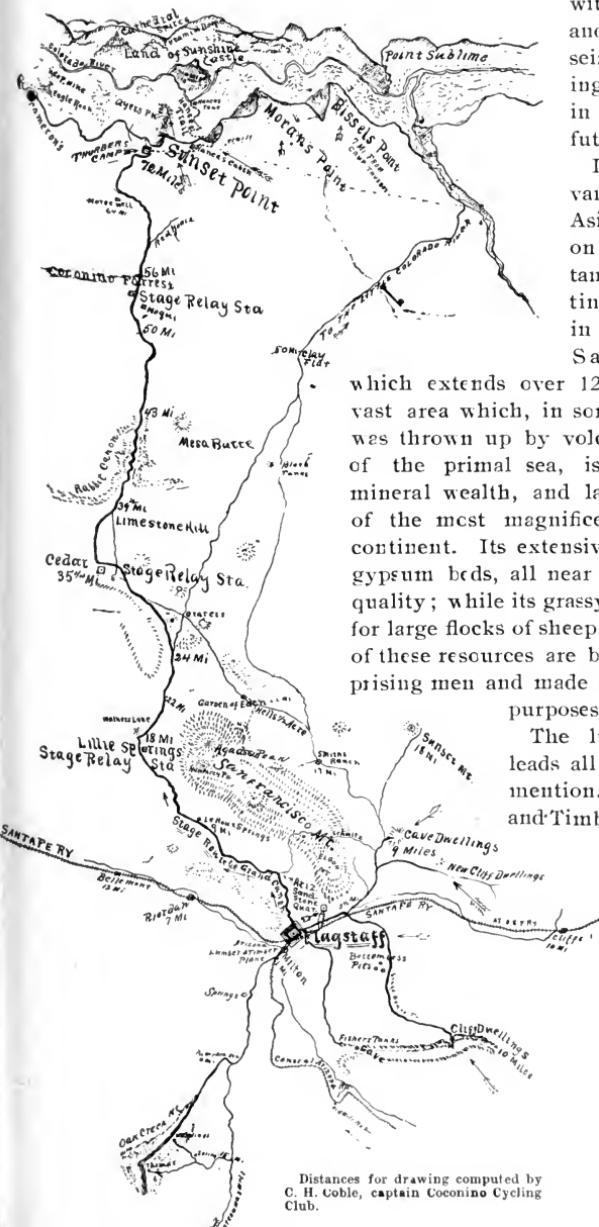
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, AND THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.



## FLAGSTAFF AND THE GRAND CANYON.

BY C. R. PATTEE.

FLAGSTAFF, the county seat of Coconino County, Arizona, furnishes a striking example of the wide-awake, go-aheadativeness of a typical Western town. It is already a charming little city of more than 1500 people who seem imbued with the idea that it is to become the most important as it is the most interesting point between New Mexico and the Pacific Coast.



which extends over 12,000 square miles. This vast area which, in some distant geologic age, was thrown up by volcanic action in the midst of the primal sea, is richly freighted with mineral wealth, and largely covered with one of the most magnificent pine forests on the continent. Its extensive sandstone quarries and gypsum beds, all near at hand, are of the finest quality; while its grassy mesas furnish pastureage for large flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle. All of these resources are being developed by enterprising men and made available for commercial purposes.

The lumber industry, which leads all others, demands special mention. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, which has in its control nearly 871,000 acres of this splendid pinery, has five sawmills in constant operation, turning out about 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

While Flagstaff is in every sense a typical Western border town,

and cannot be called puritanic, it has a good proportion of intelligent and cultured people, and the good order which prevails does great credit to its municipal management. Its hotels are fully up to require-



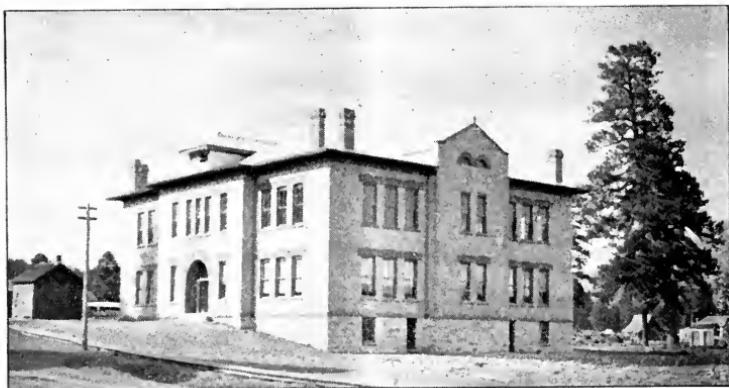
Moore, Eng.

Coconino County Court House, Flagstaff.

Osborn, Photo.

ment, and one of them at least, in its furnishings and management, would be no discredit to our larger cities, while an enterprising daily, the *Sun-Democrat*, provides the news of the world. In short, every kind of business enterprise is conducted here, while its public buildings and school and church advantages show the trend of public sentiment.

By act of Congress Flagstaff has recently been permitted to issue



Moore Eng.

Flagstaff Public School.

Osborn, Photo.

bonds for water works and soon will glory in an abundant supply of pure mountain water for domestic purposes which will also carry sufficient pressure for industrial use.

Standing at an altitude of 6935 feet it has a climate as bracing as that



Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff.

of New England without its humidity; and is thus suited to become one of the best health resorts in this country.

One of the chief attractions of this locality lies in its scenic and pre-historic surroundings. In this respect this growing city is a gem with a rare and ideal setting.

Its mountain scenery is wild and romantic; and within easy reach. At different points on the plateau which rises in its freshness and beauty from the heart of the desert which surrounds it, are to be found extinct craters, petrified forests, and other evidences of volcanic action. The ancient ruins which the Cliff Dwellers have left us as an anthropological legacy, are perched on the narrow shelves of Walnut Creek

Cañon, but an hour's ride from Flagstaff, while down in the in the picturesque Tonto Basin, the Beaver Creek, a larger type of cliff dwellings, are accessible. Cataract Cañon and its settlements of modern aborigines is also a popular objective point for visitors. It is well to visit these various points of interest first for, despite their pre-historic



Mill No. 1 and Principal Lumber Yard Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.

and scenic attractiveness, they fade into insignificance on beholding that greatest of all natural wonders, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, to which Flagstaff is the most available gateway.

Among the many marvelous things in the physical world, the Grand



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of T. A. Riordan.

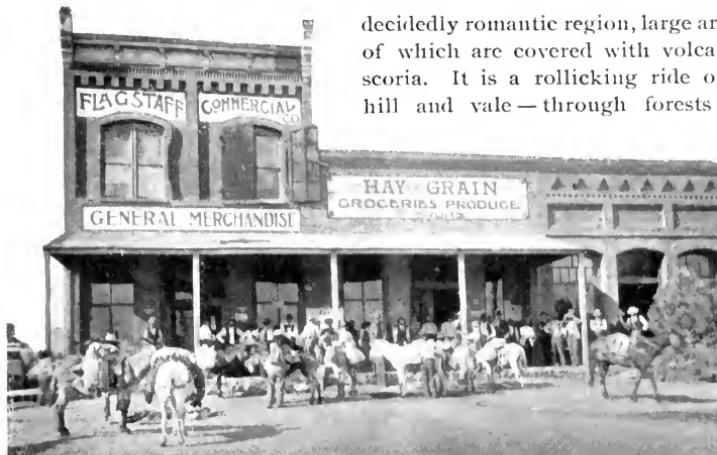
Cañon is *sui generis*; there is nothing like it in all the earth. The 72-mile trip by stage, from Flagstaff to the cañon, is made in a day, and is worth all it costs. Passing near the foot of the San Francisco Mountain which, rising 14,000 feet above the sea, with its triple peaks, forest covered sides and summer decoration of pure snow, is one of the most beautiful ever looked upon, the route runs through a wild, broken and



Moore, Eng.

In D. M. Riordan's Log Cabin.

Osborn, Photo.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co. Indians Trading with the Flagstaff Commercial Co.

pine, aspen, mountain birch, cypress and cedar, unmarred by under-brush. Along the way are seen many beautiful flowers—some of them indigenous, while others will be recognized as old friends far from home. There are also three stage relays on the route, where cool mountain springs flow for the relief of the thirsty traveler. One of these—reached at noon—is near an extinct crater and a petrified forest. The last twenty miles to the cañon is on a gentle up-grade, but on



L. A. Eng Co.

Quarry of Arizona Sandstone Company.

Osborn, Photo.



nearing the cañon the tourist, with nervous expectation, is rushed on a down-grade into the little vale among the pines where, with gentlemanly treatment and at reasonable rates, he is to camp. Having secured quarters, his first and irresistible impulse is to rush up the



J. A. Vail Block.

F. W. Sisson, Photo.

short slope to the rim of the cañon at Observation Point where he gets his first view of the vast chasm. As he looks across to Point Sublime, 13 miles away, and down into the yawning depths below him, every pre-conceived notion of it is swept away, and he is overwhelmed by emotions as strange and indescribable as the scene before him. The setting sun is burnishing with silver, gold and amethyst, the many colored battlements, castles, towers and domes which the erosion of ages has formed so perfectly that they seem the product of design. Spell-bound he lingers until the sunset tints fade from the sky, and the cañon fills up with darker and darker purple which deepens into indigo, until the rising moon transforms the whole into a more ghostly scene.



Babbitt Bros. Establishment and Office of Grand Canyon Stage Co.

But even these first impressions grow upon one as the different points of interest are visited. From Bissell's Point—seven miles from camp—one gets a fine view up and down the cañon; but it is from Point Moran that the best view is obtained. It was from this point, which is not reached without difficulty and danger, that Moran spent months in the most successful effort yet made to transfer to canvas the untransferrable picture which opened before him. Here one seems to be swung out and over this vast abyss, to a point from



L. A. Eng. Co. Reed, Photo.  
Montezuma's Castle.

which he can look into its awful depths, in which a score of Yosemite might be lost from view, and catch a glimpse of the heroic stream which, as in the ages past, still fights its way among the rocks 6000 feet below. From this point one seems to look down upon some great titanic city of citadels of the nether world just revealed to human gaze.

But no one has done the cañon until he has descended into its depths, bathed in the rushing waters of the Colorado, and inverted his view from the bottom upward to the dizzy heights around and above him.

Of the three trails which lead to the bottom, the new Hance Trail is the shortest and most popular. By this trail it is five miles to the



Fragment of Pottery from  
Cliff Dwelling  
—burt Osburn.

L. A. Eng. Co. Osborn, Photo.  
Walnut Creek Cliff Dwellings 10 Miles from Flagstaff.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Territorial Asylum, Flagstaff.

O b rn, Ph to, 1896



L A Eng. Co. Mid-summer Sport on the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff. Osborn, Photo.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co

Coconino Cycling Club, Flagstaff.

Sisson, Photo.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Typical Erosion, Grand Canyon.

Osborn, Photo.

river, but, thanks to that indispensable worthy, the mule, the trip is made with comfort and safety. Nevertheless, the descent and return must be experienced to be appreciated.

The builder of this trail is as unique and unaccountable as the



G. M. Davis Eng. Co.

## LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND

Width from Four to Sixteen Miles.

cañon itself, in which he has lived so long that he has become a part of it. The visitor who does not make the acquaintance of Capt. John Hance has failed to know the one living curiosity of that region.

How long this unique character (who claims that he won't tell the truth if he can help it) has fellowed with the cañon no one but himself knows, but he delights in fortifying the courage of those who hesitate to make the descent, with the information that his grandmother when 80 years of age packed all the water for the washings over the same

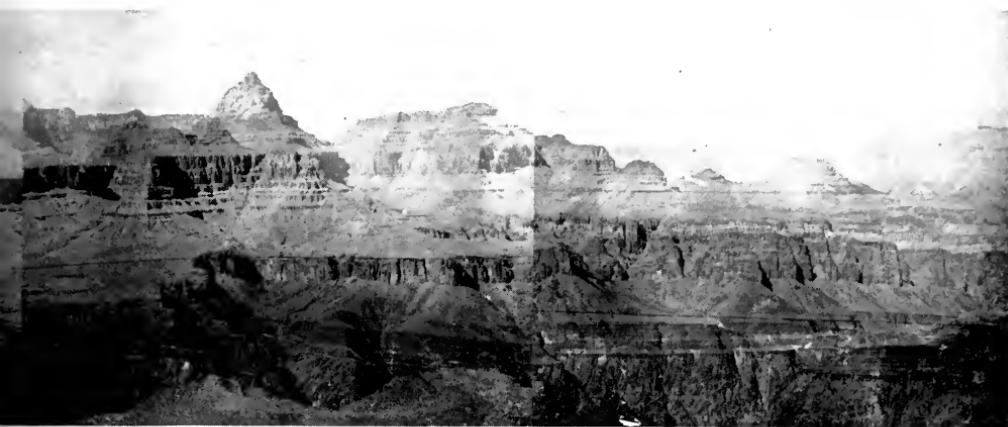


Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

At Thurber's Camp, Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Eastman Kodak, Photo.

trail, from the river to the rim. He will also show the bones of the "identical hoss" which, while in pursuit of a mountain goat dashed, with the captain astride, over the rim of the cañon. He states that he fell 2800 feet in the 16th part of a second and was two days in



CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

F. W. Sesson, Photo.

Depth, 6000 Feet.

climbing out, having, with his usual presence of mind saved himself by stepping off upon a ledge as the horse struck bottom.

But the biggest liar on earth can not catch up with the Grand Cañon.



L. A. Eng. Co.

In Cataract Canyon near Flagstaff.

Osborn, Photo.

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AND THE SOUTHWEST

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In the July issue of this magazine, through accident the location, Pomona, Cal., did not appear in the advertisement of the Phil. Stein Co., the leading agricultural implement dealers in the Pomona valley.

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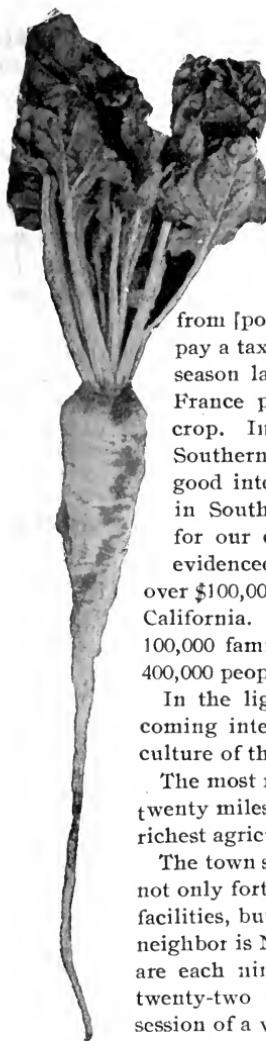
And by his fruits you may know him, for here are the yearly subscriptions (written close lined), taken by him throughout Arizona and New Mexico from *the cream of the people*. The inhabitants of such hot interiors come to the sea coast in summer, do they not? *Are they of any use to you?* The evidence presented above and the recent purchase by the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* of the subscription books of its only rival in that territory, demonstrates that the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is read by the majority of those worth reaching in that territory — and the only California publication which is. *Let us make the connection for you.* It is business for you, while Arizonians are glad to learn of the opportunities of the locality in which they spend several months of each year.

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# THE SHORTEST AND SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH.



**L**AND that is suitable for the successful culture of fruits that bring good prices in the market costs a considerable amount of money. The trees also cost money, and then the orchardist has to wait from three to five years before he can expect any return. On the other hand, Southern California is worthy a more valuable crop than grain. To the capitalist and the industrious person of small means alike, the sugar beet therefore offers possibilities of which few who have not investigated have any conception. In Denmark the sugar farmers have risen from poverty to affluence, though the manufacturers have to pay a tax of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cents on every pound, while the sugar making season lasts only 100 days as against 4 to 6 months in California. France paid its enormous debt to Germany with its sugar beet crop. In Belgium good sugar beet land brings twice as much as Southern California's highest priced orange land, because it pays good interest on that figure. Sugar beet land can be purchased in Southern California at one-third that rate. That the demand for our crop is not likely to be exceeded by the production, is evidenced by the fact that the United States sends abroad annually over \$100,000,000 for sugar. All this sugar might easily be raised in California. This would give an income of \$1000 a year each to 100,000 families, or employment in the field and factory to over 400,000 people.

In the light of these facts it is not strange that capital is becoming interested in this field, large tracts being laid out for the culture of the beet, and sugar factories erected.

The most recent of these enterprises has located in Orange county, twenty miles from Los Angeles, in the heart of 40,000 acres of the richest agricultural land in Southern California.

The town site which has been laid off and named Los Alamitos is not only fortunate in an unfailing artesian water supply and railway facilities, but has been admirably located in other respects. Its nearest neighbor is Norwalk, seven miles distant. Long Beach and Anaheim are each nine miles distant, Santa Ana, fourteen, and Los Angeles, twenty-two miles. It will thus be seen that it has undisputed possession of a vast tributary area of farming land capable of producing one of the most profitable crops of the day. A sugar factory now ready for operation will annually distribute for beets and factory labor from \$350,000 to \$400,000 has been erected within the confines of the town. It cannot, therefore, but be recognized that the most potential conditions assure a rapid growth and permanent prosperity for what is at present Southern California's youngest town, Los Alamitos.

Los Alamitos town lots, which can today be secured at bed-rock prices, must soon rise in value, and it therefore behooves investors and home-seekers to send at once for maps, prices and circulars, or apply to

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Leaving Boston recently on account of the ill health of his family, and although relinquishing one of the highest salaried public school positions in the country, arrangements have been effected by which his entire time is given to the Academy. Professor Emery will have general supervision of the class work of the whole school, as well as the actual instructing of the Mathematics and Latin classes. His own Algebra and Arithmetic (Bradbury and Emery's) will be used and adopted by the Academy. He will be ably assisted in the class work by six competent and experienced teachers (see catalogue).

As to the **Military**, it is our second year as a Military School. Major F. K. Upham (U. S. A.), Treas. Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, was right when he wrote us a year ago as follows:

\*\*\* "The military feature of your Academy will be quite an experiment to begin with, particularly as I observe you have no Army man in charge." Three months later, realizing the importance of this, a change was made in Commandants—Capt. H. LINCOLN BATCHELDER (for 16 years with the Militia of California and Oregon) being appointed in place of a younger and less experienced man. Devoting all his time to the work, and being a man of strong moral character, firm but kind, success in this department is assured.

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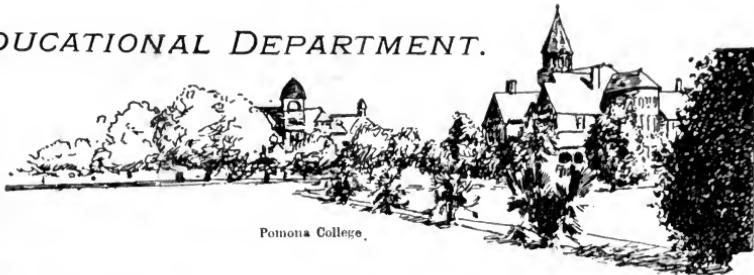
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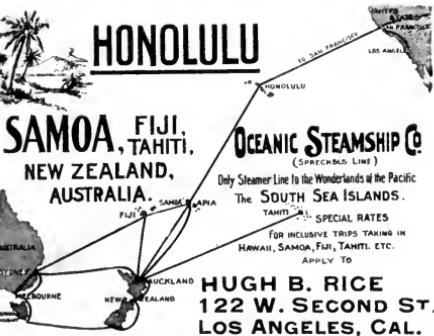
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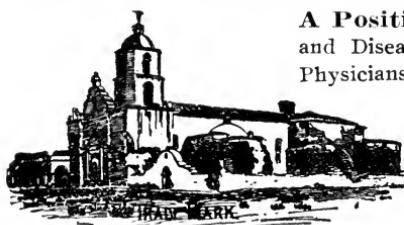


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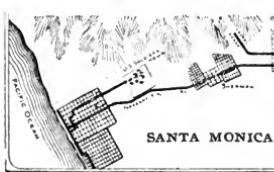
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from  
9:35 a.m. to 7:35  
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Leave for : 6:50, 7:25, 7:55,  
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4:45, 6:30, \*7:30 p.m.  
Arrive from : 7:55, 8:30, 9:41,  
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Arrive from : 10:15 a.m.  
6:25 p.m.

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Leave for : 6:00, 8:00, 18:35,  
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Leave for \*8:00 a.m.  
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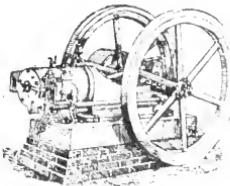


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Vol. VII, No. 4

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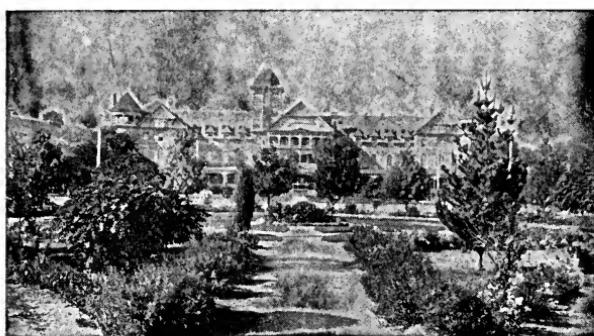
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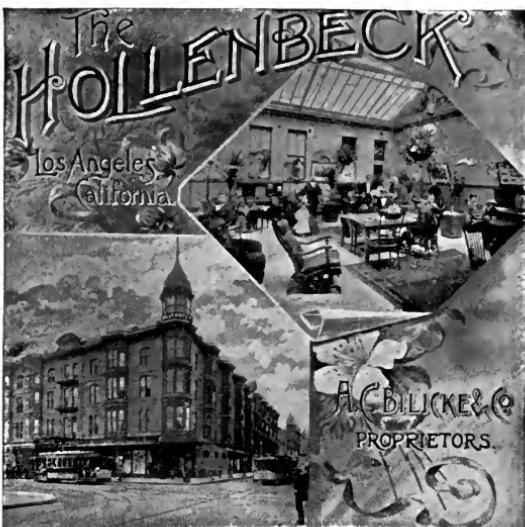
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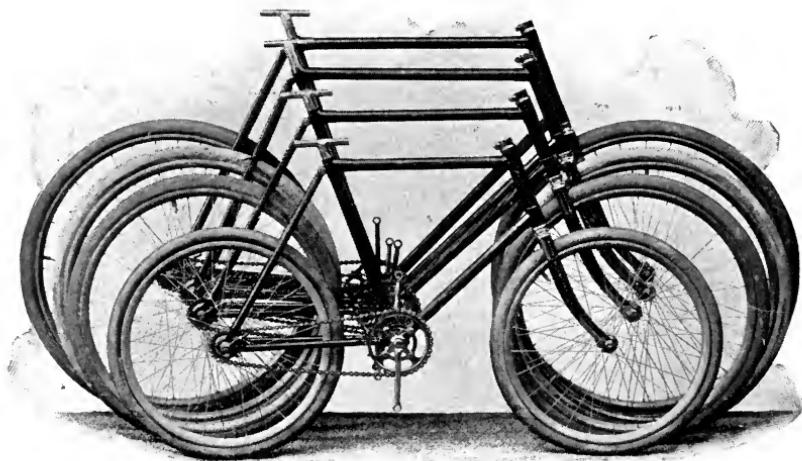
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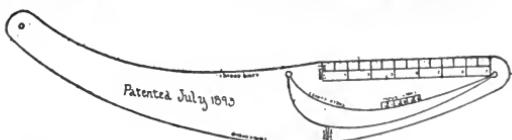
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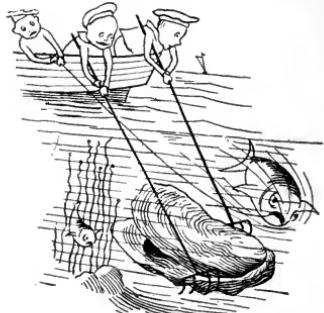
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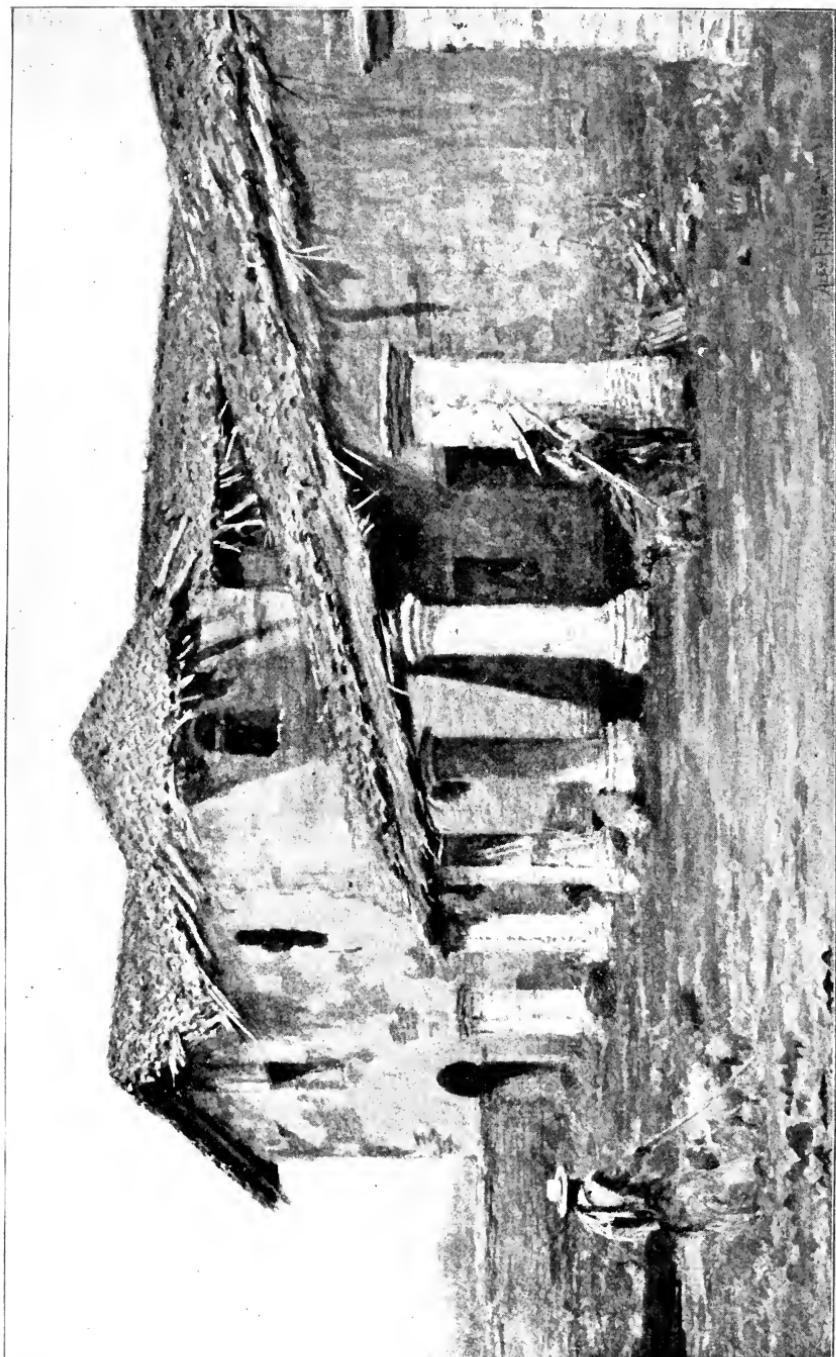
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THE CLOISTERS OF SAN FERNANDO.

Ten years ago. See p. 150.

From painting by A. F. Harmer



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, NO. 4.

LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

## *ON THE PACIFIC AT NIGHT.*

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

O Sea, that waitest, calling, calm and strong,  
Beyond that distant shore,  
Clothed in her own white splendor, mid a throng  
Of stars that would adore,  
The fervent Moon hastens, harkening to thy song,  
To yield herself, enraptured, to thine arms once more.

O yearning Moon, afar, swift on thy way  
To Ocean's mighty breast,  
Come ; he awaits thee ; all his voices say,  
" I love thee," East and West,  
The unwilling hours are long throughout the day,  
Until thou risest warm with love, to find thy rest. "

O Moon, and Sea, I love one who is dead ;  
To meet we are not free.  
Where waits that soul, once mine, that now has fled ?  
Your joy, my misery,  
Is [this one hour : now is your greeting said,  
I may not go to her, she cannot come to me !

—Chicago, Ill.

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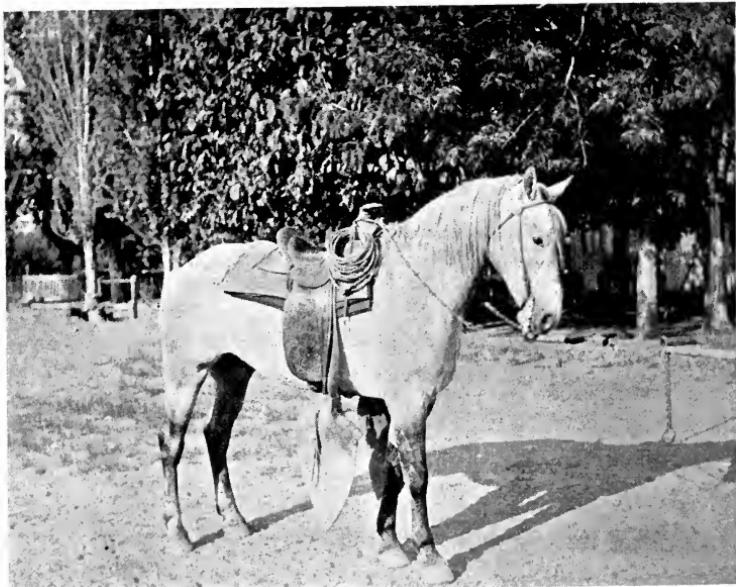
## NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ON HORSE-BACK.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



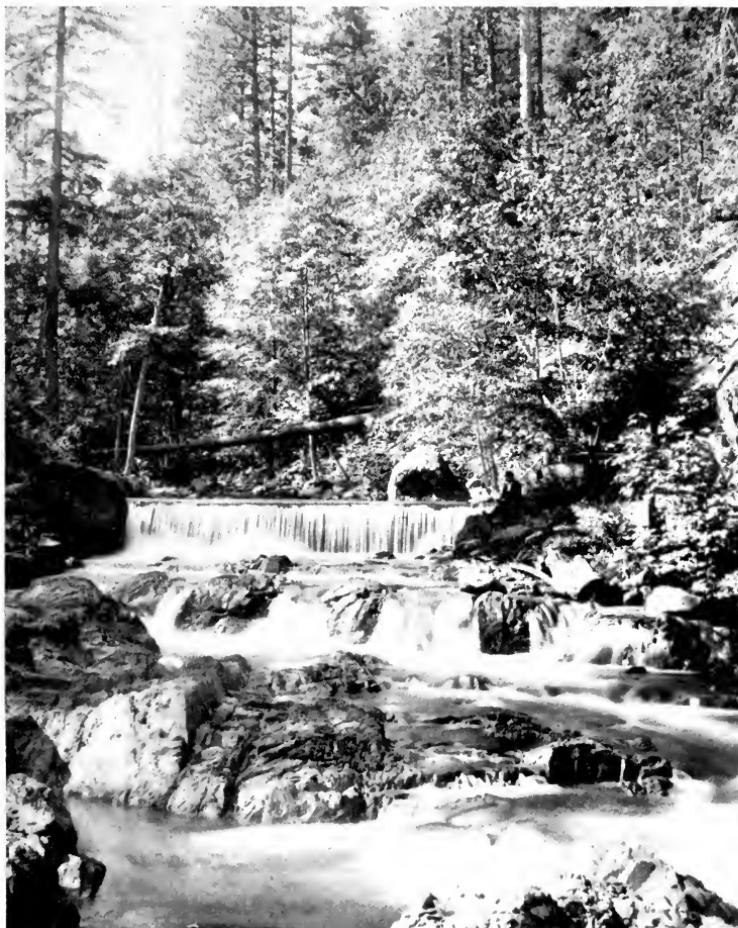
ALIFORNIA, as we all agree, is the paradise of the horseman; and those of us who have ridden thousands of miles, in sunlit valleys, through vast forests, up wild cañons and along broken mountain trails into granite wildernesses among the high Sierra's eternal snows, must still uphold the comfortable doctrine that while humanity endures, the trained saddle horse will have a place of his own. Before we Americans came, the country belonged to men who almost lived in the saddle. Unfenced, untilled, the whole glorious realm lay open to every visitor who could catch a mustang himself, or could find a Mission to furnish one.

Although this fascinating California of fifty years ago has disappeared, many parts of it are still as much the land of the horseman as those upper Alleghany regions where a bicycle or a wheeled vehicle are seldom or never seen. Whenever one leaves the railroads and stages, at least in northern California, one soon reaches a land of cattle trails, of mountain pastures, of places so wild and rugged that no other mode of travel is half so comfortable. In such places, one meets packers and prospectors with their tough little burros; one also finds groups of University students taking vacation views afoot, like Bayard Taylor and J. Ross Browne, and Porte Crayon. (I wonder how many of our modern magazine readers feel acquainted with these three dear departed



worthies of pen and pencil?) A man well mounted on a capable and affectionate horse has no reason to envy any child of Adam, though he might wish he had Porte Crayon for a companion. But it is surprising to see with how little baggage the lone horseman can travel and how many friends he can pick up as he goes along.

Time was when I saddled a yellow horse, a true butter-cup yellow like D'Artagnan's, and rode out over the valleys and hillsides of the land, from the tule-bordered sloughs of the great Bay of San Francisco, south into the Santa Cruz redwoods, and still south, over sand ridges, to the mission-planted pear avenue of San Juan, to the blue lagoons and the oak-clad hills of Salinas, Pleito and Jolon, to the pines and sea-caves of Cambria, and along all that wild coast-line that borders Esterio; northward, too, I rode, into the great forests of the coast Sequoias whose unsurpassed beauty fills the mighty gorges of Sonoma, Humboldt and Mendocino. Far inland, too, I have ridden, along the



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A SISKIYOU WATERFALL.

tule islands and lowland rivers of San Joaquin and Sacramento, and up their gleaming tributaries into forests of pines, exploring the whole width of the range, from valley to snow, as far north as Lassen and Shasta.

Often on these long journeys I have thought of Southern California's close-knit colonies and rapidly developing unity of interests, and have wondered how many years must pass before such colonies took possession of the rich valleys and warm foothills of this great, unknown Northland. When that day comes, as it must, California will reach its splendid prime. Long before that, however, these higher Coast Range and Sierra wildernesses ought to become the most famous playgrounds of the continent.

Where shall one begin with such a subject, when a book might much more easily be written than a magazine article? Still, after long years of absence, thoughts linger among the rhododendron thickets of Navarro, and in those windless, nameless valleys of giant redwoods along the Gualala, where beds of ferns and of red-gold lilies grow taller than a man's head, where clouds of butterflies fill the summer air, and



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IN THE PINERIES.

where all the world seems like the heart of some tropic island. Still, too, one remembers those wonderful spring-tide color-patterns of the San Joaquin and Sacramento plains, even now a marvel, but swiftly passing away, year after year, as the plow advances to meet the sheep-herder, and as vile European and Eastern weeds drive out our beautiful native flowers. Every year the botanists report more of these murderous vegetable tramps. Yet there are a few unpastured expanses that remain almost as wild as when Major Reading and his Indians passed up the Sacramento valley, and in such places one finds out a little about how California looked in the Aprils of 1849 and 1850 to those who, like the classic Missourian hero, had toiled over the rocks and alkali "all the way from Pike." What numberless hosts of wild-flowers are growing in happy colonies and fellowships, clad in royal purples and golds, in blues and whites and crimsons! If you like, you shall ride all day long where the whole plain is brilliant with lilac-hued gilias, pale cream-cups, scarlet-flushed gold of *Eschscholtzias*, ultramarine blue of larkspurs, pale heaven-blue of *nemophilas*, and so many other shades, tints and splashes of color, sometimes in hand-breadths, sometimes in hundred-acre masses, that poet and artist, as well as traveler, must take refuge in silence.



L. A. Eng. Co.

ON PETALUMA CREEK

Perhaps, long after the native vegetation of the great Sacramento plains is destroyed, something of primitive conditions will best remain in those unreclaimed tule islands among the bays and fresh water sloughs of the Holland districts of California, where, as a few people know, a region as rich and as large as those sea provinces of which Motley has told the tale, is patiently biding its time. Here, far from



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THE "ARGONAUT" MILL.



AN OAK GROVE



Commercial Eng. Co.

*WINTER ON CHICO CREEK.*

the common lines of travel, far from railroad or steamer routes, are blue inland lakes, lonely and lovely as those that I have seen among the reeds and palmettos of Louisiana. Over such as yet unmapped Californian bayous, lean thickets of black and yellow sunflowers, cat-tails, tules, grasses and rich purple marsh-blossoms that gleam like silver banners among the ranks of dark emerald. In these lakes are islands high-mounded by perished Indian tribes whose villages were built above floods; and clumps of hoary willows, picturesque as those

that etchers love to study beside the stately English Cam have grown there on these old kitchen-middens. Sometimes one finds the hulk of a pioneer schooner rotting alone in dreamless ooze away off from the rivers, in a winding slough; sometimes a white-haired recluse occupies it, living on fish and game and many times happier than if he had been put into a patent, modern tape-bound Home for Old Men. Here, also, no less than in those silent, deep-hearted redwoods, the land, lovely and almost unknown, waits for a novelist to tell its romance, a poet to write its epic. The only real life it yet has flows slowly along its rivers, past winding levees and rude wharfless landings, wet at remote irregular intervals by the throbbing wave rolling from little stern wheelers and clumsy, wheat-filled barges.

Nevertheless, after all else is written, rivers and uplands take the hardest grip of one's thoughts. I remember many such rivers of the Sierras, that are merest names to all who have not camped beside them and taken breakfast from their brimming trout-pools. Every Californian should hasten to become acquainted with these old and forgotten streams of pioneer days, the Cosumnes, the Calaveras, the Stanislaus, the Mokelumne, the American, the Yuba, and their unnumbered tributaries, fed by alpine lakes, by springs from granite clefts, by glaciers far up against the sky, above the pines. One finds low mounds of gray gravel in the recesses of the hills, where the men of '49 swung their rockers; there also are rude stone huts, in numberless Gold Gulches and Rich Bars, whose special names have been lost from the modern maps—crumbling little huts occupied by old and dying pioneers who have never left their deep ravines among the pines since they came to California, young treasure-hunters. You find them, now and then, crevicing for gold in the slate and quartz, or exploring the gulches after a shower. Whole townships of territory, still a wilderness except for such scattered cabins, exist in the California mountains.

Binding scattered settlements together, great Sierra highways mount or descend the long slopes. They throb with life; they smoke with dust of innumerable freight-teams, taking goods to the mines, or bringing fragrant logs from the pineries. Shepherds, dairymen, whole families of people, climb towards the land of sweetest grasses, of brightest, briefest summer-bloom; miners pass, with pick and drill; wood choppers go forth to their toil, and loud voiced bull-punchers link their oxen to fallen forest monarchs. Old toll-gates, long disused, at and by bridges of unhewn logs across the swift-rushing rivers; old villages, stone-butressed, and quaint as any of those musty hamlets of Cornwall or Wales about which our Americans, sometimes even our Californians, write books, lie steeped in mellow sunshine on the hill-sides, in the gardens of bloom and fruitage. Not railroad towns are these, I hasten to add, but places that are miles and centuries remote from modern life—places like old Shasta, Ophir, Trinity Center, Jackson, Gates, Volcano.

Turning west, far from the Sierras, that is a wild region of crags, forests and rivers, through which Klamath and Trinity flow five hundred miles to the ocean from snow-clad lips of ancient craters, past golden mines, past ruins of ancient camps, past Indian villages and refuges of old outlaws, past enormous limestone caves which no explorer has yet mapped, until they join forces by the sea-worn heights of the Siskiyou coast. Up there, if in any region of California, the grizzly still walks, lonely as a rhinoceros. Mighty and unknown floods are these of Klamath and Trinity, pouring their lavish tributes into the Pacific. Sometime, I hope, one of our sturdy college athletes of Stanford or California, on his summer vacation, will shoot these fierce rapids, and guide his Rob Roy along those mile-deep gorges of the northern Coast Range.

But after all, none of all the California rivers is more a part of our

history than that swift, cold, mountain stream that leaps full-born from out a glacial cave under Mount Shasta, and takes its rapid course down pine-crowded cañons of southern Siskiyou and central Shasta till, through rolling hills, it reaches the great Sacramento plain, where it becomes a wide majestic river, flowing on and on across the lowlands to the Golden Gate. Together with its tributaries, it drains the western half of the northern Sierras, the broad valley, and the eastern half of the Coast Range, an imperial domain, including eight large counties, and parts of as many more, or nearly a third of the area of the whole State. Here are mines, farms, fisheries, lumber-camps, orchards, cattle-ranges, glaciers, hot-springs, lava beds, and forests of the finest pine, cedar, spruce and fir trees left in America. Guide books extol Castle Crags and a few other points of interest along the Oregon route, but a life-time is hardly sufficient fully to explore the vast territory of rugged, heavily-timbered lands that lie far from the railroads. A pivotal point for this famous district is Strawberry valley at the foot of Shasta. The mountains rise from nine to eleven thousand feet above the valley and contain the sources of six large rivers, and of innumerable lesser tributaries. The whole district forms one of the great water-reservoirs of the Pacific Coast, and blends in a remarkable manner the best features of the scenery of Coast Range and Sierra.

These things, of which I have so briefly written, belong to each and every Californian, quite as much as do Santa Monica, Mount Lowe, Los Angeles, Monterey or the Ojai. I have always said that it ought to be the business of every Northern Californian to see, not once only but many times over, the beautiful southern counties—and it also ought to be the business of every Southern Californian to know his Tahoe and Shasta. Happier still are those who have the time and inclination to hunt up some buttercup-hued bronco, and ride into the great northlands of California, to find that the half has not been told.

Niles, Cal.

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## POPPIES OF WICKENBURG.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

Where Coronado's men of old  
Sought the Pecos' fabled gold  
Vainly, many weary days,  
Now the land is all ablaze.

Where the desert breezes stir,  
Earth, the old sun-worshipper,  
Lifts her shining chalices  
Up to tempt the priestly bees.

Every golden cup is filled  
With a nectar sun-distilled:  
And the perfume, nature's prayer  
Sweetens all the summer air.

Poppies, poppies, who would stray  
O'er the mountains far away,  
Seeking still Quivira's gold,  
When your wealth is ours to hold?

## THE CENTENNIAL OF SAN FERNANDO MISSION.



HUNDRED years ago—namely Sept. 8, 1797—Fray Fermín Francisco de Lasuen, Father President of the Missions of Alta California, acting under orders of Gov. Borrica, approved by the Viceroy of Mexico, founded in the valley of Encino the seventeenth Mission, dedicating it to San Fernando, King of Spain.\* Fray Lasuen had come down for this purpose from San Miguel to Santa Barbara; and thence with the *Sargento* Olivera and an escort; and the solemn ceremonies were performed in the presence

of the handful of Spanish soldiers and a large concourse of Indians. Fray Francisco Dumetz had been chosen for the first priest of this new parish, and took part in the services. His assistant was Fray Francisco Xavier Uría.

In three short years the Mission had 310 neophytes and had raised in its current crop 1000 bushels of grain. Its flocks were growing, too. The Missions of Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, San Gabriel and San Juan Capistrano, had contributed livestock at the founding; now there were 526 horses, mules and cattle, and 600 sheep.

In December, 1806, the big adobe church was dedicated—the building whose ruins are shown on pages 147 and 148. There were then 955 neophytes—a gain of three-fold in six years. In 1812 the grain crop was 7720 bushels. The earthquake of that year, so disastrous elsewhere, injured San Fernando but little. Thirty new rafters had to be put in the church, and with this the damage was repaired.

In 1834 the Mission had, besides its great herds and other property, 32,000 grapevines and 1600 fruit trees. In that year the robber hand of secularization was laid upon it by the Mexican government, and its glory was departed. June 17, 1846, Gov. Pico sold it to Eulogio F. de Celis for \$14,000. January 11, 1847, John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, occupied the Mission buildings with his battalion, and signed there next day the armistice which closed hostilities between the United States and the Californians. The actual treaty of peace was signed on the 13th at Cahuenga.

San Fernando Mission had been, too, a point of some note in the little civil wars which preceded the American invasion; and on its domain of 50 square leagues was discovered the first gold in California, years before Sutter's Mill.

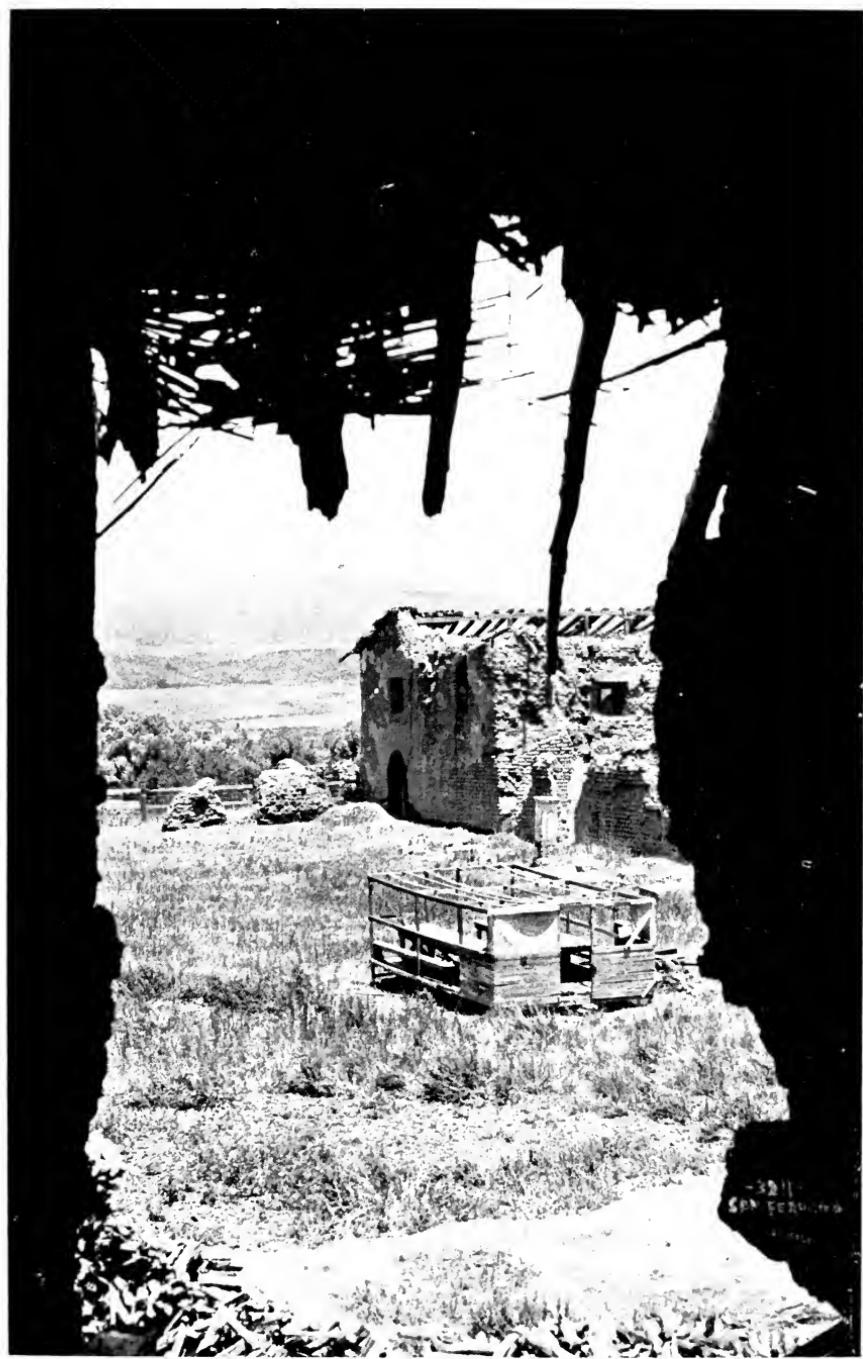
For more than 60 years the noble buildings and splendid gardens of San Fernando have been left to decay and spoliation. The enormous monastery (240 x 60 feet) and the church (134 x 35 feet) are nearly all that is left of "a mile of buildings," and even these are fast crumbling in roof and wall.

But its centennial brings new hope to the long-outraged Mission. The Landmarks Club of Southern California† (which has already repaired the Mission of San Juan Capistrano) has secured a long lease of all the buildings, has raised over \$1000, and is now raising \$1000 more, and has actually begun the work of repair. These splendid monuments of past heroism and of fine architecture will be preserved for another century.

A fitting celebration will be held by the Club at the Mission, Sept. 9, 1897. It is—except San Luis Rey—the last Mission centennial that will be witnessed in Southern California by any adult now living.

\*Ferdinand III. Reigned 1217 to 1251.

†See page 164.



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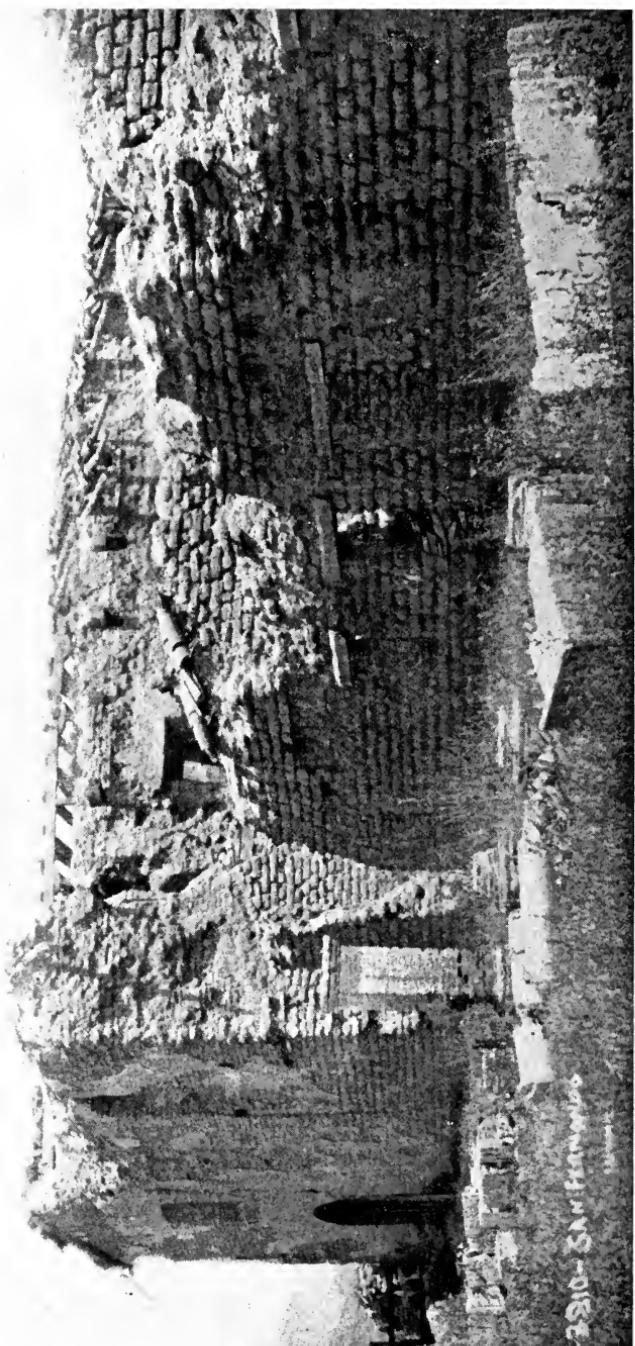
**THE CHURCH OF SAN FERNANDO,**  
(From breach in monastery wall.)

Photo, by C. F. L. 1897.

Photo. by C. F. L.

THE RUIN OF CHURCH AND CLOISTER, 1897.

See frontispiece, and note the destruction wrought in ten years.



1890-1897  
SANTO DOMINGO

L. A. Eng. Co.



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*THE BREACH IN THE MONASTERY.*

Photo, by C. F. L. 1897.

Here the kitchen and its enormous chimneys have fallen in ruin, which threatens the whole vast building.



L. A. Eng. Co.

ON THE MONASTERY ROOF.

\*Photo, by C. F. L. 1897.

## • THE HEART OF SANTA CATALINA.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.



OME fifty miles off Port Los Angeles, like a flower on the soft breast of the Pacific, lies Santa Catalina Island, familiarly known as "Catalina." The beautiful Spanish names left by the old Franciscans are now, alas, shortened whenever possible, for even into this land of *dolce far niente* the hurry has stolen.

But Santa Catalina has as yet lost only the beauty of her full name, and for two or three months each summer her little tented city of Avalon spreads its white wings to shelter thousands of people who come and go without learning anything about Santa Catalina herself; the remainder of the year, save for a handful of inhabitants left over in Avalon, she is quite alone.

About twenty miles long and from five to eight wide, formed of two mountains, she is said to have been brought into existence by a single upheaval. As has been well said by Mr. Lyons, who botanized here years ago, "Catalina is a world in herself."

"Catalina!" At the name thousands will see again the crescent bay dotted with boats, the beach with bathers, and the white city of Avalon. But this is not Santa Catalina. It is only what man has done towards bringing her into touch of his own moods and ways. Her real self lives on unmoved upon the heights—the heights so full of mystery and beauty, seldom seen by any.

The highest peaks stand looking down upon the dead craters; bare and desolate mountains of over-burnt rock—rock somewhat comforted, perhaps, by the brilliant lichens of green and orange and red and



Commercial Eng. Co.

LYONOTHAMNUS GROVE.

Illustrated from photos, by the author. All rights reserved.

lavender carelessly draped about them by the hand of Time, like Oriental scarfs.

Now and then a bald eagle, its white head and tail gleaming in the sunlight (and where else is there such sunlight?) descends to rest upon some tip-top ledge. The goat-trails run to the very summits, and these lonely peaks are the real homes of the goats. All about these they linger and wander aimlessly; otherwise there is perfect quiet on the heights, and no doubt the white companies of fog-spirits, which follow unseen trails, are the only real companions of these peaks. It is well known that the lower lands of Santa Catalina Island are almost free from fog the year round.

After you have once reached the "ridge" you see long slopes in rose and lavender, and there are cliffs all the colors of the rainbow. The trees at your side are not flourishing (though there are fine groves far below), and they stand often alone, making despairing gestures, as though life were not easy upon these arid heights. They seem to have paid a great price for the privilege of living there.

If it be in March you make the trip, the

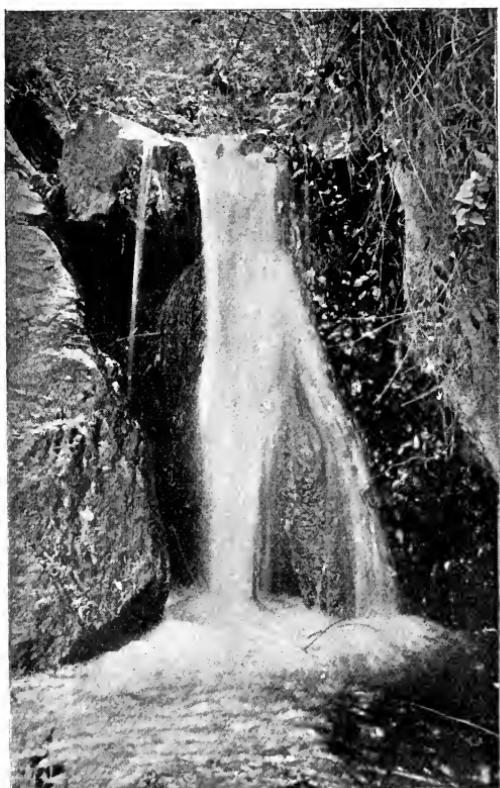
"Uplands vast,  
And lifted universe of crest and crag,  
Shoulder and shelf,"

will be kaleidoscopic with green and with red and yellow flowers, and

will look as though visited by a light snow-storm, for there will be thousands of white lilacs (*Ceanothus cuneatus*) in bloom, with now and then a slope over which a lavender veil seems thrown—the orchard-like trees of another "lilac"—a lavender one this time (*Ceanothus arboreus*), a rare form, found only here and on Santa Cruz Island.

If you are "in luck," that miracle in gold may greet your eyes hanging above some "riven ravine"—the tree poppy (*Dendromecon rigidum*); its flowers three inches in diameter, like great *Eschscholtzias*, pending from a tree fifteen feet high, shining in the midst of its weird green leaves; a small tree with shredded bark and slender limbs seemingly too frail to carry all its blossoms.

There is a volcanic upland where they may be counted until



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Waite.

FALLS IN MIDDLE RANCH CANYON.



Commercial Eng. Co.

THE SEALS AT HOME.

one reaches fifty and stops counting from weariness—not because there are not yet other poppy trees. Here great rocks stand up like sentinels—rocks shattered by earthquake and old-time terrors—still at their posts. Very frail is the poppy tree, and it would never reach maturity save for the little crabbed "white lilac" (*Ceanothus macrocarpus*), upon which it leans all the weight of its branches.

There is one mountain from which, looking seaward, bright hints of yellow may be caught on a little peak which rises all by itself a quarter



Commercial Eng. Co. MR. POLLEY AND HIS COMUS.

of a mile below. These are the gold stars of the *Leptosyne gigantea*, which grows nowhere else in the world—gold stars from a green fountain—a flower usually overhanging the sea on inaccessible rocks, and one which as yet has no common name. From its imposing situation it looks down upon rocks from which the Indians used to carve their pots; the markings of their implements seem quite fresh today, and the whole place roundabout is strewn with fragments of pots, some of them beautifully lichenized.

High above the low trees of sumach (*rhus*), holly (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) and oak (*Quercus dumosa*), which are all set like stiff bouquets of green here and there on the slopes, you see the stately *Lyonothamnus*—a tall, listening, aspiring tree like the pine; a tree so rare (found only on islands off the coast of Southern California) that there has been as



Commercial Eng. Co.      **CHILI COJOTE, 12 FEET HIGH.**  
(*Echinocystis fabacea*.)

yet no common name given it, and for the present *Lyonothamnus* it is for the tourist and botanist alike. Another day a tramp down to their abode will well repay you, for their haunts are exquisitely shaded; great ferns grow at their feet, and on the strings of their shredded bark the sea wind comes and plays. There is one grove to be remembered apart from all others. It cannot be seen from the ridge, as it is about five miles distant. Midway on a cliff of falling, snow-white stone it stands—stone covered with white lichens—and there, through a vista of hills, it watches the sunset, and catches the glow along with the snowy rocks.

If you visit the *Lyonothamnus* groves in June you may gather their white blossoms, and while you are at one of their midway stations—for they always stand high on slopes where they can have a fine view of the sea—you can soon drop down into a deep and narrow cañon to your right where thrive a grove of rare oaks, which have been found nowhere else save on Guadalupe Island, off the coast of Lower California (*Quercus tomentella*). It, too, will be in bloom, and the big acorns are many, deep in the fallen leaves; and cool is the little brown stream at its feet,



Commercial Eng. Co. QUERCUS TOMENTELLA.

a contented streamlet which trickles away, not knowing through what rare shade it flows.

And, too, if it be in June you walk the heights, the semblance of the light snow-storm will not be lacking, for miles and miles of slopes will be white with the bloom of holly and grease-wood (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*) ; and if you see not the rare poppy-tree, you will behold the shy, blushing *Eriogonum giganteum*, which grows nowhere else in all the world, but here stands bravely on rocky uplands, though a trifle abashed. And from many a jutting crag, against the silver frost-work of the Dusty Miller (*Eriophyllum Nevini*) gold stars will show. This species is known only on this island and on San Clemente.

There is only one dogwood (*Comus*) on the island ; and this lone specimen was discovered by Mr. Harry Polley, of Pasadena, five years ago.

From the heights all the sisters of Santa Catalina stand with purple robes about their dimpled shoulders, while the brothers of San Clemente, not so stern, perhaps, as sometimes they seem, move a step nearer and reach a friendly hand — little Santa Barbara, the home of the gulls, almost to be touched ; San Miguel, afar and stretched at ease ; and San Nicolás, as though dreaming under olden memories ; Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz side by side.

If you are yet "in luck," and the day be clear, San Antonio and all his train, San Jacinto and all the coast heights to San Diego, will be before you.

If, leaving the trail, you follow the ridge across to the south side, you will pause upon toppling crags whose rocks now and then crash down more than 1500 feet into the sea below. In these strangely colored waters the brown "mermaid's hair" sways to and fro in company with the long sea weeds on the submerged rocks, and the gold-fish catch the glinting sunlight ; and the fear of standing upon the crumbling edge is forgotten as you watch the underworld.

"The Salto Verde Country" — the "Land of the Green Leap" — what

is to be told of that? Volcanic and sun-burnt, the edge of old and splintered rocks, of riven cañons, of glaring lichens and of the rainbow cliffs. Here the oaks lie with outstretched arms on the ground, as in fear, not knowing what hour the work of the old ruin may begin. Only the young and thoughtless spring flowers lift up their heads fearlessly. On the rainbow cliffs the eagles build their great nests of drift-wood. There is the bark of the seals, for they have a home below; and now and then the plaintive cry of a kid. This is one of the homes of the goats; here they come up to you, and after regarding you with undisguised interest, turn back to their grazing or their play. Their trails are the best of trails in the wild Salto Verde.

There is a place (not in the Salto Verde country, but many miles distant) where hundreds of goats sleep at night. One moonlight night last winter, hearing a call, they woke and came down to see what was the matter, until finally hundreds and hundreds of little heads encircled me, staring first at me and then at one another; looking over each other's shoulders and crowding one another off the rocks to get a better view. Fear seemed to take hold upon them at last, and they began to run in a great circle, of a half mile, I suppose, usually pausing at each turn to get a look at me.

I have visited the same place by daylight and found the goats feeding all about and evidently quite as interested in me as ever, gathering about and looking at each other with their bright eyes, saying still "I can't make her out!"

Santa Catalina is at her best in

Rain and fog and rain,  
And mists that blow i' the wind.

When "cloud-towers" are built on every desolate peak and each trail becomes the bed of a stream, then it is that the ravines are difficult to climb, and one crouches behind some sheltering tree to await the passing of a band of goats far above, and shudders at the crash of the falling rocks. Treacherous indeed are the cliffs of Santa Catalina; the other day I came across a ledge which had fallen without warning, burying some goats beneath it, as exposed portions of their heads and bodies gave evidence.

That there are no trees on Santa Catalina Island is a common belief. But it is impossible to see a thing without going where it is; and the tourist seldom enters the abodes of the trees. He sees no more of the great cottonwoods (*Populus trichocarpus*), the mountain mahogany (*Circo-carpus panifolius*), the Lyonothamnus, the white oak (*Quercus tomentella*), the willow-leaved manzanita (*Arctostaphylos diversifolia*), than he does of the poppy-trees, the rare snap-dragon, the little green orchid or its tall relative which wears its heart on its—slipper! — (*Epipactis gigantea*).

There are three falls which cut down 200 feet through rocks. There are long and winding cañons which, starting from "the ridge," end suddenly and leave you standing 500 feet above the sea. There are palisades more than a thousand feet high and of exquisite coloring. Now and then some wild and happy cañon or arroyo allows you to bear it company to the very sea-edge.

Loneliest of all is Silver Peak, at the extreme west end. While now and then someone finds his way to Black Jack or Orizaba, near the middle of the island, Silver Peak, rising beyond the Isthmus, at the other end from Avalon, has rarely a visitor. From the summit there have been awful leaps and crashes into the sea, and the old crater below is walled by lofty peaks. Desolate indeed it seems, upon making the ascent, with no touch of green but the lichen upon the rocks; yet winding down towards the crater several hundred feet below, three or four groves of Lyonothamnus trees are seen.

Rounding the crater, where the air is stifling and the stones hot from

the sun, following a goat trail down a cliff, against whose bruised feet far below the sea breaks, you come suddenly upon a "soft upland down." The Indians must have realized the charm of this protected spot, for going down the slope you come upon mounds of the sparkling abalone shells, which always have a tale to tell, and before you reach the sea your feet trip over the broken pots, and arrow-heads and rings lie about. On a bluff fifty feet above the beach you find a pestle projecting from a mound, on the rise beyond some curiously carved fragments, and so wherever you move some evidence of the people who lived their lives here in olden days, as we live ours now, with doubtless less of worry and more of real enjoyment. The Indians have left no reason for their going. It seems a long silence between the time

when Cabrillo visited the island and found it inhabited, and the day when we come upon the broken pots and belongings which they left so suddenly.

As it is said this island rose at a single upheaval, so may it sink again; but what of it all? We put too much stress upon the day and hour in which we live. We forget that without the dust of the stars there would be no Milky Way.

"Be comforted; the world is very old,  
And generations pass as they have passed,  
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;  
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;  
The world belongs to those who come the last."

Santa Catalina Island, Cal.

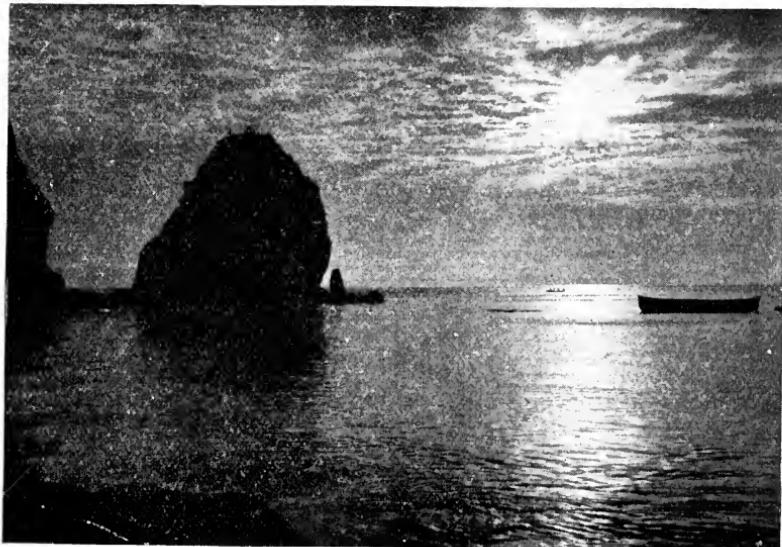


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FERN SPRING GRAND CANYON.

Photo by Maude.





L. A. Eng. Co.

Photos. by Pierce.

*THE STAGE ROUTE, CATALINA AT THE SPRING, MOONLIGHT AT AVALON.*

## 'PURE NERVE.'

BY ROBERT COWDEN.\*

EVERAL years ago I clipped from a narrative of brave exploits, written by Mr. Lummis, the following account of an adventure of which my old commander was the hero :



"An equally remarkable display of pure nerve was the exploit of Gen. Edward Bouton in a lonely pass in Southern California in 1879. A quiet, gentle-voiced, mild-mannered man, one would hardly suspect in him the reckless daring which won him distinction in some of the most desperate engagements of the civil war. It was he of whom General Sherman said in my hearing : 'He was the most daring brigadier we had in the West.' The terrific artillery duel between Gen. Bouton's Chicago battery and two rebel batteries at Shiloh, and the desperate three hours at Guntown, Miss., when he and his brigade stood off the savage charges of nearly ten times as large a force, with a loss of nearly two-thirds of their number, will be remembered among the most gallant achievements of the great war.

"And the courage which does not depend on the inspiration of conflict and of numbers, is also his. In July, 1879, he had occasion to visit his great ranch in the wild San Gorgonio Pass, Cal. The country was then infected with notorious Mexican and American bandits, and travelers went always armed. General Bouton and his partner were driving along the moonlit forest road when three masked men sprang suddenly from the bushes and thrust in their faces a double barreled shot-gun and two six-shooters, at the same time seizing the horses. It was understood that the general was carrying \$18,000 to buy a band of 9,000 sheep ; and this the highwaymen were after. They made the travelers dismount, and fastened their arms behind them with chains, closing the links with a pair of pinchers. Another chain was similarly fastened about General Bouton's neck, and one of the desperadoes, a cocked revolver in hand, led him along by this, while the other two held shot-gun and revolver ready to shoot at the slightest resistance from the prisoners.

"So the strange procession started off—the highwaymen desiring to march their prisoners away from the road to some secluded spot where their bodies could be safely concealed. Their intention to rob and then murder—fully established by later developments—was perfectly understood by the captives ; and the General decided that if he must die he would 'die trying.' As they trod the lonely path in silence he felt along the chain which secured his wrists—with utmost caution, lest the bandit behind with a cocked shot-gun should perceive his intent. Slowly and noiselessly he groped, till he found a link which was not perfectly closed ; and putting all his strength into a supreme effort—but a guarded one—he wrenched the link still wider open and managed to unhook it. Without changing the position of his hands perceptibly, he began to draw his right cautiously up toward his hip pocket. Just as it rested on the "grip" of the small revolver concealed there, the highwayman behind saw what he was at, and with a shout threw the shot-gun to his shoulder. But before he could pull the trigger Bouton had snatched out his pistol, wheeled about, and shot him down. The desperado who was leading Bouton by the chain whirled around with his six-shooter at a level, but too late—a ball from the General's revolver dropped him dead. The third robber made an equally vain attempt to shoot the audacious prisoner, and was in turn laid low by the same unfaltering aim. It was

\* Late Lt. Col. Commanding 59th U. S. C. Inf.

lightning work and adamantine firmness—three shots in half as many seconds, and every shot a 'counter.' That was nerve, too."

The foregoing refers to General Edward Bouton, now of Los Angeles, Cal., under whose immediate command it was my fortune to serve four years during the late war for the Union; and I can testify to his possession of "nerve" and other qualities.

General Bouton is a lineal descendant of Sir Edward Broughton of Bar-  
chester, County of Warwick, England, who was baroneted Aug. 4th, 1641. In what generation the migration to America occurred is not known to me; but it was long before the war of the Revolution. General Bouton's grandfather, Daniel Bouton, distinguished himself for skill and bravery in the command of Connecticut volunteers and received a wound at Bunker Hill, and the notice and plaudits of Commander-in-  
chief Washington at Stonington; and his father also served the country well in the war of 1812. His maternal grandfather, Moses Hindsdale, rendered valuable service in the Revolutionary War by the manufacture of 100 cannon for the colonial troops, from metal mined, smelted, and cast by himself—for which he received nothing, because of the inability of the infant government to pay.

Early in the late war for the Union, General Bouton, then a commission merchant in Chicago, organized a battery of light artillery, which always, among soldiers, bore his name, "Bouton's Battery," but was officially known as *Battery "I" First Regiment Illinois Light Artillery*. This battery distinguished itself all through the war from the battle of Pittsburg Landing, its initial engagement, to those of Nashville and Franklin, three years later. General Bouton commanded his battery in person, from the first, until his promotion, and here first attracted the attention of his superiors.

Early in May, 1863, General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant General of the U. S. Army, landed in Memphis, Tenn., with orders direct from President Lincoln for the organization of colored troops, six regiments of which were wanted from this point. The order to organize them was dated the 4th of May. In consultation with General Thomas on the one hand, and with his six Division Commanders on the other, General Stephen A. Hurlbut, Comdg. Dept. of W. Tenn. and North Miss., made choice of Captain Bouton (at that time chief of the Artillery of the Fifth Division of the Sixteenth Army Corps, Sherman's old Shiloh division), to command one of these regiments.

It was understood that General Sherman entertained misgivings as to the measure itself and was loath to lose General Bouton from a service in which he had shown such capability, but admitted that, if any one could make soldiers of negroes it was Bouton. General Marcy, Inspector General of the U. S. Army, less than two years later, after a thorough personal inspection, pronounced three of the colored regiments in General Bouton's command, "in drill, discipline, and military bearing equal to any in the service, regular or volunteer."

One of General Bouton's best achievements, which I have not seen in print, but which did not escape the eye of his superiors, occurred on the 13th of July, 1864, only one month after the disaster to our troops at Guntown, Miss., when in command of about 4,500 men, white and colored, he made a march of twenty-two miles in one day, from Pontotoc to Tupelo, Miss., guarding a heavy train of 300 wagons, and fighting in the same time four distinct battles, each successful, and against superior odds. Generals A. J. Smith and Joseph Mower, commanding Corps and Divisions respectively, declared this achievement unsurpassed within their knowledge.

But it was not alone in the sanguinary struggle on the field that General Bouton's qualities shone. He was equally capable in the administration of affairs.

Memphis, an important river port, and geographically central to a

large and wealthy cotton-growing country, was a point not easily controlled to the satisfaction of the general government and in the interest of the people. After many failures and losses, and when confusion and distrust had long run riot, General Bouton was appointed Provost Marshal of the city, which made him, for the time, dictator in affairs military and civil, including all trade privileges and care of abandoned property of which there was much; prisons, scouts, detectives, the police and sanitary regulation of the city,—in short everything in and immediately about the city. He soon introduced order; collected and disbursed monies; paid off the heavy past indebtedness and current expenses; and at the end of six months handed the government of the city over to the newly-elected municipal officers and turned over several thousand dollars to the special fund of the war department.

While Bouton was yet Provost Marshal of Memphis, Col. Sam Tate, of the rebel army, came in to take the prescribed oath of allegiance. Having done this he expressed a desire to recover control of the Memphis and Charleston railroad of which he was President. The government no longer needing the road for military purposes, General Bouton drew up a plan or agreement at the suggestion of John E. Smith, by which not only this but other southern roads in this section were finally returned to their owners. One of the principal stipulations in the agreement was that no claim be made against the government for the use of, or for damage to, said roads while they were being used for military purposes. All parties in interest of the companies having signed the agreement, General Bouton proceeded in person to New Orleans and to Nashville and secured the approvals of Generals Canby and Thomas, Department Commanders. Col. Tate then went to Washington to complete with General Grant, the Secretary of War, and the Quarter Master General, arrangements for the transfer of the property.

No sooner had he done this than he presented a claim against the government, which President Johnson, an old friend of his, ordered paid. Enemies of President Johnson charged that he received a part of this money; and during the impeachment trial desired General Bouton's evidence on the contract. But at the suggestion of General Grant he never appeared, and soon after went to California, where he has ever since lived. After Johnson's death it was developed that he (Johnson) had not received a dollar of Tate's money.

In the spring of 1866 General Bouton declined a colonelcy in the regular army, the acceptance of which, in the regular order of promotions, would have brought him, by this time, very high. Although recommended by Generals Grant and Sherman, and very warmly endorsed by Generals A. J. Smith and Mower, he preferred to return to civil life.

General Sherman's estimate of General Bouton was tersely expressed in the following language not long before my last handshake with the aged hero. Said he: "I think well of General Bouton. I always found him the right man in the right place. He is an honest, modest, brave, true soldier, and capable of filling any position he will accept."

I last saw General Sherman at a reception in Columbus, Ohio, during the Grand Encampment of 1888. In order to insure quick recognition I said on taking his hand: "Bouton's Battery." Instantly he straightened up, while the old-time fire flashed in his eye as he said, giving me an extra warm shake: "Bouton's Battery? I remember it well. Splendid battery!" Those were his last words in my hearing, and with those words I would close this recital.



# THE LANDMARKS CLUB

INCORPORATED

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS  
AND OTHER HISTORIC  
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.

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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

It is hoped that all who can arrange for an outing so short and so interesting will attend the centennial services at the Mission of San Fernando, which was founded Sept. 8, 1797. The celebration has been set for Sept. 9th, Admission Day, as more people will be able to leave the city on a legal holiday. The Landmarks Club will run an excursion, leaving the Arcade depot a 3 P.M., and returning at 9 P.M. Full particulars will be given in the daily papers.

Visitors will have an opportunity to see the fine old Mission in its decay, to note the amount of work the Club has on hand in repairing this colossal pile, and to observe that the undertaking is already under way. There will be appropriate and interesting exercises. All members of the Club are especially urged to attend and to bring along all the friends they can persuade.

The Club has, up to date, raised a little over \$2500 in cash and material for the preservation of our historic landmarks. With about \$1500 of this it has made good the beautiful ruins of San Juan Capistrano, so that when the 200th anniversary of that Mission comes (in 1976) there will be something to hold a celebration over. The preserved buildings will remain to that day about as they are now, barring some great cataclysm.

The \$1000 on hand will pay for about half the work that must be done at San Fernando, so there is \$1000 still to be raised. The Club trusts that friends of the good work will not delay in sending their subscriptions.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$2492.56.

New contributions: Prof. Chas. C. Bragdon, Prest. Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., \$25; Chas. Howard Shinn and wife, Niles, Cal., \$5; Bertrand E. Taylor, Boston, Mass., \$4.

\$1 each: Horace Everett, Miss Gertrude B. Everett, Philadelphia; Miss Daggett, South Pasadena, Cal.



It is not probable that the Klondyke will "pan out" a second California. There are bonanzas there—I saw thousands of ounces of the "dust"—but thus far nothing like the output of our placers in the same length of time in '48. But if the present excitement survives winter, the spring may very easily witness a gold-rush unprecedented in history. In '49 the United States had not only not half the population, but not half the proportion of discontents it has today. We never had before so vast a horde, relatively, ready to run after some new promise—and never before, be it whispered, such a percentage of citizens we could so easily spare.

Such a migration would not "weigh up" to that of '49 in character, for obvious reasons; and it would not have as "easy sledding." Thousands of the unfit were wrecked by the relatively trivial exposures of mining life in California; on the rim of the Arctic circle the suffering will be inconceivably greater. Of the thousands who within a month have started for the Klondyke, not one half are fit by nature or by training for the awful hardships they must face. If the rush becomes a great one, it will be the most wholesale tragedy in Anglo-Saxon history. Meantime there is more gold in California, and tenfold easier to get. In '48 \$5,000,000 sufficed to stampede half the civilized world. Today a million has started a similar fever. And California, year in and year out, quietly mines seventeen millions or so of gold and it doesn't stir a flutter. Which shows how much less attractive two birds in the hand are than one in the bush—and that one may be stuffed.

Stephen M. White has perhaps as clear a mind as any man in the U. S. Senate; certainly a larger share of cool common sense than most of his associates in that body. In fact he is one of the few Senators towards whom a tired American turns with relief—a sturdy figure untouched by the general discredit into which our upper house has fallen; unsmirched by scandal, unstampeded by the herd; clear and clean and forceful. His article in the *Forum* on Hawaiian annexation increases the public indebtedness to him, and should be read by every thoughtful American. The sinfulness, the tyranny and the folly of this mad attempt to start our nation on a career of foreign robbery (as we all know annexation is, when England practices it), are set forth in a way to remind one anew of the difference between a statesman and a politician.

John Brisben Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is not half a bad sort of a rich man. Some of his hobbies may rock hard and not go far; but he is liberal and earnest for truth. His new endowment of the "Cosmopolitan University," wherein all the world may grow wise by mail, will be watched with interest. There are no fees. Anybody can write a letter who will, and be answered by "the brightest minds in the country." Mr. Walker will wisely let the other fellows read the correspondence; and with his generosity there is no doubt he will be ready with the asylum his professors will need after a year or two. And now if some millionaire would but found a university to teach people *not* to write!

A SOBER

VIEW

OF IT.

A LIBERAL

SMATTERATION.

NO MENACE

TO REAL

LIBERTY.

Freedom of speech is a good thing to preserve. It is also a good thing not to be silly about. There is little need of saying that the Lion does not love muzzles—but neither does he believe in incontinence of the mouth. The row over President Andrews is mostly hysterics. He is no martyr for conscience sake; no victim of those who are so sinful as to have money. The logic of the case is very simple. No church or college or board of trade or other corporate body in free America is obliged to wear a head that quarrels with the rest of the members. A man has a right to believe in polygamy, slavery, state rights, free whiskey, free love and free silver. He may be correct, and we may be wrong; but if the church to which he ministers or the college of which he is president believes these things to be vicious, it not only is entitled but is in honor bound to see that he does not advocate these things and keep his position at the same time. If he is any part of a man, he will feel this fitness without waiting to be told. If free silver was too heaven-sent a truth for Mr. Andrews to close his mouth upon, he had only one course open in fine honesty—to resign his official position and make his crusade on his own feet. The regents of Brown did a simple duty. They are not appointed to make elbow room for one man to think he thinks, but to protect the best interests of several hundred college boys at that formative age when the influence of their president is a serious agent. We curtail the "freedom" of indecent and profane speech; seditious speech is not wholly untrammeled; and there is no danger that Freedom would shriek or Kosciusko's bronze be downcast if we were to circumscribe fool speech a little.

ONE

OFFICE

The office of Indian agent for the Pueblos of New Mexico should be abolished. It carries no power whatever to help its wards—who are, by the way, not reservation Indians but citizens of the United States, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—and it does nothing whatever except to harm and worry them and pay some one a salary. The new incumbent—an army officer and therefore probably a gentleman—has the zeal of a new broom, and its tendency to sweep the furniture out of doors. When he has been longer in office he will know more—if he cares to learn. He is just now fulminating against the Pueblo dances, which are part of their religion, and molesting some of the missionaries who know more about the Pueblos and have done more for them than he will ever know or do. If intruders in the villages are sent out of town during certain ceremonials, it is within the province of the government to see that the Indians do not abuse their right to secrecy. In a word, excesses can be dealt with, but there is no law to prevent the peaceful Pueblos from holding their harmless sacred dances. Capt. Nordstrom will do well to go slowly in his zeal. And to remember, too, that so much bigger an official as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was beaten and discredited in an attempt to bulldoze and coerce Pueblos into keeping their children in the malodorous Albuquerque Indian School for which the new Captain is now so zealous. If they prefer to send their children to the clean and competent Santa Fé school maintained by Mother Drexel, he will find that they are legally competent to do so.

LOVE'S

LABOR

LOST.

It is a pity that Prof. Libby of Princeton should have discouraged definitive exploration of the Enchanted Mesa—that great New Mexico cliff which Indian tradition asserts was once the home of the Acomas—by making his reconnoissance in such a loose fashion that it proves nothing. His report is not an expert opinion. His conclusion may be right, but we shall not know until some one else does the work over and in a way to carry conviction.



# THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

Incredulous as unpredestined scribblers may be, there was never a time when worthy work was so sure of swift welcome as now. Editors and publishers alike hunger and thirst after new blood, so only it be good. And their appetite is not a whit keener than the critic's. He, if anyone, has a right to rejoice at every new escape from the tiresome average. As it is, he must read, and deal honestly with his readers about, so much which demands scolding, that he is in danger of undignified joy over every fair excuse for praising.

It is a sweet and fresh and charming story of modern Greece that George Horton tells us in *Constantine*—a charming book and a touching one, and withal full of interesting insight into the modes of thought and life of the Greeks as they are. The author knows his ground well—better than the tourist ever knows anything—and loves it, and knows how to tell of it very entertainingly. Of constructive skill, too, the book has not a little; and a technical imperfection here and there does not interfere at all with the pleasure of a story which is very human and sane, as well as excellently told. There is room for much more of this sort of novel-writing amid our turgid flood of incompetent and dark-brown-tasting books. Chicago, Way & Williams, \$1.25.

A pretty little book—and Doxey's output always stands comparison with Eastern publications—Laura Bride Powers's *Missions of California* is after all a pity. Excellent photo-engravings show most of the Missions as they were at sometime unknown to her; and the text is earnest and tolerably traverses the ground which has been covered so many scores of times before. There is nothing new—worse, there is nothing quite adequate to so large and dignified a topic, one of the worthiest in California.

The "years of research" which the author claims show no more than a skimming of Bancroft, not always carefully, and without anything whereby to "check" him. There are many blunders in spelling, to say nothing of rather startling rhetoric; but this is less important than complete lack of understanding of history and of the Mission genius. Seriously, it is time we had some competent treatment of one of the most picturesque and inspiring episodes in North American history.

If Mrs. Powers's book shall lead one careless sinner to repent and aid in preserving these old buildings, much may be forgiven her. There is a certain humor, however, in finding her unaware that the most important of the Missions are being preserved by Californians who do not stop with sighing. The Landmarks Club, incorporated for this precise purpose, gives Mrs. Powers to know by these presents that it has safeguarded San Juan Capistrano for a century to come; that it is now collecting money to do the same by San Fernando; and that it will acknowledge and apply to the best advantage whatever amount her zeal for the Missions figures up. The book is published by Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. \$1.25.

IN  
MODERN  
GREECE.

MADE  
TO  
SELL.

A GOOD  
STORY-

TELLER.

A charming little romance is Opie Read's *Bolanyo*, its fluent story and genuine color of the dreamy old Mississippi town coming with distinct gratefulness amid the artifices and unrealities of so much of the novel-market. Mr. Read, in the first place, of course knows his South; and in the second, he has the pleasant gift of telling a story, instead of going through rhetorical acrobatics. He does not "crowd" either his sentiment or his humor; both are unaffected and unforced; and as for his style, it never falls into a fever. *Bolanyo* is stirring enough, but at the same time, it is graceful, and whatever its constructive faults, the story leaves a good taste in the mouth. Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.25.

AND  
ONE

OTHER'S.

Many will quarrel with *One Man's View*, and some will not; for, after all, our vision depends less upon our eyes than upon

what is back of them—colored by our feelings and limited by our prejudices. Whether a man shall love a wife who has run away with another man, must depend upon his own constitution and the case. Perhaps the problem might be easier if it involved a less wooden lady than "Mamie." For there is less question about how a man should tell a story; and Leonard Merrick's handling of a not wholly hopeless plot seems needlessly unsympathetic. The characters and the situations are unwarmed by any glow, and I cannot like so cold-blooded pages. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.00.

A STREAK

OF

HOPE.

Here's wishing well to the exonerated *Overland*! It is rid of the gentleman who has for two or three years made every educated Californian blush; who bought and kept the magazine for a life-preserved of his rejected manuscripts and a slap in the face of modesty. He has gone to a field for which Americans long ago ceased to blush—our consular service.

There is room on the Coast for just as many magazines as can be magazines. Among such as work for truth and for the West there is no rivalry. The *Overland* will have to live down its wildman reputation, but there is one consolation. It cannot be worse than it was; therefore it should be better. And we hope it will.

STRAY

LEAVES.

Dr. Matthews, the scientific apostle of the Navajos, is a man not too proud to learn. It will please him to discover in the Boston *Literary World* that his aborigines are given to "dog-paintings."

There is only one complete collection in America of the original Cramoisy edition of the *Jesuit Relations*; and to pick up even one of the forty volumes means a fortune. The Burrows (Cleveland, O.) reprint of all these fascinating chronicles of the seventeenth century in Canada gives American book-lovers their first chance to possess what is so important to our history, and so delightful as mere reading. There are to be 750 numbered sets, admirably printed, with the original text and exact translations.

The *Critic*, which has been Miss Harraden's next friend in America, is obliged to confess to a very shabby estimate of her *Hilda Strafford*. It is not California; and the *Critic* thinks it is not art.

Among the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co.'s paper-covered novels at 25 cents each are *For Another's Sin*, by Bertha M. Clay; *Prince Charlie's Daughter*, by Bertha M. Clay; and Mrs. Henry Wood's *Danesbury House*.

*Fifty Songs of Love* is an interesting collection of poems by many authors, handsomely issued, and adapted to fill a long-felt want among the always numerous class susceptible. Dodge Book & Stationery Co., San Francisco, 75 cents.

# THE LAND WE LOVE (AND HINTS OF WHY)



Davis Eng. Co. TERMINAL ISLAND BEACH AND WHARF. Photo by W. J. Cox.



Davis Eng. Co. A PICNIC FOR THE CHILDREN—SANTA MONICA. Stanton, Photo.



L. A. Eng. Co.

ALONG SHORE, SANTA CATALINA.

Photos. by Maude.



Davis Eng. Co.

IN THE SURF, REDONDO.

Photo. by Waite.



Davis Eng. Co.

YACHTING OFF LONG BEACH.

Photo. by C. M. Brickey.

## SANTA BARBARA.

BY FRANK A. BLAKE.

Where summer seas with ling'ring ebb caress the verdant vale,  
And Flora with a lavish hand decks mountain, hill and dale;  
Where bowered homes dot oak-clad hills that kiss the azure skies,  
There, "Queen of the Pacific," lovely Santa Barbara lies.



WETHER it is attributable to the salubrity of her climate, or to the annual Flower Carnival she originated in California, and which other cities have also adopted; to the loveliness of the scenery by which she is surrounded, or, though last not least, to the well known beauty of her stately women, is a matter for individual taste to determine; but certain it is, that the fame of Santa Barbara as an all-the-year-round pleasure resort is becoming more and more widely diffused. Perhaps the "globe trotters" who hibernate there should receive partial credit for this, as Santa Barbara is usually included in their itinerary, and thus the news is spread that a veritable Eden is to be found on the shores of the Pacific.

Approaching by sea or land, the city bursts suddenly into view, and is picturesque in the extreme, being surrounded on all sides (save that fronting the ocean) by wooded hills, that, rising at the water's edge, slope with gentle undulations backward and upward, till their terraced heights become blended with the Santa Ynez mountains, whose serrated peaks outlined against the clear blue sky, are a sheltering aegis to the Arcadian scene below.

Santa Barbara, known also as the "Channel City," is easy of access, being connected with the outside world by the Southern Pacific railway, while those who prefer to travel by sea can gratify their tastes, as the Pacific Coast Steamship Company maintains a fleet of well equipped



vessels running between San Francisco and San Diego, which touch at Santa Barbara every other day, going north or south.

It is not proposed in this short article to enter into a description of the founding of Santa Barbara, and of the establishment there of a Mission by those noble and self-sacrificing pioneers of christianity, the Franciscan Monks, over 100 years ago (which, it may be stated in passing is largely attended by devout worshipers at the present time, and is considered to be the best preserved of all the old missions) as that has been done before many times, and by able writers.

With the advent of the railroad came a new era, and Santa Barbara, like the century plants that abound in her vicinity, awoke from dreamy repose and burst into full bloom as an active, wide-awake city.



L A Eng Co      *YACHT OLGA, OFF SANTA BARBARA.* By Newton, Santa Barbara.

Streets were graded and paved; fine business blocks now stand where the Mission Indian built his humble home; handsome residences sprung up in every direction; a boulevard eighty feet wide and lined on either side by spreading palms, was constructed at great expense along the ocean front, marking the limit of Neptune's realm; and electric cars now run through the city where the patient little mules, we all remember so well, used to strain, and tug, and pull, till from sheer exhaustion they would come to a standstill, and the driver once more would request the passengers to get off and push to give them a fresh start.

Public schools are numerous and well attended, the high school

being considered one of the best in the State. Almost every religious denomination is represented, each apparently vieing with the other in the beauty and comfort of their churches. Three daily papers are published, containing the Associated Press dispatches; and people can have the news of the outer world served up with breakfast. There are two national banks, and one commercial bank in the city, all of which do a large business. Some of the stores are quite metropolitan in their dimensions, and will be found replete with everything the most fastidious could desire.

The well known Arlington Hotel, renovated and remodeled, is now presided over by mine host Dun; than whom no better Boniface exists. Across the street from the Arlington our attention is attracted by what appears to be a Japanese tea house, with two large palm trees shaking hands across the entrance, and I suppose typifying the welcome



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

SANTA BARBARA BATHING PAVILION

Photo. by Rogers.

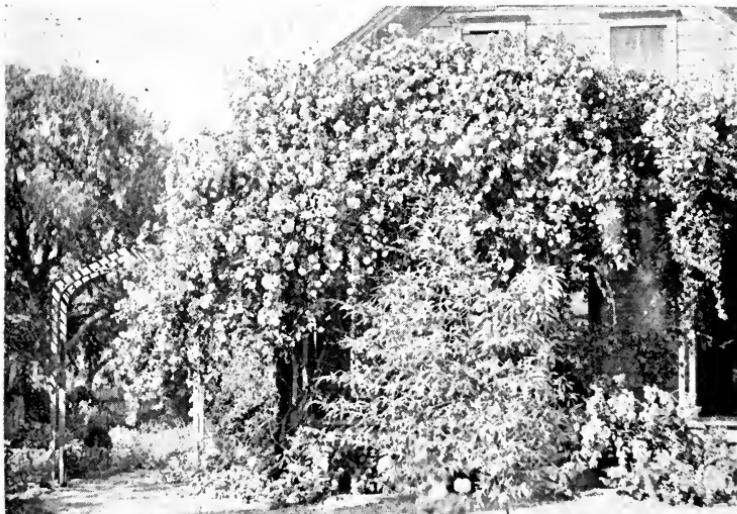
that will be accorded within. This is appropriate, for upon investigation, it turns out to be a real estate office, and who has a more cordial welcome for patrons—with shekels—than a real estate man.

The Cottage Hospital situated in the Oak Park, in the northwest part of the city, is worthy of especial mention. Here patients are surrounded by every comfort and luxury that money can procure, and attended by physicians of wide repute. Cheerful, airy, well ventilated rooms, and a corps of trained nurses, who must pass a rigid examination to qualify for the position, have rescued many from the attenuated gentleman with the scythe and hour glass, and nursed them back to health, and let us hope, happiness. In the death of Dr. Richard Hall, which occurred recently, the Cottage Hospital suffered an irreparable loss, and Santa Barbara will long mourn for one who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, while the noble profession of surgery to which he was devoted and which he so highly adorned, has lost one of its brightest ornaments.

Strolling down State street, and at the corner of Ortega, our attention

is arrested by a fine, four-story brick and stone business block, recently completed for Mr. Joel A. Fithian, a wealthy and enterprising gentleman from the East, who realizing the growing importance of Santa Barbara, has made heavy investments there and in the adjoining Montecito and Carpinteria valleys. This building, with its fine toned cathedral bells, is one of which the city may feel proud. The Santa Barbara Club, on Figueroa street, an important factor in social "functions," is prosperous and popular as ever, and no visitor to the city who is fortunate enough to obtain a card to this club will forget its hospitality.

A fine bath-house (designed by the rising young architect, Mr. Francis W. Wilson, and for which he was awarded first prize) is shortly to be erected by public subscription, on the site of the old one at the west end of the Plaza del mar, at a cost of \$12,000. Not only will it be an orna-



A SANTA BARBARA ROSE BUSH.

ment, but it will supply a "long felt want" for it is to contain a large swimming bath with the usual accessories; and hot salt water baths can always be had by those desiring them.

The "Channel City," while always glad to welcome, has no longer to depend upon the tourist for support. The climate and soil having proved favorable for the cultivation of citrus and deciduous fruits, thousands of acres in the surrounding country have within the past few years been planted to lemon and orange trees, which formerly were cultivated in but a desultory manner; while olives and walnuts, equally, if not more profitable, are now raised extensively, the former in the Montecito, and the latter in the Carpinteria valleys, both places being tributary to Santa Barbara. Large packing-houses have been built and a cannery will doubtless soon be established. The two lumber companies

have all they can do to supply the demand for building material; the Alcatraz Asphalt Company employ an army of men at their immense asphaltum works; and from present appearances the population of nine thousand will be largely augmented before the next census is taken.

Any description of Santa Barbara would be incomplete without mention of the Montecito valley—that “Vale of Tempe” of America, which nestles in the foothills about three miles east from the city. It can be reached by many pretty roads, but the best way is by the main county road, now kept nicely sprinkled, or by the boulevard which skirts the ocean and joins the other at the cemetery, the dividing line between the two valleys. Here let us pause while we brush aside the tears that fond memories evoke. For we are now standing on the threshold of an earthly, as it surely is of the heavenly Paradise, and no more befitting place could be selected for the last resting place of our



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE QUARTERS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Photo, by Rogers.

loved and honored dead than here, where bright sunshine wooes the flowers into perennial bloom, and the mighty ocean chants an Eternal Requiem.

The valley is only about three miles in length, by from one and a half to two miles in breadth, but it makes up in beauty what it lacks in size. Here a landscape unfolds itself of such surpassing loveliness that my feeble pen can only hint at its beauty. Could an artist happily catch and transfer to canvas the variegated tints that here greet the eye, he would obtain imperishable fame. Tropical luxuriance surrounds us on all sides, and exotic plants bloom as though indigenous to the soil. Vineyards and olive orchards climb the steep; orange groves glittering with “golden apples of the Hesperides,” whose fragrant blossoms perfume the air, are everywhere in view; while feathered warblers sing

joyously to Him who marks the sparrow's fall. Dame Nature seems to have set this one spot of earth aside for her very own botanic garden, and no one will dispute the exquisite taste of the selection.

It would be strange indeed if homes did not spring up rapidly here, and now stately mansions and vine-clad villas add picturesqueness to the scene. The Hot Springs Hotel nestles in a mountain glen, looking from its lofty elevation like a Swiss chalet, and marks the spot where Sulphur Springs gush from the rocks at a temperature of 118 degrees. These springs possess great curative qualities and were patronized by the Indians in the dim and distant past, as a panacea for every earthly ill. This valuable property belongs to Mr. Edwin Sawyer, a gentleman of culture whose lovely and hospitable home is situated about a mile from the springs.

Where till recently everyone was his own architect, marvelous and bewildering styles are to be expected; but for the unique, the Country Club is unrivaled. Situate within a stone's-throw of the water, to which its well kept lawns gently slope, a colonnade extends along the entire front of the building, open between the wings to permit a view of the tennis court, where stalwart athletes measure rackets every afternoon. Graceful Ionic columns support the roof and impart the appearance of a Grecian temple. The interior decorations and arrangements are artistic and complete, and in harmony with the classic exterior. Upon the reading-room tables, can be found all the current literature of the day, while the walls are adorned with trophies of the chase. Here Santa Barbara society assembles to witness the prowess of its champions at games, which if not Olympic, are to modern taste at least quite as interesting.

Anyone who has experienced the hospitality of the Country Club must indeed cherish pleasant recollections, and the members are to be congratulated that their lots have been cast amid such delightful surroundings.



THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.



GENERAL VIEW OF GLENDORA.

*'BEAUTEOUS GLENDORA.'*

**T**IT WAS a happy as well as loving thought which prompted the founder of the colony, Geo. D. Whitcomb, to combine the beauty of the location with the name of one dear to himself.

From the position of his ranch home at the mouth of a "Glen in the mountains," and the pet name of his wife, "Dora" (Leadora), came the desire to adopt the pleasing musical name, "Glendora."



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.  
"Kregemont" Residence on C. E. Kregelo's Orange and Lemon Orchard.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. "Glen-Dora" Residence of Geo. D. Whitcomb.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. "Englewild," Residence of J. P. Englehart.

The location of Glendora is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, even as compared with the many "best spots" in the famously glorious San Gabriel valley, of which Glendora is about the center. The settlement proper embraces four square miles, with a population of about five hundred. Part of this is platted as a town. The sides of well graded streets and by-ways are planted with the graceful and evergreen pepper tree, so large as to nearly meet their branches in the center of the wide avenues, and giving cooling shade throughout the hottest day. It is preëminently a place of pleasant homes and well-to-do cultured people. It is twenty-eight miles eastward from Los Angeles, on the Santa Fé route, to Glendora station. About one-quarter of a mile northward lies the commercial center of the settlement, stores and postoffice.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of J. H. Odell.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of D. A. Cole.

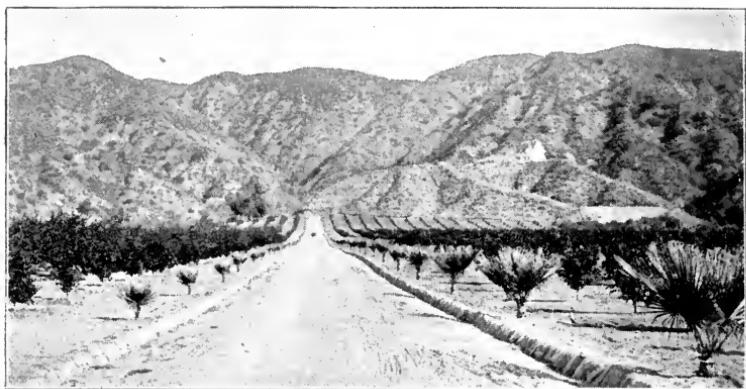
Land-holdings generally however range from five to forty acres, at present with about 1250 acres under cultivation, planted to orange, lemon, peach, apricot and olive trees. Most of the orchards are young and just coming into profitable bearing. So prolific, however, is the soil and climatic conditions for vigorous growth, that in the season of 1896-'97, there was shipped from Glendora station 100 cars of oranges and lemons of superior quality, together with 10 cars of dried fruits, as also large daily shipments, by express, of various kinds of small fruits.

The packing and lemon-curing house of the "A. C. G. Lemon Association" is located near the railroad station. Most of the settlers belong to the association and market their orange and lemon crop through its



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of A. C. Stower.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo, taken 1893.

Avenue Dividing "Englewild" and "Kregemont" Orange and Lemon Orchards.

hands. Glendora oranges and lemons now rate in Eastern markets as A 1, and bring not only the top-notch price, but a premium besides. This is due not only because of the superior location of Glendora for citrus fruits, but to the care bestowed in packing, uniform quality, size and curing under the supervision of the association's experts.

The colony lands slope gently from the base of the mountains southward. The soil is perfectly decomposed granite next to the mountains, to a sandy loam lower in the valley. As all of this soil is of close texture it holds moisture remarkably well, but still works to perfection with the greatest of ease.

As much of the Glendora settlement is at an altitude of 900 feet, and within the foothill range, tender plants, such as the tomato, are never



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Six-year-old Orange Orchard.



Mausard. Collier Eng. Co.

Thos. Kamphefner, J. H. Odell, A. C. Stover, F. E. Odell—Mercantile Co.

injured by frost, and the tenderest growth on orange and lemon trees has never been affected by cold. Choice tropical plants thrive throughout the year.

The annual rainfall (as per State rain guage), owing to the topography of the mountains and adjacent hills, averages twenty-five per cent greater than at most points in Southern California, varying from sixteen to sixty inches,

with an average of twenty-four inches, and much greater in the near-by mountains. At present the main supply which furnishes water to the town, Southern California Railway Co., and to lands adjacent to the town, comes from the "Big Dalton Cañon" and springs which have been developed by tunneling. This water is brought from the cañon through 12 inch cement pipe, one and three-quarters mile



Glendora Public School.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.  
Glendora Christian Church.

water is available, with fair prospects ahead in the near future for suffi-

long, to reservoir at the foot of the mountain, just above the town, and is distributed through thirteen miles of iron pipes to the consumers. The cañon has one of the best and most reliable wet weather streams, with a water-shed of forty square miles. During the dry season the supply of water from this cañon is not sufficient for the land depending upon it for irrigation, but by increasing the storage capacity for impounding a portion of the winter flow, an abundant supply can be secured, not only for the land now depending on this source, but for all other land in the colony likewise. New settlers with only limited capital at their command more often prefer to purchase land in a locality where the price is within their means, and where some



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Glendora Methodist Episcopal Church.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co.

Glendora Station, Santa Fe Route.

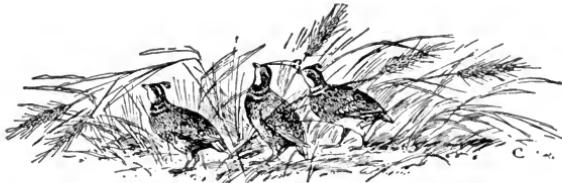
cient supply for all needs. Most of the settlers own their water, obtained from springs (natural and developed) in the mountains. Still, a more generous supply of water is needed, so as to make sure of plenty during extra dry seasons. As the sections east and west of Glendora have use for all the water developed, Glendora must depend upon its own resources for additional supply. The most important question is how to accomplish this.

Here, as well as in other localities in Southern California, the "Wright Act" is not looked upon as the most reliable and advantageous step to supply this need. Generally, thoughtful, conservative men regard this way out of the difficulty as a possible costly experiment.

The U. S. Government, through its experts, advise the storage plan, wherever possible, coupled with coöperative individual ownership by the settlers, or under control by county or State, so as to make the burden as light as possible.

Glendora colony supports a "Christian church" of strong and constantly growing membership. The Methodist Episcopal church also has a church of its own.

The public school affords excellent educational facilities. Socially, a more intelligent, cultured and generous-hearted people one seldom finds, and as they are materially "well fixed," it is but laudable that they should desire only similar settlers as neighbors and co-workers to the advancement of Glendora.\*



\* For more detailed information address Glendora Land and Water Co., Kamphefner & Co., A. C. Stomer, N. P., J. H. Odell, D. A. Cole, J. P. Engelhart, C. E. Kreglo.

See Items of Interest.

## A PROMISING LOCALITY.



THE seven southern counties of California have been so extensively advertised throughout the country, by our energetic and enterprising citizens and commercial bodies, that some Eastern people have no doubt acquired the idea that there is little inducement for settlement north of the Tehachapi range of mountains. This idea is a great mistake, and no such claim is made by liberal minded citizens of Southern California. While they maintain that Southern California is the cream of the State, yet they are not blind to the fact that the entire State, from Siskiyou to San Diego, possesses advantages and attractions that are found in no other section of the country. In addition to this, it is recognized that land in Central and Northern California as a rule is offered at much lower rates than are asked in the southern counties, not because the soil and climate are so much inferior, but because the development of the southern section has been much more rapid, and has attracted more purchasers.

Among the counties of Northern California which offer great inducements to industrious settlers is Tehama, a fertile section of the State, of which little is known on the outside, even by Californians. It is a large county, containing 3125 square miles, being consequently nearly half as large as the State of New Jersey. Much of the area of the country is composed of mountains and foothills, between which are about 170,000 acres of fertile valleys. The Sacramento river flows through the valley from north to south. Numerous streams flow east into that river.

Tehama has practically no winter. The mean annual temperature is 63 degrees. The climate of Red Bluff, the county seat, is much like that of Riverside, over 300 miles to the south. This is something which Eastern people find a difficulty in comprehending. The explanation is that the climate of California does not vary from north to south, but from east to west, as the distance from the ocean increases. The average rainfall of the county is 26 inches. Tehama is one of the counties of California in which there has never been a failure of cereal crops. The grain product is very large. Immense crops of alfalfa are raised, one ranch alone producing 20,000 tons a year, with four crops. Deciduous and citrus fruits are also raised, the former on a large scale, carloads of green fruit being shipped to the East every season, while large quantities are dried and canned. The largest wine vineyard in the world is at Vina, in this county, containing 4,000 acres, with storage vaults covering two acres. The county is a favorite dairy and stock section. About 2,500,000 pounds of wool are shipped annually. There is a belt of fine timber in the mountains, where several large saw-mills are located from which the product is conveyed to the county seat by means of what are known as "V" flumes.

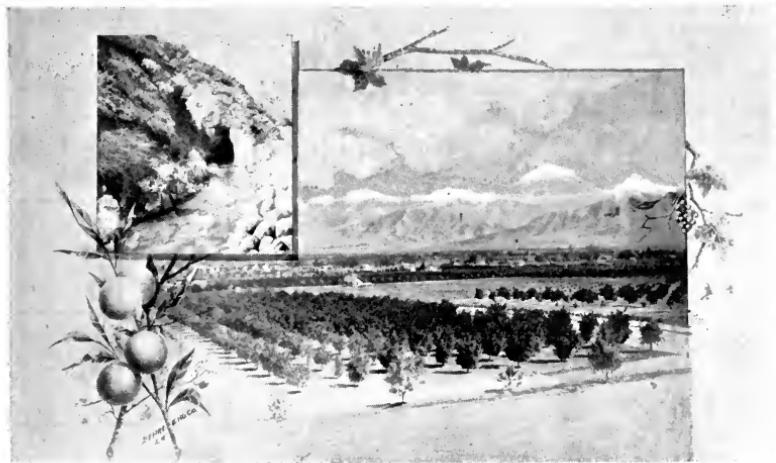
Red Bluff, the county seat, situated on the banks of the Sacramento river, contains a population of about 4,000. It has fine county buildings, excellent hotels, two banks, two daily papers, good schools and churches. There is a large cannery, roller flouring mill of 100 barrels capacity, an extensive sash and door factory, creameries and a number of business blocks.

Only six miles distant from these facilities is one of the most attractive and promising settlements of the county, known as Bend Colony. Many families have already settled here, most of whom have erected good

residences, while all have improved their land. Over 300 acres are now planted with fruit trees, of which 200 acres are in bearing. There is a school-house on the colony, in which school is held during nine months of the year. There is also a postoffice, a store and other conveniences for settlers.

The colony is supplied with an abundance of pure mountain water. The mountain scenery is grand in the extreme. Capped with perpetual snow Mt. Shasta rises to the north 14,442 feet above sea level. On the east the great wall of the Sierra Nevada protects the valley from the hot winds and chilly blasts of the East, while to the west is the less lofty but picturesque Coast Range.

The rich alluvial soil, of a deep, black, sandy loam, with a second bottom of clay loam, is wonderfully fertile. There is no hardpan, alkali, or adobe to vex the tiller of the soil. The gradual slope of the land insures good drainage, while there is no danger of overflow. An abundance of live-oak, cottonwood, alder and sycamore timber not only adds



Behre Photo. Eng. Co.

A TYPICAL COLONY.

Alverson, Design.

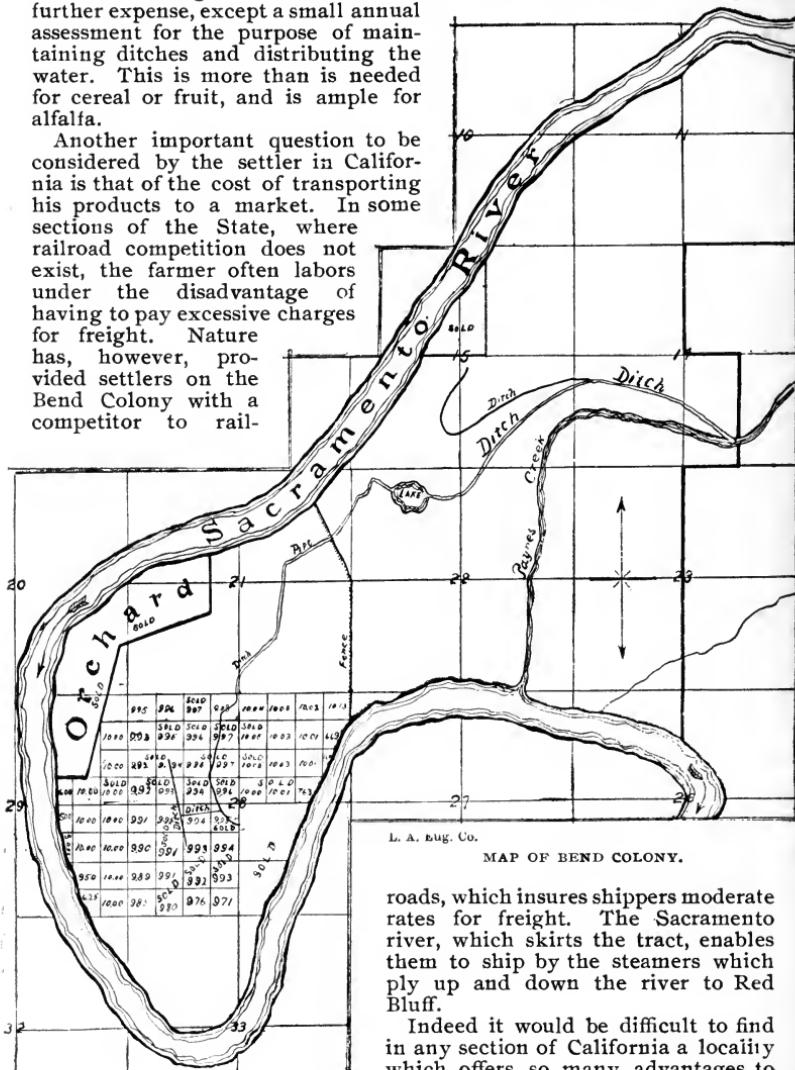
to the picturesqueness of the tract, giving it a park-like appearance, but also furnishes the settler with all the fuel needed.

Growing side by side, on this colony may be seen orange, peach, pear, citron and other trees, all flourishing without any artificial protection during the winter. The land is specially adapted to the growth of walnuts, almonds, figs, prunes, peaches and grapes, while on the more elevated portions of the tract extra choice apples are raised. The orange and olive thrive here in the foothills as well as in any other section of the State. As to general agriculture, there is no choicer region in California, or one where that great forage crop, alfalfa, succeeds so well. From four to six cuttings of alfalfa are made every season.

Water is king in California, and the first question asked by judicious purchasers of land in this State is as to the water supply for irrigation, by means of which the capacity of the land may be doubled or trebled. In this respect no tract in California has better natural advantages. Nor have these advantages been neglected, for Messrs. McCollough & Brokaw, the enterprising promoters of this colony, have provided the most modern irrigation system in vogue, and the only one thoroughly up-to-date in the northern portion of the State.

The value of an abundant supply of water may be judged from the statement that in Southern California water is worth from \$600 to \$1000 per inch, an inch being generally considered sufficient for ten acres of land. In the Bend Colony two inches of water are given with each ten acres, the settler being thus absolute owner of land and water, there being no further expense, except a small annual assessment for the purpose of maintaining ditches and distributing the water. This is more than is needed for cereal or fruit, and is ample for alfalfa.

Another important question to be considered by the settler in California is that of the cost of transporting his products to a market. In some sections of the State, where railroad competition does not exist, the farmer often labors under the disadvantage of having to pay excessive charges for freight. Nature has, however, provided settlers on the Bend Colony with a competitor to rail-



L. A. Bug. Co.

MAP OF BEND COLONY.

roads, which insures shippers moderate rates for freight. The Sacramento river, which skirts the tract, enables them to ship by the steamers which ply up and down the river to Red Bluff.

Indeed it would be difficult to find in any section of California a locality which offers so many advantages to

the industrious settler at prices so low as that asked for land in this colony. Concerning these the reader will find further information on the eighth from the last page of this issue, while the names of settlers now on the tract can be secured for reference.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

### Glendora.

Many readers of the description of Glendora in this issue will naturally be possessed of a desire for a home in so charming and profitable a locality. They will therefore be pleased to learn that "Kregmont," one of the most lovely ranches pictured in the article, is for sale, as the owner, Mr. C. E. Kregelo, of the prominent firm of undertakers, Kregelo & Bresee, S. Broadway, Los Angeles, is compelled by his business interests to live in the city. The ranch comprises 46 acres, has 3 reservoirs, 3,000 orange, lemon and apricot trees, besides a sufficient variety of fruits for family use. Mr. Kregelo owns his own water-right, while the ranch is already on a paying basis, and growing more profitable. Intending settlers are advised to put themselves into correspondence with Mr. Kregelo.

### A Correction.

The musical appurtenances of the composer who made L. Fletcher Clark's July advertisement in this magazine read *Fine Running Pianos* must be limited to a sewing machine; but what of the one who manipulated the correction for August so that it read *Fine Tuning* instead of *Fine Renting Pianos*? The advertisement correctly appears at the top of the last page of this issue, and readers who will call at 111 N. Spring St. will certainly find that L. Fletcher Clark has fine pianos, and that they will not "run" at first sight, but are "stayers" when rented.

### Street Railway Competition.

The western portion of Los Angeles will soon have increased street railway transportation, when Westlake Park will be the most conveniently reached park in the city. The Traction Company, which has already given Los Angeles the most comfortable and most rapid street railway service, has begun work in earnest on its western division, and expects to have it in operation to Westlake and beyond to the Baptist College by the first of October, 1897. One has only to know of the record already established by Manager W. S. Hook to be assured that the western extension will be up-to-date in every respect.

### A Place to Eat.

Those who have not visited Al Levy's recently enlarged quarters are advised to learn the error of their ways by inspecting the illustrated description of that modern café in this issue of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Levy has had the services of no less architect than Mr. Neisser, Byrne Building, Los Angeles, in the planning of the whole, and it will be recognized that the same must be both practical and beautiful.

### Musical.

The musical festival at Ocean Park, Santa Monica, on August 11, 12, 13 and 14, under direction of C. S. Cornell, was well attended and proved an enjoyable affair. The advertised orchestra of 25 pieces was composed of only 6 of our best local musicians. The chorus was large and well drilled, and appeared to advantage.

### Value of Irrigation.

The presentation in this issue of the Bend Colony as a "promising locality," furnishes a sample of intelligent colonization. While there may be portions of the year when in Tehama county irrigation may not be required, there are times when irrigation is imperative, and means the success instead of failure of a hard year's work. By establishing in the Bend Tract the most complete and up-to-date irrigation facilities, Messrs. McCollough & Brokaw have given insurance against failure and the key to success in the horticultural line.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### An Education Free.

This magazine now offers the most liberal premium ever given by any publication in the West. No trashy jewelry or rejected merchandise, but a sound, sensible, practical education for two young people who have the energy and brains to deserve it. To the two boys or girls, young men or young women, who send in before Dec., 1897, the largest list of subscribers to the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* we will give a half year's free scholarship each in the famous Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena.

You do not lose your work anyway; for if you fail to get one of the scholarships we will pay you a cash commission of 25 per cent on all subscriptions secured. This is a rare chance for wide-awake young Californians. 501 Stimson Building.

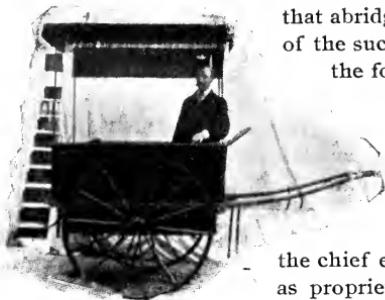
## BIG THINGS FROM LITTLE.

**T**It was only a lunch-cart, very similar to the tamale carts still in evidence in Los Angeles, but the rays of light from this particular cart which struggled through the dense fog of that summer's night in 1894 seemed, as I emerged from the opera, to be the only redeeming feature of the street. It may have been the impression thus made which has since held my interest in the proprietor of that abridged and portable café, but all who are cognizant of the successful business career of Al Levy know that the foundation of it all was that self-same old cart.

The old cart in which he braved unseasonable hours and weather in the determination to turn an honest dollar, the old cart of which, now that he occupies a seventy-foot brick frontage, he is still not ashamed. It is, perhaps, this latter trait which has been one of the chief elements of Mr. Levy's success. For, whether as proprietor of that ancient 4x6 foot space on wheels, or the subsequent narrow oyster-cocktail counter on Third street, or of his present twenty compartments covering 560 feet of floor space, there has been no detail of which he is not master from experience.

Besides 12, 7x8 private dining-rooms, a 20x40 ft. gentlemen's dining-room, a modern appointed saloon and the range, sales and office apartments, the recently enlarged quarters possess a ladies' café which would be a credit to any city. The latter can be entered by passageways from the general rooms or directly from Third street, through the outer and inner plate-glass swinging doors of the ladies' entrance which opens into a beautiful and secluded reception room.

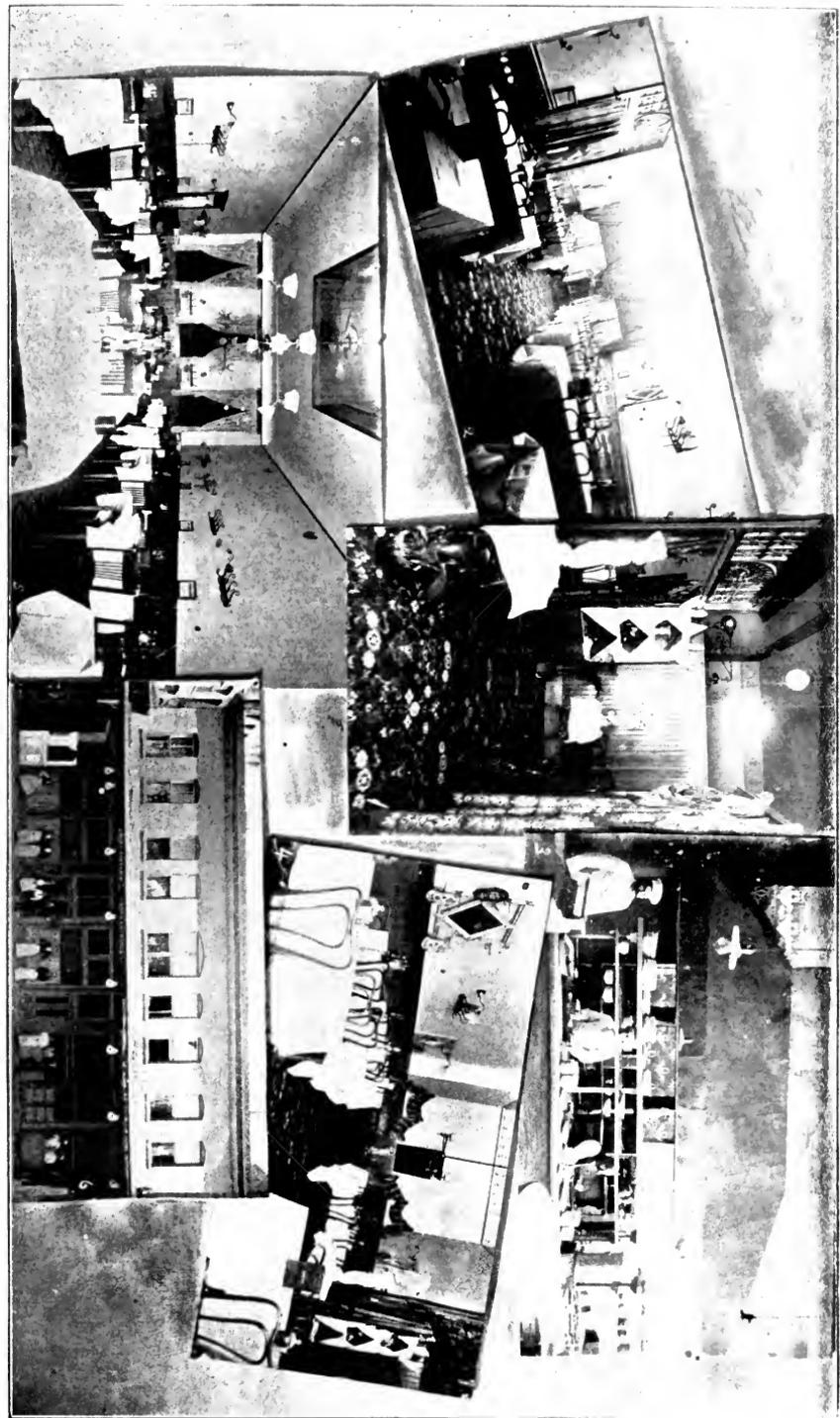
Western people admire hustle and first class service, and instead of waiting for something to turn up, Mr. Levy has both created and met popular demand in his line, hence his success. "Nothing succeeds like success," and since the recent opening of the larger and more elegant quarters pictured on the opposite page, "Al Levy's" is fast becoming the most popular ladies' and gentlemen's Oyster and Fish Café in Los Angeles, as it already is the most extensive and well furnished quarters of the kind on the Pacific Coast.



His Start in Business.



His Place of Business, 1895.



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1—Reception Room to Ladies' and Gentlemen's Café. 2 and 4—Looking south and north in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Café. 3—A corner of the Sales and Range Room. 5—Gentlemen's Dining Room. 6—Frontage.

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#### YOU ARE INTERESTED.

Merchants and Manufacturers Association.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 24, 1897.  
"LAND OF SUNSHINE PUBLISHING CO.,  
City.

DEAR SIRS: I take pleasure in informing you that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Los Angeles, held last evening, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The supply of authentic literature concerning this locality for free distribution in the East is wholly inadequate at a time when there is an increased demand for the same, and

Whereas, THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, which is recognized throughout the East

as an authentic and intelligent representative of this section, proposes to publish in each of its coming twelve issues, an illustrated description of some leading feature of this city and county for circulation in the Eastern States, be it

Resolved, That the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Los Angeles does hereby heartily commend the proposed undertaking, and agrees to circulate with especial care, and with a view of accomplishing the most good for this locality, such copies of THE LAND OF SUNSHINE as yearly subscribers do not find it convenient to personally send East. Yours truly,

T. J. ZEEHANDELAAR, Secretary."

"Chamber of Commerce.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 19, 1897.

Copy of Resolution passed at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce, held Wednesday, August 18th, 1897:

Whereas, The return of the Christian Endeavor delegates to their homes has increased throughout the East the demand for representative literature concerning this locality; and

Whereas, THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, an established magazine of first-class literary merit and high standing at home and abroad, proposes \* \* \* \* \* be it

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles does hereby heartily commend the proposed undertaking, and agrees to circulate such copies of the LAND OF SUNSHINE as yearly subscribers do not find convenient to personally send East.

I hereby certify that the above is a true and exact copy of the resolution passed.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto affixed my hand and the seal of the corporation.

J. S. SLAUSON,  
Vice-President.  
Attest: FRANK WIGGINS,  
Secretary."

In consideration of the fact that the LAND OF SUNSHINE, the regular features of which are a credit to this locality, guarantees, in addition to the same, to publish in each of its coming twelve issues some such leading feature of this city and county as Climate, Schools, Parks, Home Products, etc., etc., the same to be electrotyped and saved for use at the 1898 Omaha International Exhibition, we the undersigned hereby subscribe \$..... for..... yearly subscriptions, beginning October, 1897, for Eastern distribution by ourselves, the Chamber of Commerce, or the Merchants and Manufacturers Association.

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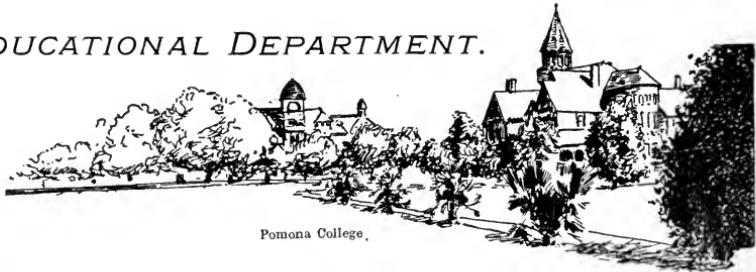
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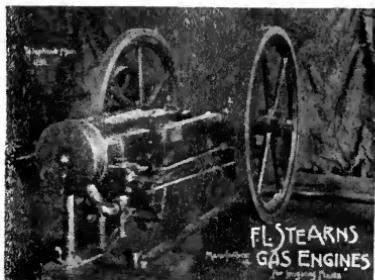
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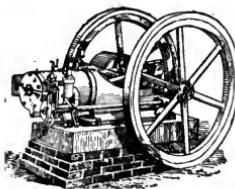
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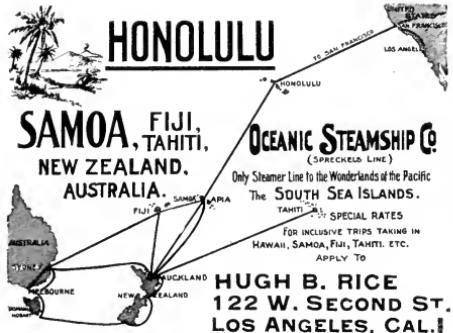
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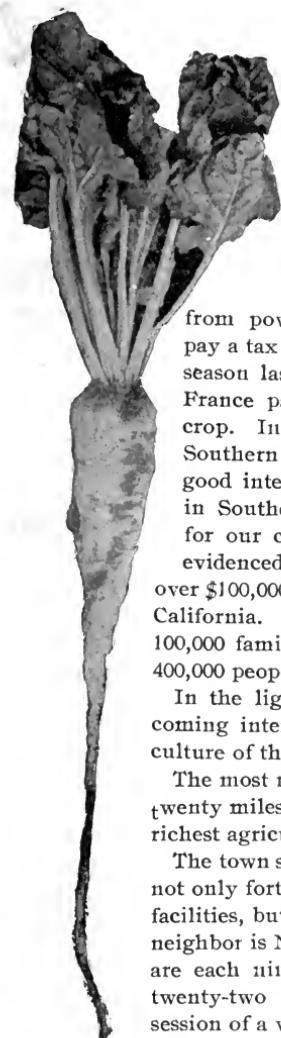
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**L**AND that is suitable for the successful culture of fruits that bring good prices in the market costs a considerable amount of money. The trees also cost money, and then the orchardist has to wait from three to five years before he can expect any return. On the other hand, Southern California is worthy a more valuable crop than grain. To the capitalist and the industrious person of small means alike, the sugar beet therefore offers possibilities of which few who have not investigated have any conception. In Denmark the sugar farmers have risen from poverty to affluence, though the manufacturers have to pay a tax of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  cents on every pound, while the sugar making season lasts only 100 days as against 4 to 6 months in California. France paid its enormous debt to Germany with its sugar beet crop. In Belgium good sugar beet land brings twice as much as Southern California's highest priced orange land, because it pays good interest on that figure. Sugar beet land can be purchased in Southern California at one-third that rate. That the demand for our crop is not likely to be exceeded by the production, is evidenced by the fact that the United States sends abroad annually over \$100,000,000 for sugar. All this sugar might easily be raised in California. This would give an income of \$1000 a year each to 100,000 families, or employment in the field and factory to over 400,000 people.

In the light of these facts it is not strange that capital is becoming interested in this field, large tracts being laid out for the culture of the beet, and sugar factories erected.

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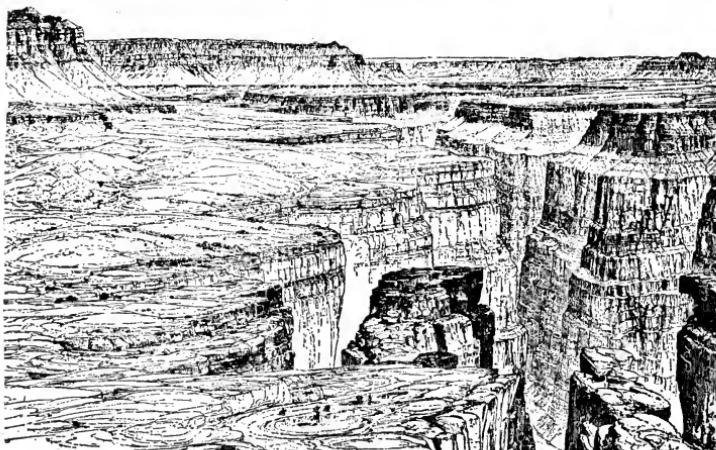
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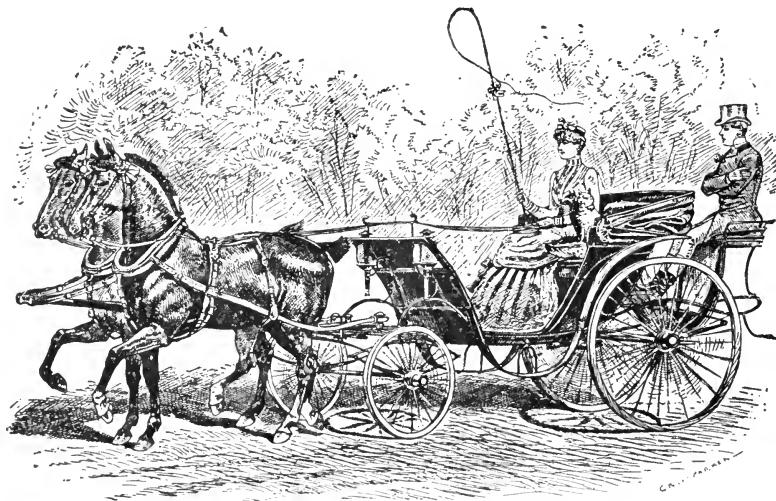


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UNIVERSITY

Vol. VII, No. 5

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# SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF  
CALIFORNIA AND THE  
SOUTHWEST

EDITED BY

CHAS. F. LUMMIS

## LOS ANGELES.

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J.48

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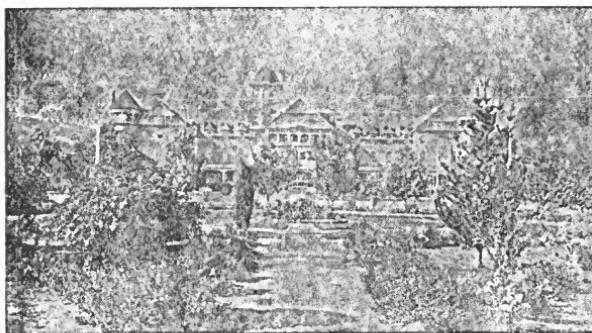
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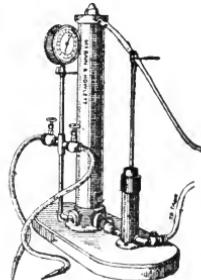


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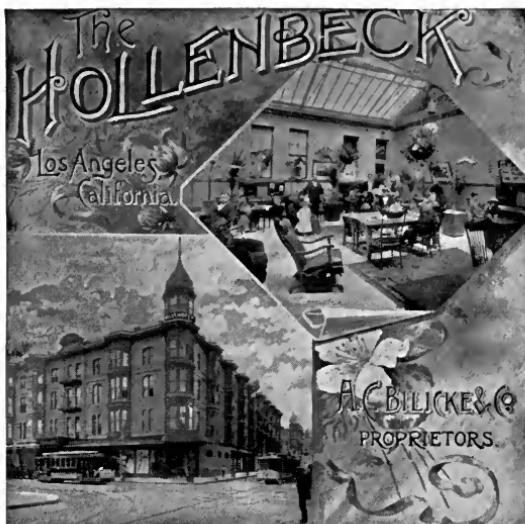
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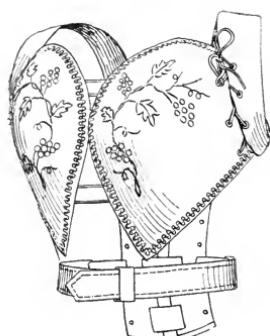
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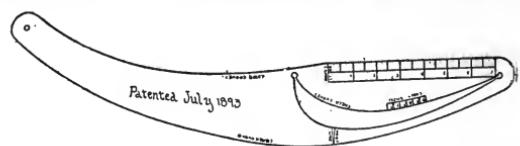
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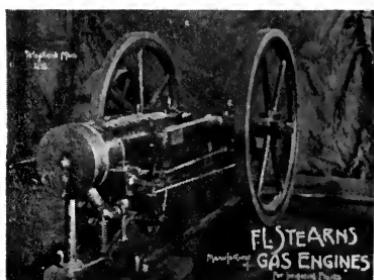
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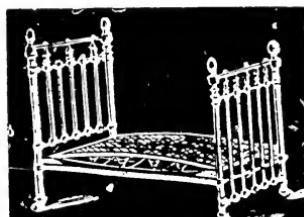
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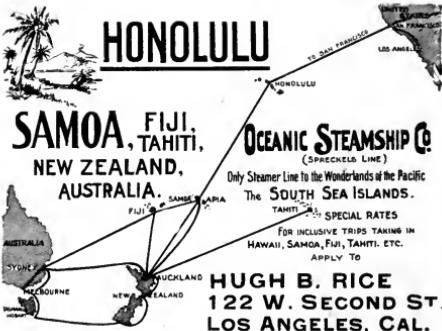
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Photo, by Scott.

THE TORTILLA-MAKER.

L. A. Eng. Co.



THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, NO. 5

LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER, 1897.

'48 AND '98.

BY JUAN DEL RIO.

HOW far back the first gold-rush seems! How times have changed for California and for the world since (and partly because) the accidental Marshall picked up a yellow pebble in the race of Sutter's Mill! It not only caused a shifting of population the like of which was never before witnessed, but it made a structural difference in the whole United States. In history, what the gold-fever of 1848-1853 did for California will probably look small beside its influence upon the country at large. It made fortunes faster than men had ever made them before, it changed the balance of the money-markets of the world, it probably (as someone has said) "enabled the Union," as a broad and permanent structure. There is much likelihood that but for this unprecedented craze, the enormous migrations it caused, and its direct political effects, the United States today would be pinched by other nations on three sides, would lack altogether the vast West which statesmen foresee is to be its strength, and instead of a nation stretching from sea to sea would still be a nest of Eastern colonies, terminating not further west, certainly, than the Rio Grande. It is true that the quickwitted Pathfinder seized California for us before gold was known to be there; but it is not at all sure that we should have cared much to hold on to a possession so far off, so troublesome and so worthless as the vast majority of Easterners believed this to be, if the golden discovery had not come just in time to prove Benton and Frémont our best prophets.

What that great rush was, how it came by toilsome paths, how it lived and delved and made rude law, has been told a thousand times. Bayard Taylor was one of the first well-equipped chroniclers of it; and some of the less literary men who were deeper in it wrote interesting books. The whole East was crazy over the placers. The books and newspapers, the politics and the popular songs of the day were all full



From Colton's "Three Years in California."  
BOUND FOR THE DIGGINGS IN '49.

of California. Anyone who goes back over those musty and dog-eared files is impressed that nothing since, with the one exception of the civil war, so took hold upon the American people.

One of the best accounts of the gold days is contained in the *History of California*, by Theodore H. Hittell, just issued. Mr. Hittell speaks with authority, and his picture of the times is temperate, accurate and withal wonderfully interesting.

There have been in history only two gold-rushes of the first magnitude — California and Australia (the latter in 1851, and directly caused by the California affair). It would be curious indeed if, after so long an interim, the fulfillment of an even half-century should bring us upon the third colossal stampede. 1848 — 1898 — an even fifty years! May gold-fevers run by cycles, as Humboldt observes that yellow fever does?



From Colton's "Three Years in California."  
THE ARGONAUTS OF '49.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE CHILKOOT PASS.

many other wild-goose chases brought suffering to thousands of the early argonauts; and probably there has not been a year since which has not witnessed some such disappointment. It is only a few weeks since a coldblooded attempt to "fake up" a gold rush to Peru was nipped in the bud—chiefly by the common-sense of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The average man of prudence is by now wary of "mining excitements." It takes a good deal of "promoting" to gain his ear at all; and he does not "bank" much on the newspaper stories. It is only when the bullion from the "World-Beater District" begins to arrive at the mint that he gives serious attention.

It was this forceful logic which accounts for the severity of the Klondike craze. Not merely stories, but buckskin bags stuffed with nuggets and "dust" began to dribble down from Alaska. San Francisco, before cold, caught fire at once. The hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth

Maybe so, maybe not so. But in the light of the present there are unlikelier things. Certainly there are astonishing indications of great new "finds;" and as this magazine has pointed out, the country was never before in so good appetite for something of the sort. Hard times in the East had much to do with the size of the rush in '49 and '50—its biggest years—but they were nothing like the hard times the country knows now.

There have been, for nearly half a century, too, fake rushes. Fraser river and Kern river and



THE "EXCELSIOR," SAILING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

L. A. Eng. Co.

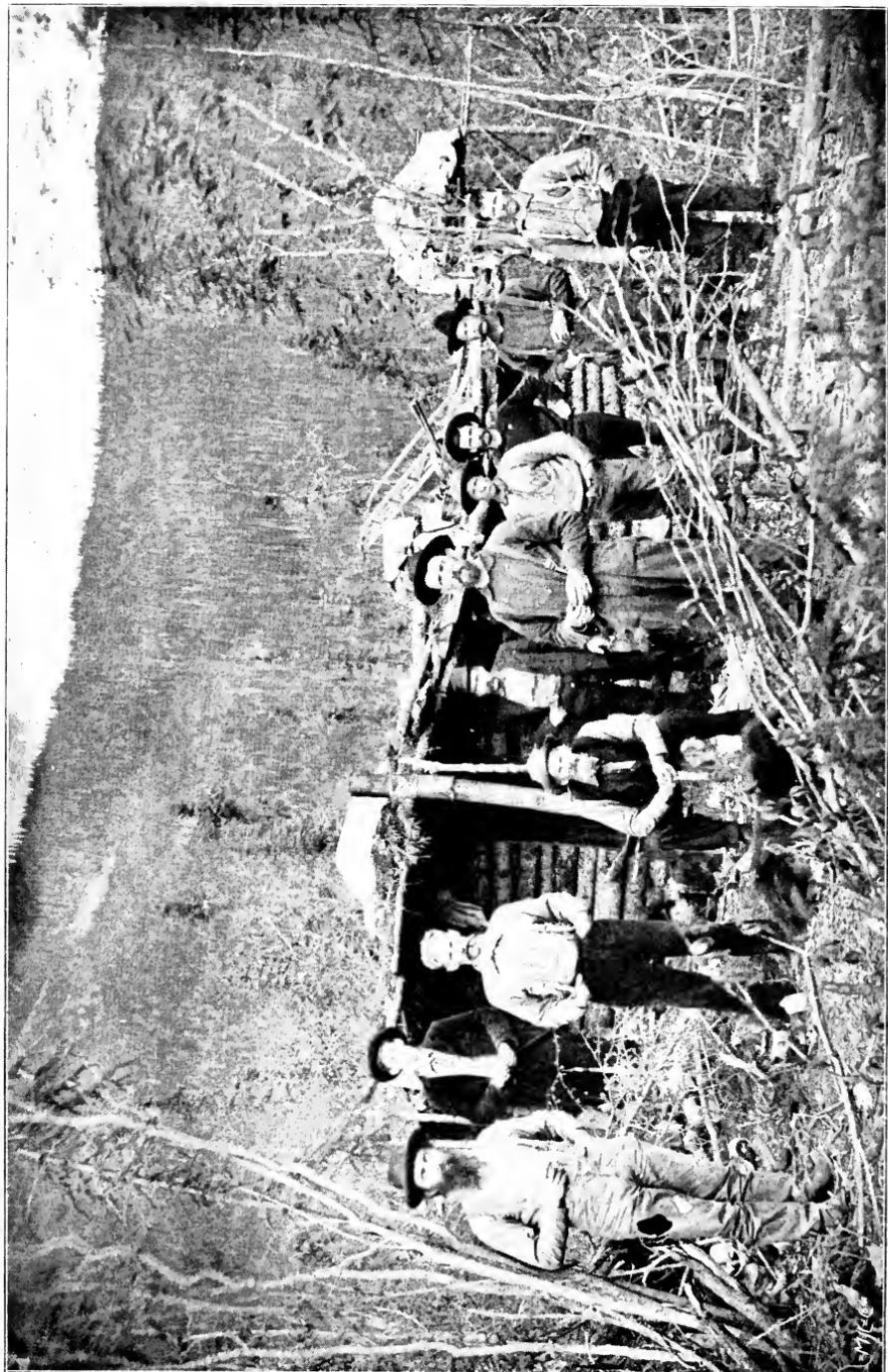
Photo, by Weidner.



KLONDIKERS STARTING FROM JUNEAU

of yellow that were exhibited by returned miners at their hotels, the reduction works and (after it reopened) the U. S. Mint, started a perfect conflagration of excitement. There have been other absorbing topics in the history of the Golden Gate; but probably not in a generation had San Francisco witnessed anything quite like the scenes which attended the sailing of the first steamers north after the spread of the news from the Klondike. The regular boats were jammed, and tickets at a big premium. Sudden enterprises sprung up, parasites on the body of this new hope. All sorts of craft (including many crazy hulks) were chartered; and every business block in the city, I should say, showed Klondike outfits of one sort or another. The magic word was on every tongue. In the very few weeks before it would be too late to attempt





A CAMP ON THE KLONDIKE.



L. A. Eng. Co.

HUPP'S MINE, ON THE TRINITY.

Photo. by Loyal L. Wirt.

an arctic winter, some 3000 people started for the Yukon. It was reminiscent of old days to see how many men and women started on this trip of hardship and danger who would really not be fit to get across their own city without a street car; and how curiously they were equipped and how ill accommodated. A phonograph aboard one of those crowded steamers, where people were bunched up like sardines, would earn a large rent on its return—if the profanity could be eliminated.

The expected has of course happened. Hardship, suffering and dis-



L. A. Eng. Co.

TRINITY RIVER, NEAR TRINITY CENTER

Photo. by Loyal L. Wirt.



Mansard & Collier Eng. Co.

STEAMER P. B. WEARE FROZEN UP ON THE YUKON.

Photo by Sather, Yukon.



Mausard Collier Eng. Co. **HYDRAULIC MINING IN CALIFORNIA.** Photo, by Loyal L. Wirt.  
A "Monitor" at work.

appointment are already doing their work among the thousands, mostly unfit for such experiences, who are landed on the Alaskan coast. Now they flounder in summer mud; in a few weeks more they will be face to face with an arctic winter.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. **IN CIRCLE CITY, ALASKA.**

Photo, by Sather, Yukon

But in the spring, when the Yukon opens again, and if the golden stories hold out, there will be a tremendous rush to the Klondike; and it is not at all impossible that the fever of '48 may be quite outdone.

Those come off cheaply who in the meantime were fooled into the Trinity rush. Up among the hills of that rich county the Graves brothers found in July a pocket containing about \$40,000 in gold; and when they brought it to San Francisco it started a little stampede to old Trinity. The stampedes were mostly disappointed. Up in Trinity there are no nuggets on the bushes. You have to work for gold there, strange to say. But people do not freeze to death nor starve up there; and a good many who walked back are that much ahead, though not all grateful. They might have been stalled on the Chilkoot.

There is no question that the gold of California has hardly been tithed as yet, though it is not so easy to pick up a fortune as it was half a century ago. But the gold is there for those willing to work for it; and these outer excitements always increase the activity of the home mines, so that the Klondike may not only populate its own inhospitable valleys, but so spur the mines of California that the year of '98 shall eclipse the wonders of fifty years ago.

### A HUNDRED YEARS.

**T**HE Mission of San Fernando, Rey de España, was 100 years old on the 8th of September. On the 9th (the legal holiday which marks the admission of California to the Union) nearly 300 of the best-known people of Los Angeles went up to celebrate the event. By the courtesy of the Southern Pacific R. R. a special train was furnished the party, leaving the city at 3 p. m.

An excursion of about 100 had been expected by the directors, and therefore by the Fernando people who had volunteered to welcome it. Most towns might have been swamped by such an invasion at an hour's notice; but the spirited Americans who are filling the superb valley of San Fernando rose to the occasion. They met the invaders at the train with a genuine Western welcome, with a mounted escort of aborigines pro tem., and carriages for transport to the Mission, a mile and a half west.

It was a crowd permeated with California sunshine and good humor,





L. A. Eng. Co.

THE CENTENNIAL OF SAN FERNANDO.  
Compare this with p. 152, September number. Two months ago the half-acre of tile roof was in ruins. Now, as the photograph shows, it is perfectly repaired.

and the day was memorable. At the Mission the visitors were delighted to see that the Landmarks Club (which has a long lease and is raising money for repairs) had already put on new the half-acre tile roof of the monastery. Two months ago one could almost run a train through any one of the many holes in that roof; but now the covering (upheld on a solid structure of Oregon pine) is complete and will last for another hundred years at least.

The visitors rambled about the noble ruins, saw what has been done for the monastery already, and what must be done (before this winter's rains) for the old church and the connecting line of buildings. All were enthusiastic. Probably not one-fifth of the party had before seen these impressive landmarks, nor had realized how impossible it is that civilized people should permit these beautiful monuments to be obliterated.

Then the multitude was entertained in the magnificent cloisters by the Fernando people, with a hospitality that took the breath away. Barbecued pigs and sheep, and a lunch as delicious as generous, stayed the pangs of hunger.

After the *al fresco* repast, brief exercises were held. A short address was made by Chas. F. Lummis, president of the Landmarks Club, followed by stirring speeches from Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey; Col. Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*; and Chas. Dwight Willard, editor of the Los Angeles *Evening Express*. Mrs. Eliza A. Otis read a poem of deep feeling which she had written for the occasion by request; and with three cheers for the indomitable and cordial San Fernandans the excursionists rolled back homeward.

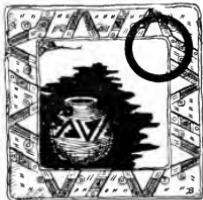
The directors have decided that every year hereafter the Landmarks Club shall celebrate the birthdays of its two Missions (San Fernando, Sept. 8 and San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1), by excursions, barbecues and brief literary exercises. The hundredth anniversary of San Luis Rey, June 13, 1898, is the last Mission centennial the present members will live to cele-

brate; but the San Fernando experience has aroused so keen an interest in the Club's work that hereafter there will be no doubt as to the broad success of the Club, nor as to the popularity of its excursions. A more representative party of its size never left Los Angeles on any outing, and none ever returned in better spirits.

See page 204.

## \* OUR SUMMER ISLES.

BY J. R. BRITTON.



VER from San Pedro harbor our cruise was uneventful until, after night, a dawn, another night and another dawn, Santa Barbara Island hove in sight. Abruptly there was a snort behind us, sounding like the ripping up of a plank from a floor. The slick, dirty brown back of a whale showed itself not 50 yards to windward. He dove straight toward us, but our captain assured us that he would neither board, upset nor swallow us.

Santa Barbara Island measures, north and south, some two miles. It is scarcely half that distance across. A few miles off it resembles the tip of a camel's back. Upon the higher hump stands the decaying beacon of the U. S. Coast Survey.

Anchoring a few hundred yards off the east coast, we landed on a narrow shelf on the rocks where a crayfisherman has built a hut of lath and canvas.

On another shelf across a deep chasm are a wooden trough and trying-pot of cemented stone about which hangs an odor of seal oil, for within a decade Santa Barbara Island has been a favorite sealing place. The cows and pups lived here and the bulls came down from the north in the autumn to remain until spring. The sealers shot the bulls in the water with rifles. At low tides the pups were clubbed in the ocean caves.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE OSPREY AND HER NEST.

Photo, by Fred Wilder.

Finally the hunters began killing the cows; and as a result the animals are now so nearly exterminated that the industry is practically abandoned.

North of our camp a stone's throw the tireless breakers have gnawed a hole in the rock the size of a house. Farther back is a smaller chamber whose mouth is visible as the swell recedes. Into it the water gurgles, to be cast out with a gasp and explosion that discharges spray, smoke-fine, with terrific force.

As we rowed just outside scores of "woollies," eddies and whirlpools along a bit of the most rugged of coast, other wonders unfolded. An arch large enough for a fishing schooner to pass through is tunneled under the extreme northeast point and the water moans and splashes through it. Here just off the rocks and within a circle of kelp that breaks the swell, fathoms down the blue-gray cement-like bottom gleams through luxuriant shells and corallines of all colors of the rainbow. A yellow-crimson "garibaldi's" every movement can be minutely observed, so crystal clear is the water. There are hundreds of these fish and larger ones, seemingly floating



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. **ON SAN CLEMENTE.** Photo. by Fred Wilder.

the waters have long ago receded. Scores of long-necked cormorants have built their nests of mud on high. Farther in, red-footed guillemots whiz out. Lighted matches discover their eggs carelessly laid under huge boulders which from time to time have crumbled from the sides of the cave. Fresh water drips from the roof—the only fresh water on the island.

Westward along the coast, vistaed through arches side by side like the barrels of a gun, gleam bits of ocean. The extreme northwest point is honey-combed. There are wells, caverns and windows in fantastic confusion, some opening to the sky, others to the water. They are blow-holes formed by high seas.

in a vacuum above which the skiff is suspended.

Around a bend the water pours into a cavern thirty feet from arch to base. It has two distinct chambers. Well above the ocean a shelf extends inward, evidently designating the one-time course of the ocean, whence

Inland, hundreds of screaming gulls poise overhead. Along the bluff, in the wet ice-plant, their nests, scooped out of the ground, contain big green spotted eggs, as edible as hens' eggs. Scattered about are skulls and hoofs of sheep put on the island as a business venture some years ago. For a time they thrived; but a dry year came, the grass withered, and visiting fishermen found the poor brutes too weak from starvation to stand. Many died and the remainder were removed.

In a field of malva weed hundreds of burrows contain auklets sitting upon their single white eggs. Numerous little cañons over the hill to the east are luxuriant with cactus and a peculiar inverted umbrella-shaped plant of unknown identity. It grows in some cases to a height of ten feet with a stock four inches through, having an odor and taste like parsnip.

After a week's stay on Santa Barbara we left for San Nicolás. This



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

EXCAVATING IN THE CAVES.

Photo. by Fred Wilder.

island is about nine miles long, east and west, and four miles north and south. It is the farthest out of the group, being about sixty miles from the nearest mainland. Landing here is safer than at Santa Barbara because San Nicolás is well provided with beaches. Our party landed on the east coast where are shanties and corrals inhabited by sheep-men and horses during shearing time. Troughs on the roofs conduct water to a stone cistern.

Along the shore are innumerable shell heaps, some of them half an acre in extent. Among the abalone, limpet, mussel and other shells are stone mortars, pestles and sinkers, bone and asphaltum whistles, portions of the skeletons of whales and the like—the debris of living of an extinct people. These people were found in full prosperity by Cabrillo in 1542. Seal-skins stretched over whalebone sheltered them, and canoes or rafts of rushes carried them between other islands and the mainland.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

TIDAL EROSION.

Photo, by Fred Wilder.

Early in this century Russian traders placed Innuits with the San Nicolás Indians for the purposes of barter, the Russians coming from Alaska at intervals to remove the seal and other furs secured by their subordinates. Later the Innuits massacred many of the native males and abandoned the women and children after stealing what of value they could find. In 1835 the Franciscan fathers from the main coast carried away the women and children to christianize them. As the boats departed a woman sprang ashore for her baby which had been overlooked. Eighteen years later she was found among the bleaching ruins of her race and taken to Santa Barbara Mission where she soon died, the last of her tribe. Her child was supposed to have been devoured by wild dogs formerly belonging to the natives. The dogs are now extinct.

There were trees on the island at the time of its occupancy, but fire, sheep, changes of winds and currents have since made of San Nicolás a waste of sand, cactus, buckthorn and ice plants, with only here and there patches of fertile soil. Back from the sea miniature mountains and cañons and slabby amphitheatres rise tier on tier to the bluffs and plateau where a small flock of sheep finds fairly good pasturage. One circular cañon, hundreds of feet deep, and a half mile across, contains a thousand symmetrical little peaks of sky-blue slate set off exquisitely by a scattered growth of green, red and golden grasses, and silhouetted against a clear snowy background of smooth sand, blown over by biting winds from the west coast.

Over the bluff, acres of red pebble-rock are swept clear of dirt and sand. A short distance farther the surface for miles is as smooth and white as snow. The one time "Coral harbor" on the northwest coast has been literally filled in by this shifting whiteness. A Chinese abalone-hunter's cabin is buried to the eaves. As we floundered along we came upon a strange spectacle. Upon the side of a knoll two miles from the coast a score of whitened human skulls and skeletons lay in the sand, uncovered by the ghoulish wind. A little scraping about revealed other

remains, for this was a burial ground. In each case the skeletons had been disarranged by the elements, but in nearly every case all the bones could be found in fairly good condition, owing to the dryness of the soil. Often the skeleton was perfect, though as often there was a hole through the temporal bone, made perhaps by an Inuit weapon. No relics were found with the remains to indicate that the slightest ceremony accompanied their interment. Indeed the bones may never have been covered at all save when the sand sifted over them. Doubtless for years to come these human remains will be at intervals revealed by the wind until relic-hunters have removed the last yellowing knee-cap and tooth. In the meantime seals bark, sea-birds scream, and nomadic abalone-hunters and shepherds come and go, leaving traces of their camps along the sea-shore.

San Clemente, the largest and most fertile of the Santa Barbaras, saving Santa Catalina, has human habitations at two points. The island is about 21 miles long and half that wide. We made an easy landing in the breakers at Smugglers' Cove near the south point.

Some vessels, it is said, have brought opium during past years and landed it here. Unscrupulous coast fishermen were paid to convey the smuggled goods to a convenient port. The customs officers did not examine the fishermen, while a large foreign vessel would have been carefully overhauled. This practice was responsible for the name, "Smugglers' Cove."

At this point in the crescent-shaped dip some square miles in area and surrounded by high cliffs and the sea, a wind-mill, tank, troughs, and automatic pump supply water for sheep and cattle scattered over a greater portion of the island. Near by, high seas deposit shallow tide pools in the mouth of wooded cañons which a half mile inland narrow to rocky crevices. Here water stands in natural tanks the year round. Ravens and small birds come here to drink.

High up along the bluff the gradual disintegration forms shallow rock shelters, in some instances large enough to house a hundred sheep. In many of these caves are signs of aboriginal inhabitants—here and there a fragment of mortar or pestle, a doughnut-shaped net sinker, shells, bits of woven eel-grass rope, whistles, pipes, eel-grass sacks, and bird bones tied with string in the shape of scissors. Some skeletons and dried bits of hair and flesh of dogs have been found buried in bags of woven eel-grass.

It is said that about twenty years ago a shepherd brought over three brown goats which he kept corralled up to a day when he returned to Los Angeles and indulged in a long spree. When he returned the goats had broken loose and departed. Today flocks of wild brown goats roam over the island, but never a white one is found. There are foxes, too, light brown, yellow and gray, cunning little fellows who form a distinct species. The many common birds found differ from those of the mainland in features significant only to experts. In addition to many varieties of small shrubs there are wild cherry trees from ten to twenty feet in height whose fruit is said to be pleasing to the taste.

On the east coast, a few miles north of Smugglers' Cove, lies Mosquito Harbor, the home of San Clemente's hermit, Aleck O'Leary. He is a tall, polite, middle-aged Irishman who has lived here three or four years. His companions are a sky-terrier, two goats and a kitten.

Mosquito Harbor, 300 or 400 yards in circumference, is protected by a circle of kelp which breaks the swells well off shore. On a tongue of land on the north side of the harbor stands O'Leary's comfortably-fitted cabin of boards and shingles with its hard dry floor of pulverized stone. A cañon, cut 100 feet deep in the solid rock, extends upward and backward in a series of falls and basins, which latter contain water. Along the shore the sea has all the crystalline beauty of Santa Barbara's waters.

Overhead an osprey screams, and its huge nest of sticks may be seen cresting a needle of rock, just off the coast. There are ocean caves here, too, into which the sea surges and booms. It is all weird and delightful and you understand why the solemn Irishman never leaves the spot save at rare intervals, when he rigs his tiny skiff with a sail of flour-sacks and rows and blows to the mainland nearly fifty miles away.

Pasadena, Cal.

## THE ORTIZ JEWELS.

BY EDITH WAGNER.



HE heart of Porfirio was hot within him. 'Chona—he ground his teeth as he saw her—'Chona was coming down San Juan street from mass. And it was only last night, at the *cascarón* ball, that her perfidy was discovered.

A dog of a barber, and an American! That he was barber out at the grand new Hotel del Monte mattered not to Porfirio. Enough that he was a barber—and an American. Porfirio remembered too well the effect of his remonstrance with 'Chona. It was in a moment when she was not dancing like mad—for 'Chona was a belle. More eggshells than she could count had been broken upon her head, and her ink-black braids were fairly crusted with the red and gold and green tinsel. But Porfirio had spoken to her kindly. *Oiga*, she must not dance again with that pig and posterity of pigs. And 'Chona had merely smiled and shrugged, lifting to her lap one of her heavy braids from where it trailed a foot on the floor. Even as he talked, the band struck up a swinging Mexican air, and the barber came up to claim 'Chona for the dance. Porfirio threw his hat on the floor. "By dam! I keel him now!" he burst forth in English, for the barber's benefit. "Yes, you kill him now before you forget," mocked 'Chona, who knew her Porfirio well—and off they whirled. Doubtless she had danced with this beast the rest of the evening. At any rate, Porfirio had come away; and now, today, he sat on the edge of the wharf, looking down at the restful green depths and then over yonder to that trim figure picking its dainty way along the broken and gullied street. 'Chona had round, olive cheeks, great velvet eyes, a soft red mouth, and braids of jet hair that hung below her knees. There were those who said it was coarse. *Dios mio!* Can one have everything?

She was not going back to the house of Señorita Ortiz till evening. Her way led now to her own home, a little old adobe near the beach. There with the mother and the old grandmother she would sit upon the adobe floor all day, chattering in soft Spanish of what had been and what was to be, and she did not even once look toward the wharf.

A February evening in Monterey is usually chilly, though too soon for the fogs; but tonight was soft to the cheek as a bat's wing. 'Chona, flitting across the plaza toward her employer's house, was startled by a

touch upon her shoulder. It was Mr. Badgers, the barber, on noiseless feet—but not more noiseless than Porfirio's a little way behind.

The barber's little black moustache was waxed, his hair was parted almost between his brows; and about him hung that wonderful perfume which is native to barber-shops. On his little white hands were gloves—and 'Chona sighed rapturously. Who in Monterey wore gloves? It was true that Vicente Machado had a white cotton pair; but they were for funerals. *These* were beautiful—such as the grand ladies wore who drove over from the Del Monte.

In the plaza, surrounded by heavy syringas and laurestina, was a well-worn bench. There the two found a seat; and not far away Porfirio took shelter behind a flowering shrub.

'Chona was telling "Meester Bachois" of the glories of the Señorita's jewels. "The Señorita Ortiz—rich? Well do I believe it! A chest, so big, full with diamonds and pearls and the lofely red and green stones."

Mr. Badgers could not be impolite if he tried. A little question, at least to show interest. "Isn't she afraid she will be robbed?"

But 'Chona scorned the idea. "None of us would," she said conclusively. "And as for the Americans, they cannot know where she keep thees chest—it ees of a *smart* place she haf it hid."

Mr. Badgers amiably ignored the chance to feel hurt; but he doubted if Miss 'Chona knew this "smart place" any better than the Americans did. It was some time before she could convince him that the trusted maid of Señorita Ortiz knew as much about the house as the lady herself.

But time waits not, even to hear of chests of treasure, and 'Chona must be going. *Á dios!* As they came in sight of the long, grey adobe, 'Chona gave a little cry. "She has gone herself to bed!" For not a twinkle of light could be seen.

Oh, yes, she could get in—but she must be soft. Oh, no, the great lady did not live alone. There was Pascual, the gardener—but he is so old and deaf he cannot even hear the mass.

'Chona ran her hand along the high, whitewashed adobe wall which surrounded the garden. The heavy gate was barred, but here was a little hollow in the adobe. She ran out into the street and picked up a board. It leaned securely against the wall; and with one hand steadied by the barber 'Chona sprang up, and thence went to the top of the wall lightly as a grasshopper. Then she knelt on the flat adobes, the odor of the violets about her (for old Pascual had been watering them), the little barber looking up at her. The rebozo had slipped back, and her ruffled hair stood out about the round face.

"Are they fish? Are they toads, these barbers?" Porfirio, over in the gulley, could not understand. "Have they no blood, these pigs and sons of pigs? Do they never kiss? But I will taste with my knife, if it is water in his veins! *What do they say?*"

"Hadn't I better wait and see if you can get into the house, Miss 'Chona?"

"Oh, but I can! I see Pascual's pruning-knife—and that will reach

through the crack of the door and lift the bar. Adios, Meester Bachois!"

She dropped lightly down into the garden, and was gone. Mr. Badgers hid the board and sauntered quietly down the street. In the shadow on the other side a figure came out from behind the shrubbery and followed noiselessly.

Doña Maria Evangelista Ortiz, an ancient virgin of stately mien, was less fortunate in her slumbers that night than she was wont. Long after little 'Chona had slipped in unheard, the house rang with words, a scuffle, a crash, a scream in 'Chona's voice, a babel of cries in which there was even English. Doña Maria had blood in her veins; and if her hand trembled as she struck a candle, she did not falter but strode out into the wide zaguan.

Valgame Dios! There was the little waiting-maid stretched upon the tile floor, her long braids twisted about her neck, and the blood trickling from a gash in her forehead. Beside her, holding the poor little head upon his arm and kissing away the blood, was Porfirio, trembling and moaning.

"Dios mio! What is this? What do you in my house?" The Señorita Ortiz was terrible, now; but Porfirio seemed to grow cool under her flashing eyes.

"Look to your jewel chest," he said calmly. "I came too late to save it — too late to save this, my soul, my little 'Chona. That barber, the goat, was carrying it away, and she heard him and caught him and struggled to take it from him. And the dog struck her upon the forehead and was gone with it even as I came — for seeing him climb the wall of the garden I followed."

The old bronze bell in the garden struck up the liveliest *repique* that it had ever throated; and half Monterey came running. Doña Maria was calm as calm. She had come into her fit habiliments, and 'Chona's wound was dressed, and Chona beamed on Porfirio, with soft eyes that anyone might know that he would never have to doubt again. Of a surety the house had been robbed, and the thief must be caught; but it was not Doña Maria Evangelista Ortiz who would be in an unseemly stew about it.

If the constable's spurs had not been the handsomest in Monterey — and therefore not to be left behind when state occasions came — the San Anselmo might not have got clear of the wharf before he came galloping down. But fate is so. Word was sent, however, to San Luis Obispo; and when the boat landed there the officers found a little man who answered the description; but no chest or jewels, though the San Anselmo was searched from end to end.

In Monterey, when one makes a hue and cry over any ordinary loss, the gossips shake their heads pityingly. Porque? Now there was Doña Maria, who lost a chest so big (showing with the arms outstretched) — a chest full of diamonds and rubies and pearls — without the flicker of an eyelash. If others were as brave!

For you see the barber never told what he found when he pried up the lid; and as for the Señorita Ortiz, she will go to the grave with the secret of what was packed in camphor in the old teak chest.

Guanajuato, Mex.



## THE DISENCHANTED LIBBEY.

BY A SURVIVOR.



EVERYONE will be sorry for Princeton College. It is always a pity when an ancient and honorable seat of learning is made a byword by some masquerader in the lion's skin of its authority. Colleges, it is true, are responsible for their professors; but there should be allowance. Not heaven itself—and much less a board of regents—may prophecy with what new specimen a college professor shall tempt the Collector when he begins to think his books are more than the universe of God. Only an ignoramus can deride books; only a worse one can forget that books are the smallest part of wisdom.

It is not so easy to be sorry for Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton. He is not modest; and after his self-advertisement, "before and after taking" his heroic venture out of doors, there will be little grief over his untimely fate. The American sense of humor brings to his scientific funeral a large and not wholly dejected attendance.

The Enchanted Mesa is a noble island of rock in a lovely valley of western New Mexico. Three miles south of it, on a similar isolated cliff, 357 feet high, is the most picturesque town in the world—the Quères Indian pueblo of Acoma.\* The Acomas have an ancient tradition (not told to greenhorns) that long before the Spanish Conquest in 1540 their forefathers occupied a similar town on the summit of the Enchanted Mesa; that a cloudburst destroyed the only approach while the people were off in their cornfields, far up the valley; that three sick women left in the pueblo perished there; and that the rest of the Quères, thus suddenly evicted, built their present lofty town. This legend is undoubtedly true in its essentials. It has been accepted by every student who knows anything about New Mexican archaeology, from Bandelier down. Only the most innocent are nowadays unaware that modern science counts aboriginal tradition as credible as the statements of travelers today.

Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton, read of the Enchanted Mesa. He had never studied either New Mexico or its history. Either is work—and the former is hardship. But some college professors know things *ex-officio*. He organized an expedition, including no one who knew more of New Mexico. For something like a month before it started, this expedition was industriously advertised in the newspapers. When it marched upon the wilds of New Mexico it included an Eastern reporter. At Albuquerque it enlisted another one. And there, too, Prof. Libbey confided that he took no stock in this Indian fairy-tale. The Enchanted Mesa was a mistake, if not a lie.

Reaching Laguna with his tons of theatrical baggage, Prof. Libbey got from the railroad to the Mesa. He fired a life-line over the top of the rock; and finally had himself hauled up in a boat-swain's chair. He staid three hours or less—hurrying down because he thought it might rain. Anyhow, that was enough exploration for a Princeton professor. He left a borrowed ladder on the rock in his haste to get back to a telegraph office; and wound up his dispatch by saying: "thus a bit of history is made and unmade at the same time." The LAND OF SUNSHINE may be pardoned for hinting that just now Prof. Libbey has retired for good from the business of making or unmaking history.

His unhesitating declaration was that the Mesa was "Disenchanted." It had never been inhabited, nor even visited before. There was "nothing which could make him believe that human foot had ever pressed

\* See this magazine for Oct., 1896.

that lofty summit before." Specifically and positively, there "were no fragments of pottery or household utensils."

Safely home from an exploration of New Mexico ten miles from the railroad, Prof. Libbey became an author. He got his travels printed in the *Princeton Press* (Aug. 21) and in *Harper's Weekly* (Aug. 28). Probably there were other articles—which will not be printed. The very irony of fate was in his evident fear his exploit might miss someone's ear. Such a thing as caution entered neither his articles nor his broadcasting of them; but he rushed impudent upon his fate. He was so confident as to be facetious. He also declared in print that he was a scientist.

Prof. Libbey got up the Enchanted Mesa July 23. His last article (and this is not a misprint for latest) saw light Aug. 28. The mills of the gods are not always so dilatory, after all—though their grist is of uniform fineness. On the 3d of September Frederick Webb Hodge,\* a genuine scientist who saw through Prof. Libbey, went up the Mesa for himself. Mr. Hodge is of the Bureau of Ethnology; a scientific student of the Southwest with honorable standing. He is recognized as an authority. Prof. Libbey never was. Mr. Hodge did not advertise but went up. It took Libbey about four days with his Eastern apparatus. It took Hodge two hours and a quarter. That was one difference between the field student and the closet explorer. Libbey was done in three hours; Hodge staid up twenty-four. But their permanence upon the mesa's top was not even in proportion to the lasting of their results.

Mr. Hodge, having seen the Southwest before, having become by long, honest work fit to rank as an explorer, did not walk over artifacts and take them for cobblestones. He knew pottery when he saw it. His party had been on the summit five minutes when it found what forever ended Prof. Libbey's usefulness. Fragments of prehistoric pottery and prehistoric ornaments, ancient stone axes, and other aboriginal remains were there to prove that the mesa's top had been not only visited but inhabited in prehistoric times. The adobe walls, melting under the rains of six centuries or more, had been devoured by the great gulf which relatively modern erosion has gnawed in the Mesa's top. Even at the foot of the cliff, just where the debris from this gulf has washed down, the talus is full of potsherds and broken stone artifacts—matter the innocent Professor would not have understood if he had seen.

Mr. Hodge's party included (besides an Eastern friend) Maj. Geo. Pradt of Laguna, an educated civil engineer who has spent many years in New Mexico and knows more about it than any easy-chair explorer will ever know, and Mr. A. C. Vroman of Pasadena, one of the most expert amateur photographers in the Southwest. An Acoma Indian also followed them up to the home of his forefathers—as if to add the last sting to the facetious professor. But the two most important members of the Hodge party were strangers to Prof. Libbey's. Namely, experience and common sense.

The Indian legend is again vindicated—if there are such as need its vindication. The difference between science and quackery is again catalogued. It will be a very remarkable scientific expedition which shall ever send Prof. Libbey anywhere again. Incompetent pretenders have been confounded before now—and in the long run always will be. But the whole history of American science does not record another downfall so swift, so ghastly and so irremediable.

Science nowadays (though all the closet men have not yet discovered the fact) depends upon men who are first "educated" and then proved in the field. Prof. Libbey is neither. How naked he is even of the things he could learn from books is shown by his twice printing that there were "flocks" among these Indians before America was discovered, and many similar follies.

\* See this magazine for March, 1897.

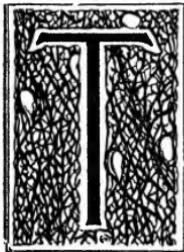
Bandelier, Dr. Matthews, Frank Cushing, Hodge, the two Mindeleffs and others known by their work on New Mexico, are as well educated men as Prof. Libbey—and some of them better. That is, even in academic education. All of them, besides, have given years to documentary study of which he does not know the alphabet. All of them have served their apprenticeships in the even more necessary "field." All of them have been through incomparably greater hardships and dangers, and none of them have advertised themselves quack-fashion. And, be it added, none of them have ever been discredited. If anything lacked for the popular establishment of their scientific standing, it would be supplied by the fate of the unprepared tyro who tried to undermine them and succeeded only in digging his own grave.

Mr. Hodge will contribute to this magazine an authoritative account of his exploration of the Enchanted Mesa. It will be delightful reading, and a large number of superb illustrations will show the great rock and the manner in which it was scaled. Incidentally, some of Mr. Vroman's beautiful photographs carry startling proof of the unparalleled innocence of Prof. Libbey.

C. F. L.

## OUR VALLEY QUAIL.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

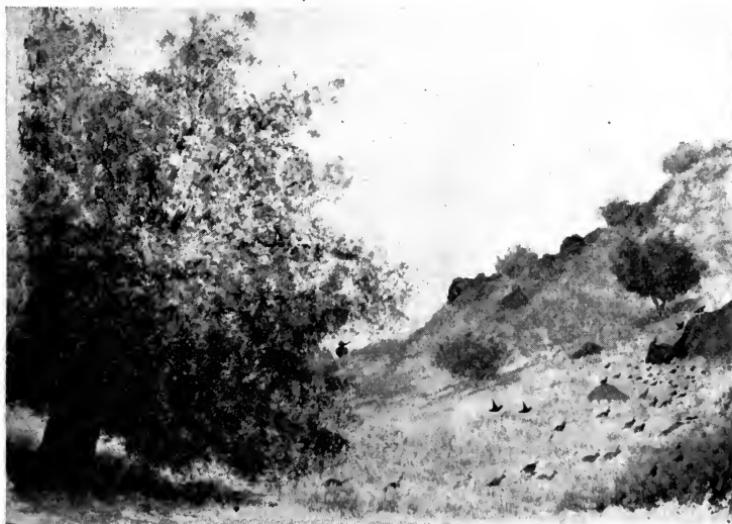


THE blue or plumed quail is now the most numerous of the quail family in the United States, and known almost as well as Bob White, being found all the way from Texas to the Pacific coast. The valley quail of California well maintains the reputation of the stock for smartness. This little combination of slate-blue, white and cinnamon, trimmed with black, and surmounted by a nodding plume of jet, is considered the hardest of all birds to shoot with the gun, and for this reason is one of the favorites with sportsmen who climb the rugged hills and scale the rocks by thousands to enjoy a few hours with it. The season opens on the first of October, and lasts until the first of March, giving the finest shooting in those days when Eastern fields are locked in snow and ice. Then is the time when the Eastern sportsman longs for our bright winters; and when he visits this coast, one of the first old friends for whom he inquires is this bright little bird.

Rapid of wing and well skilled in the art of springing behind you when you are looking ahead, or one side when you are watching the other, springing often in uproarious numbers with a bewildering whirl of blue backs and mottled breasts and plumes outlined against the sky, chirping, squealing and whizzing here and there while more are bursting from the covert, this valley quail bothers the tyro more than any other bird; and even the experienced shot from the East has some very strange things to relate after his first interview. And even after you have mastered some of the bird's peculiarities, the way this little chap can drop across a deep gully or tumble down hill when you want to go up, skip around behind when you want to go ahead for the rest of the flock, or dodge and twist around in the brush without giving you a shot

at all, yet all the time near enough to keep you in constant expectation, is one of the most unique things in the whole line of hunting with the gun.

The valley quail of California is one of the few game birds that can defy civilization, market-hunters and all else, so long as a few of its native hills remain unplowed. The gun has well thinned its ranks so that the great flocks whose roaring wings once shook the whole hillside are no more. But the coveys still gather into flocks in the fall and many hundreds are now found in place of many thousands. These still make fine shooting, and as they have kept pace with improvements in guns they can make it entertaining even for the most expert shot, though a good hand with a gun can still bag from thirty to fifty in a half day.



C. M. Davis Enz, Co.

HUNTING THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

Drawn by the author.

One appreciates this quail most in midwinter when he is strong of wing, saucy and quick of leg, when the crimson of the wild pea is trailing over the red arms of the manzanita and the sumac festooned with showers of white blossoms from the chilicoyote, when the joy of the lark is bubbling from its golden breast amid the scarlet berries of the evergreen heteromeles, and from the live oak the mocking bird is singing of springtime and love. The valley quail seems never more full of life than then when he springs with a sharp *chirp, chirp, chirp!* from among the yellowing violets and vanishes on whizzing wing behind the evergreen of the lilac, or scuds along the ground among the pink of the painted cups and the nodding bluebells in a dark line that will surprise you if you should think it easy to hit.



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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The centennial celebration at San Fernando on the 9th of September (see p. 190), greatly awakened interest in the work of the Landmarks Club—as is best shown by the new contributions credited below.

One of the features of the outing (and significant as showing what sort of a valley the Franciscan frailes picked out a hundred years ago) was the fact that many of the excursionists sat down to lunch on the enormous pile of sacked wheat, covered with straw, which is now in front of the Mission—a pile worth \$57,000, from the harvest of the Porter Land and Water Co. It is not everywhere that one finds such a table.

The keen and generous interest which has sprung up among the Fernando people is particularly gratifying. The Mission, when repaired, will have a host of earnest friends close by, to ward off vandals. The Fernandans are subscribing generously; and Mr. Geo. Steele, a newcomer, offers to give five days' work on the Mission.

The Fernando reception committee which officially headed the hospitalities of the day comprised Rev. and Mrs. Maclay, Dr. and Mrs. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Turner, Rev. and Mrs. Spencer, Rev. and Mrs. Wolfe, Rev. and Mrs. Kahler, Revs. F. A. and H. P. Wilber, Judge and Mrs. Widney, Judge and Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Kate Maclay, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Granger, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Maclay, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Griswold, Mr. Chas. Maclay, Mr. Robt. Maclay. Mr. J. S. Hendrickson was the efficient marshal of the day.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$2529.56.

New Contributions : B. F. Porter, \$50; Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, \$20; Mrs. Jas. W. Scott (Chicago), \$20; Dr. Norman Bridge, \$5; Hugh Macneil (Azusa), \$5; Miss M. F. Wills (completing a life membership), \$3.50; Chas. F. Carter (Bloomfield, N. J.), \$2.

\$1 each : J. M. C. warble, Miss Elizabeth Marble, Sister Eugenia (Sisters' Hospital), Mrs. H. H. Maynard, Mrs. F. C. Howes, Miss Wadeleigh, J. O. Koepfli, Mrs. J. O. Koepfli, M. L. Groff, Mrs. A. J. Page, W. W. Howard, Mrs. W. W. Howard, Mrs. Chas. Field, Mrs. Mays, J. D. Hooker (all Los Angeles); Miss Cora May, San José; G. W. Vaughan, San Fernando.

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Civilization, like other fermented products, is useful in moderate doses but intoxicating when taken to excess. The fellow with the horseless carriage is an enemy to temperance. While the draught mounts to our head it is easy for a time to feel that we are smarter than the Creator; but it wears off as we sober up. The horse will outlast the hunchback machines wherewith man thinks to remedy the ignorance of his Maker; it will outlive the ephemeral fads of those who fancy that pneumatic tires were a cleverer invention than the vital spark. By and by a person will be along patenting a Womanless Wife, actuated by electricity and with a phonograph for lungs. She will do everything as well as Dalziel's Chess Player did one thing; she will sweep and cook twice as fast as a she woman could, and will cost nothing for board or doctor's bills. Above all, she can be turned on or off by just pressing a button. There will be wits then to find her superiority and proclaim the disappearance of woman. But there will always be a few not too lazy, too hurried, or too timid to worry along with the old flesh and blood pattern; and there will still be mothers to spank the rudiments of common sense into the children that continue and balance the world.

The *Chap-Book* is a means of grace which it is foolish for any-  
one as is anyone to think of doing without. Chicago of the  
Chicagoese, it is far enough West to try to think for itself. But  
it has the topographic disadvantage that the East is right at one elbow.

Speaking of the voluntarily deceased San Francisco *Lark* and the young persons who chirped through it to the added gayety of notions, the *Chap-Book* laments that the tenuous thread which tied California to the civilized world is snapped. These gifted young larkers, it declares,

"Constituted a group, the first in the history of California letters"—  
and other pessimistic things.

My! How desperate we should be if we knew it! Did the *Chap-Book*, perchance, ever hear of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, and their ignote fellows? Has it never run across the tradition that these obscure scribblers constituted a "group in California letters" and worked together on a California magazine before the fathers of the *Chap-Book* had graduated from the rehabilitated ancestral panties? Not with quite so imposing results, of course, as the labors of the *Lark* "group," but fairly well for before the sunrise of Chicago.

And, by the way, who constitute the Chicago "group"—since

THE  
PASSING  
SHOW.

EAST

AND

WEST.

"groups" are necessary if slender clues to lead from the backwoods to the "world of letters?"

Really, dear and indispensable *Chap-Book*, beware lest the orphans begin to murmur: "I asked for bread and ye gave me a Stone."

WHERE  
WE  
ARE.

California took the hard times very much easier than any other member of the Union family. So, too (and for as visible economic reasons) she comes first and fullest upon the good ones. A State that reaches from Maine to Georgia, by the parallels of latitude, and surpasses every State between those limits in quantity and quality each of its own proudest product (except turpentine, miner's strikes, "crackers" and Princeton professors), is not easy to be browbeaten by adversity. With more and better timber than Maine, bigger watermelons than Georgia and more abundant, wheat for four New Yorks, beans beyond Boston, and gold in excess of all the rest of North America put together, the Pacific sister has no odds to ask of anyone. God looks out for his own—and even unregenerate Secretaries of War have to. And by the way, the Lion would suggest that any Californian who ever again advocates dividing the only complete State should be sentenced to the East for life—unless there are peculiarly strong extenuating circumstances, in which case he might be let off with being boiled in oil.

CLERK  
AND  
MASTER.

As these pages prophesied would be the case, the President of the United States has presently taught one of his clerks (so Benton called the Cabinet) his place. The Secretary of War has been compelled, sorely against his will, to do his duty. Thus at last the government and the public have their way about San Pedro harbor. An American would prefer to fancy that this famous cause has been won just because its justice was overwhelming; as a sad matter of fact it was settled when the practical politicians saw that if the people were further outraged the party could never carry California again.

At all events, we are now to have the harbor the United States has been trying to give us for eight years and could not because one corporation objected. San Pedro's victory means much for California; it means more for the whole nation. Mr. McKinley, after patience, has put his foot down in the right place.

THE  
MANTLE OF

ELIJAH. It is not so hard to be a prophet. The two chief qualifications are, not to be a fool yourself and not to take the rest of the world for one. Winds veer, but rocks do not; and it pays to tie to the rocks—which are principles. The deep final sense of the American people is a pretty fair thing to count upon, in the long run, and there the LAND OF SUNSHINE banks. Our Venezuela war, our war with Spain—do you remember the newspapers of a little while ago?

THE  
OTHER  
OX.

How easy a task is the adjudication of eternal justice! All the Court needs to know is "who did it?" Canada is a benighted robber for taxing the Klondike miners. But it was true statesmanship when California in the golden days imposed the incomparably harsher tax which was specifically designed to chase all

foreigners out of the country we had just taken by force from foreigners. Remembering the shameful persecution of French miners and Spanish miners in early California, there is humor in the present righteous indignation against Canada.

The United States is not "without ruins." California has OLD them—of noble architecture and noble history—and is AND awakened to take care of them. Arizona and New Mexico have splendid and older ruins, and will before long come to the same NEW. thoughtfulness and care. The West, which is young while the East grows old, was old when the East was born. It is the only portion of the United States which has antiquity; and it is the only portion which practically respects it. There was something in the gathering at San Fernando, Sept. 9th, which is encouraging to Americans.

There are still rural reminders of the historic "Society upon the Stanislaus" and its fate. "A chunk of old red sandstone" was fairly prophetic of the Enchanted Mesa. Another "Abner Dean, of Angels" has received its impact:

"And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

The United States is the only country in the civilized world where a scholar rather shrinks from being called "Professor." It is also the exclusive habitat of three kinds of "scientists." One kind (which flourishes elsewhere also) has common-sense, patience and specific training—which make science. Another kind has patience and training without common-sense. The third class has neither quality of the three—but immodesty to make up.

Senator Morgan is as unprejudiced about Hawaii as about Cuba. Also as wise. The attitude of his present trip (as a correspondent remarks) is: "I am going to investigate the Islands impartially. As for the natives? Oh, d—n the natives!"

From the advance sheets of the *Millennium Dictionary*:

*Prospector*, common noun. One who would throw up a steady job at \$10 a day, to go where he had no business to, on a chance of making two bits.

Some commit suicide by blowing out the gas, and some by turning it on. Prof. Wm. Libbey, of Princeton College, seems to have combined the neatness and dispatch of both methods.

This year, at least, wheat is all it is cracked up to be.

"A SCIENTIFIC GENT."



THE most important event in California publication, from the scientific standpoint, is the issuance, just now, of Theodore H. Hittell's *History of California*. It is a monumental work which harks back to the severe honesty of our fathers; for in place of hiring irresponsible reporters to do the work, while the "historian" slaps it together, this fine old type of ripened man and scholar has done this life-work himself, and is responsible for it, not only upon the title-page but in fact. That is to say, he knows his own details, instead of guessing that someone else knows them.

Mr. Hittell is a Yale man, a pioneer of California by more than forty years, a man of sound balance, judicial temper and native justice. He has seen, as well as studied, most of the wonderful period he describes; and above all, he is by nature adapted to interpret it. That means a great deal. Royce was born in California, and is a man of extraordinary brain. But Royce was never able to understand California nor its horizons; nor, be it said, could he ever assume the judicial temper which is congenital with Hittell. No man has ever "made it unanimous;" and here and there are points at which Mr. Hittell will have sincere and entitled disputants. But his work is fair (as Royce's is not), it is intuitive and expert and full; and it is beyond question and comparison the history of California to date. The third volume, out in July, covers that most fascinating period the great gold era; and is the fullest picture ever presented of that unparalleled romance. The fourth volume, concluding the work, will be out this month. This magazine will pay further attention to a work every intelligent Californian must have. N. J. Stone & Co., San Francisco.

NOT  
UP TO

SAMPLE.

In *Tales of the Sun-Land* Mr. Verner Z. Reed has broken the promise of his earlier book — which, despite its theosophic absurdities, indicated some feeling for the Southwest. But his virtues have dwindled and his faults grow. There are people — mostly in the East — who will enjoy this book. They can believe anything about the West (except the truth); and to an uneducated class the sub-hysteric style seems poetic. Mr. Reed's ideas of English are not quite Western. "Oh, thou fools! thou fools, who dare question the wisdom of your holy king!" is an example of his acquaintance with grammar. But his language is classical, compared to his ignorance of the country and peoples he tries to describe. Nothing could be more absurd than his first story — unless it be parts of his others. The story of Casca is

dangerously near to deserving the blunt epithet of fake ; and Mr. Reed probably could not have been, if he had tried, so absurd as in his "Civ- ilized Heathen." His notions of Arizona geography are wonderful as his blunders in the Indian and Spanish words with which he tries to appear wise. The serious part is, that Mr. Reed lives in the West and poses as one who knows it, thus adding his own darkness to the already sufficient ignorance of the East. The pity is that he was not patient enough to know before he wrote. We need a hundred honest writers of fiction of the Southwest. There is room for them all, and warm welcome from their predecessors. But we have already had more than enough ignorant and pretentious—and therefore dishonest—work.

The one excellence of the book is the illustration, by L. Maynard Dixon, a San Francisco lad of 22. There are anachronisms ; but most of his pictures are very effective—and they show remarkable growth over his earlier work. The Continental Pub. Co., N. Y., \$1.25.

Among latter-day writers the most numerous class, perhaps, is THE OLD MINER. those who have a deadly facility in depicting things they know nothing whatever about. Henry G. Catlin (whose *Yellow Pine Basin* attempts to embalm that fine type, the American mining "prospector") has easily escaped this multitude—and, by a narrower margin, the smaller category of beprinted folks who know much but can't tell it to save their lives. He has a working knowledge of his field ; and he brings a certain undisciplined eloquence, at times, to the telling of a story he feels deeply. Without style or constructive skill he does undoubtedly save many things that are worth saving, out of a certain romantic and now vanishing phase of Western life. I doubt if any "Zeb" ever lived amid such incontinence of gush. He might write a book that way, but he could never talk so. However, Mr. Catlin is very modest, and comes forward, he says, only because someone better qualified has not undertaken the work. The story of "Yank" and the flag is stirring ; and miners and Grand Army men will be likely to find the book to their taste. N. Y., Geo. H. Richmond & Co.

The pessimistic reflection that some millions will read Kipling's "Recessional" without a dint in their self-content is after all more than balanced by the blessed fact that there remains one poet capable of writing that noble hymn. And only one. The most complacent of the herd will naturally be those who have looked upon Mr. Kipling as a brutal and flippant person.

A very interesting pamphlet—and just now a very wholesome one—is *New Constitutional Laws for Cuba, 1897*, by Don Arturo Cuyás. It sketches the methods of Spanish colonization, early and late, compares them with other colonial systems, and outlines Cuba's conditions in a striking way. It is a kind of reading particularly useful in the United States, where just now ignorance and prejudice are doing their best (in some noisy quarters) to inflame the old race hatreds which civilized men are trying to outgrow. 11 Broadway, N. Y.

Chas. Frederick Holder, one of the best known California writers of popular science, has in the *North American Review* for September an important paper on the Chinese trade in female slaves which disgraces the Coast—and modern civilization. Philanthropic men and women are trying to break up this underground curse, and have rescued many victims ; but the great work is yet to do—made harder by acquisitive politicians and the wonderful secretiveness of the Chinese.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, which was the first newspaper in the United States to see through the recent Princeton theatricals, remarks (its prophecy verified) :

"Prof. Libbey's dome of thought seems to have been the place that was uninhabited."

*The Dial*, Chicago, is easily foremost of the purely literary reviews. Its "fall announcement number" (Sept. 16) is the fullest and best ever published in this country. It lists over 1100 books, their titles, authors, publishers and prices, and covers everything of importance to be published in America this season. E. E. Hale, jr.'s "Nothing but Leaves," in this number, is the soundest matter we have yet noticed from this young man.

Maurice Thompson is a learned and really charming writer who has command of the bow and "Nature" as she is familiar with the assessor, and the funny little black wigglers that Cadmus devised. When he does no worse than make his printers borrow a line of Greek text, he is beloved of all. But really there is no law to compel him to display his inability to grasp Kipling and the Big Out-Doors.

A genial logroller does his best to praise the bad English and worse local color of a pretended Southwestern book, whereof he knows even less than the author. But the types have more conscience, and make him say [the *Literary Review*, Boston, August].

"Shy, beautiful, heroic deedwk gf nothin gthati sl ; mo etaoin shrndlsh."

The prevaricator for vain-glory is a relatively harmless idiot, sure to be found out and laughed at. The malicious liar, who wrecks reputations, is more serious. But the cowardliest and meanest liar of them all is the fellow who adds to our ignorance by printing his own at \$10 per thousand words.

Jean Ingelow belonged to a day before the invention of the literary "push." But everyone whose reading is not founded upon the sands will feel in her debt and will mourn her now that she has slipped quietly away from her quiet background.

Among the fall books Chas. Scribner's Sons bring out "The King of the Broncos," and Way & Williams publish "The Enchanted Burro," both by Chas. F. Lummis, and both specially illustrated.

The seventh volume of *The Jesuit Relations* continues the charm and the value of its predecessors. Every American scholar will have to read this great series; every American student who can afford it ought to buy it.

Rand, McNally & Co. issue the best Klondike guide yet—*Golden Alaska*, by Ernest Ingersoll. Also the best pocket map of Alaska and the Klondike district. Price 25 and 50 cents respectively.

The palm for syndicated ignorance probably belongs to Felix L. Oswald. He recently cordwooded an article which colonized California in 1560, and put "40,000 Spaniards north of the Gila by 1580."

Maj. Ben. C. Truman, author of *The Field of Honor*, has issued a beady brochure, *See How it Sparkles*, a connoisseur's treatise on wine. Geo. E. Rice & Sons, Los Angeles.

Hall Caine's powerful novel, *The Deemster*, is published in the 25-cent paper-covered series of Rand, McNally & Co.

The *Argonaut* is doing gallant work against the crime and folly of the proposed annexation of Hawaii.

# THE LAND WE LOVE (AND HINTS OF WHY)



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

OUT-DOORS ALL THE YEAR.

Photo, by C. B. Messinger.



L. A. Eng. Co.

PINEAPPLES IN THE CAUHENGAS.



Photo, by Maude.

**JUST CLIMATE.**  
(Where you can pick oranges or snowballs within 10 miles.)

## JUST CLIMATE.



ND Climate! Pooh! You can't live on climate! What is it, anyhow?

It isn't much, certainly. You cannot weigh it by the pound, nor measure it by the bushel. Neither can you weigh nor measure that other impalpable breath which makes a lump of clay walk and live and love, and rule the world of tons and miles—and then suddenly leaves it clay again. You cannot see the vital spark nor climate, nor thought—but you can see the results of the presence or lack of them. It does not need a very sharp eye to detect the difference between death

and life. And a little matter of climate was all that stood between Dives and Lazarus.

It is "just climate" that every year mortally fries the brains of thousands of unfortunates in the East. They call it sunstroke—it is rather climate stroke. We have sun in California, too—and more of it than the leaden-skied East ever dreamed of having—but it never doubles a fist at us. It is not here a bully, a "slugger," waiting for some weak crown to crack, but a great, overgrown, warm-hearted and ever-welcome friend; sometimes a bit inquisitive, but never an assassin.

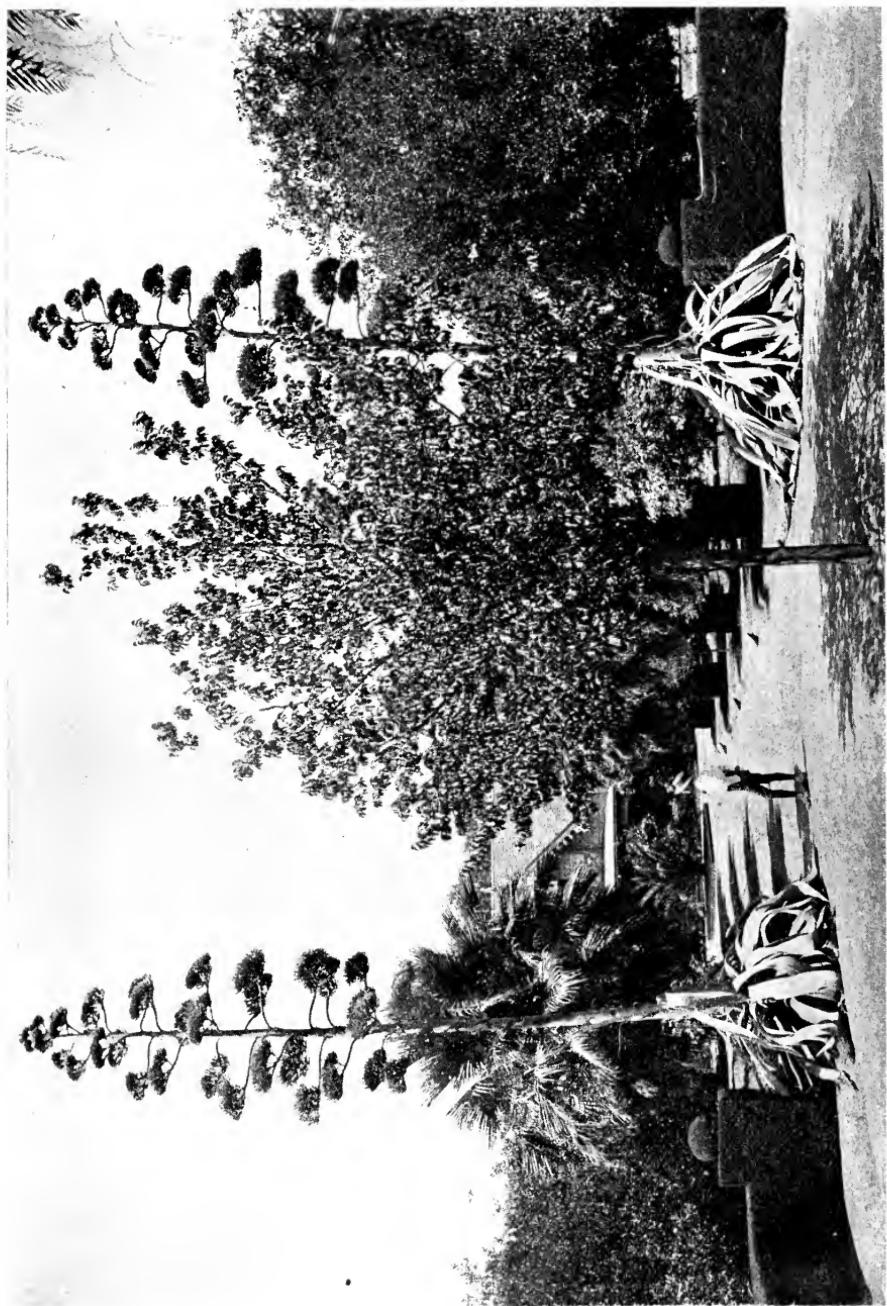
In half the States of the Union, climate every year kills hundreds at the opposite end of the thermometer—just freezes them to death—and as truly (though more lingeringly) slays tens of thousands more, by consumption, pneumonia and their train. There are countries where nature is stingy; where snow and ice are the chief products. There are other countries which go to the other extreme of lavishness. And it is all climate. The soil in New Hampshire where 160 acres keep a family genteelly poor is just as rich as the soil in California where ten acres, worked with precisely the same care, would make the same family rich.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A GLIMPSE OF SANTA BARBARA.

Photo. by Newton.



IN THE "CROWN OF THE VALLEY."

L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

It isn't the earth but the sky that makes the difference. The "bottoms" of the Scioto and the Kaweily are far richer land than the gravelly loams which flank the Sierra Madre; but no Ohio or Kansas farmer ever dreamed, in his wildest delirium, of such a yield per acre as the Southern California farmer averages. It is not the color of the field but the color of the climate that counts. More than 95 years ago the greatest of all students of countries, the Baron von Humboldt, proved California the most fertile place in the civilized world; and time has not only confirmed but vastly enlarged his forecast.

The tropics are the most productive area on earth, because of their climate—but civilized communities cannot live contentedly in the tropics, and never could. The frigid zone is the stingiest and the most dangerous climate in the world. The temperate zone is a compromise. Parts of it have many advantages of the tropics and many drawbacks of the north. Most of the States of the Union (and the most populous ones) share the arctic dangers and discomforts a part of the year; and in another part some faint apology for tropic advantages—along with ter-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

TEN MILES FURTHER UP HILL.  
Alpine Tavern.

rors with which the tropics are unfamiliar. Where people can freeze to death is no place for rational folks to abide, any more than where people die of heat; and no rational person would live in the Eastern and Northern States, except that habit is so much stronger than common sense. Certainly *they* cannot "live on their climate"—they are lucky indeed if they can live in spite of it.

One reason why so many Americans know so little about Nature is that Nature with them is so pernickety. Through a third of the year she is their jailor, and locks them up in their own houses. Pneumonia, congestions and consumption are her sentries on the prison-wall of winter. They are not first-class marksmen. They miss many who break out—but they "get" enough. And for those who stay in their cells there is no less danger. What proportion of Eastern rooms are decently ventilated during the Eastern winter?

When summer comes—an Eastern summer—sun-stroke relieves the boreal sentries. In every great city of the East, hundreds every season are mowed down by it. And those who do try to break jail are tortured. Can you remember anything else so hideous as one of those worst summer nights—when you tossed and panted and sweated and cursed, and rose in the morning more exhausted than when you went to bed? Have you ever toured New York in a sultry spell, when a hundred thousand gasping wretches lie panting upon tenement roofs and pray in vain for sleep or a breath of air? Have you ever gone to the city of the dead, in Brooklyn, at the height of one of these "hot spells," when New York had to borrow hearses for 90 miles around to bury fast enough the victims of her climate? Just now there is in the far South a little recurrence of the yellow fever panic. But fewer die of the yellow fever in the United States than perish every year by sunstroke. We try to stop the plague by scientific methods; but what science or sense is applied to abolishing sunstroke? It is merely the insignificant matter of



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

AVENUE OF PAMPAS PLUMES.

(At Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica.)



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SUNSET AMONG THE PINES.

climate. If it were a case of taking medicine and quarantining the infected, the East would have no more sunstrokes; but as it involves such a dreadful treatment as removing from an indecent to a decent climate, the average Eastern brain will remark "go on with your funeral"—as the man did who was being buried alive because he was too lazy to live. Someone stopped the hearse and offered him a load of corn. "Is it shelled?" he asked languidly.

"No."

"Then drive on!"

It is "just climate" which makes the difference between the big, lean, mortgaged farms of the East and the fat little acres of California. It is just climate which turns out on one side of the continent consumptives and nervous-exhaustion victims, and children runted by imprisonment in poison air for four months at a time; and on the other side health and joy of life and children like infant gods. Certainly Californians are not "slower" than their Eastern blood-relations. No city in New England or "York State" or Pennsylvania ever bounded forward by the half such strides of material progress and American enterprise as Los Angeles has done. Not a single city of 100,000 people anywhere in the East has done so much in twenty years to beautify and accomodate herself as Los Angeles has done in ten; and not one other city of her size in the United States is today anywhere near her peer in buildings, transit, beauty of homes, and educational facilities, just as not one remotely rivals the dower she has from Nature. And that is all climate. You may say it is the people—and in a secondary sense that is true. No other city has so large a proportion of intelligent, well-to-people. But the people are here because the climate is here—and have come since they learned that it was. A dozen years ago, Los Angeles had 14,000 people. Today it has over 103,000. So climate means something after all. These people, 90% of them, are here because they got tired

of living where it was apt to be fatal to meet their own weather on the street ; because they were tired of being winter prisoners and summer slaves. They left their homes, their childhood friends, because the superiority of California was so plain (and they compare with a large field, for they come from every State of the Union and every country of the civilized world). They have property, real and personal ; they own their homes and have bank accounts ; they do not have to stay here if disappointed — and if you fancy you could get any of them to return for good to the home of their childhood—well, you cannot fancy it if you have seen them. They love the old home, and remember it ; but they are glad to *have come from* Massachusetts or New York or Missouri ;



MORE CLIMATE.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

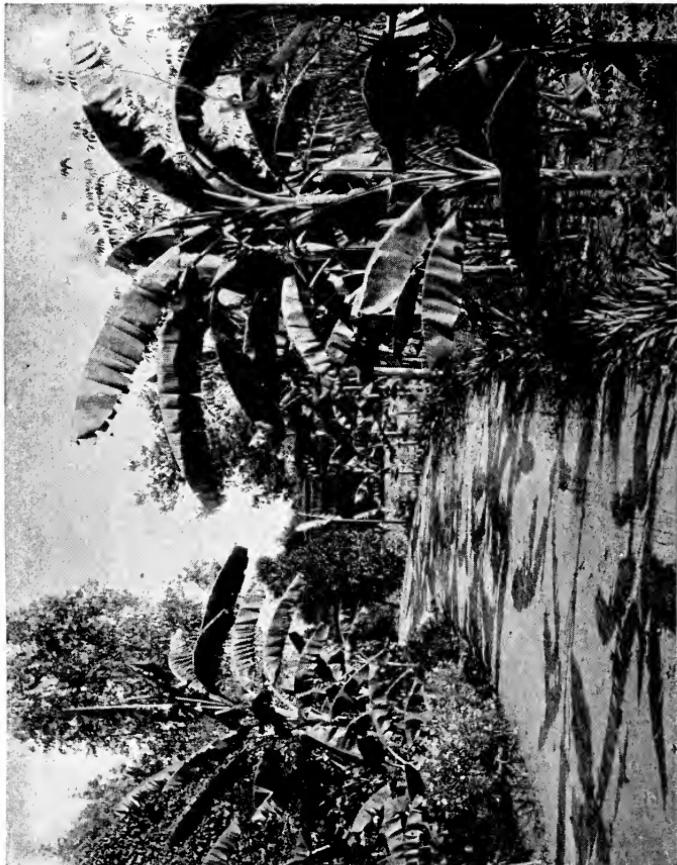
WHERE ROSES RUN TO THE TREE-TOPS.

Photo, by Mandel.

and now they are Californians, body, soul and breeches. It is startling how unanimously they pity their former fellow-townsman.

This would not be so significant if California were the national asylum for imbeciles. But every sizable town in the Union has unwillingly sent its representatives, and knows that they were among the best people in it. No other city in the United States has so much money per capita in its banks as Los Angeles—and there are very few millionaires (perhaps because they are not so much worshipped in the republican West as at home). There is no other city in the United States where so large a proportion of the people own the houses they live in. There is no other city in the United States where the homes have on the average such beautiful grounds. There are more roses on one street in Los Angeles than in all the towns east of the Rio Grande put together—and more heliotropes and calla lillies.

And there is no saineness about it. For nearly half the year we can look up from our orange-groves to snowpeaks of which the smallest ranks with Mt. Washington and the biggest is nearly twice as tall. Within twenty miles we have the palm and banana, the pine and cedar. Here are the fruits of the tropics; and a dozen miles away are the brook



A BANANA DRIVE.

trout of Maine. Lovers of contrast frequently have a snowball and sleighride on Mt. Lowe in the morning, lunch among the orange-groves of Pasadena, and in the same afternoon a brisk plunge in the Pacific surf. Southern California is not a flat, dull stretch of tropics. Here "geography is stood on edge," and nowhere else in the civilized world is there such variety in so little space—so much to stir the intelligence of man even while it promotes his body.

This, men and brethren, is climate. Nor is this all of it. There is no other place in the civilized world so tender to women and children and old folks, as California. There is no other place where rugged men find more joy of life or greater ease in working, than this same California.

Already half a century ago Bayard Taylor prophesied that here on the Pacific Coast should be the world's physical and mental regeneration. He foretold (and every observer can already see the fulfillment) that under these skies should breed a new and nobler race of children. He declared that these conditions would bring art and literature to their best, and with them the art of life. Here, the weakest can be out of doors every day in the year. No window needs be shut against God's air. We do not have to sleep in a saturated solution of humanity lest a breath from out doors freeze us stiff; nor to hide ourselves from the sun lest it smite us unto death. Every day in the year birds and flowers and fruits are with us. Two business men of Los Angeles have a record that in sixteen years they never once missed a Sunday swim in the surf at Santa Monica.

It was not a wild prophecy. Egypt and Greece and Palestine and Rome—what are history, art and literature (and even God's last word to man) if you leave them off the page? They were countries marvelously like Southern California—marvelously unlike our Eastern States. It was not chance that did these things—and that will repeat and improve upon them under the similar but even more favorable conditions of California. It was—and will be—just climate.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SOMETHING LIKE HOME.

## THE FIRST STEP.

COMING events cast their shadows before! If the little 340-ton steamer *Albion*—which the enterprise of the Los Angeles Terminal Ry. has just set to plying between our harbor of San Pedro and the Mexican Coast—is a small beginning, it undoubtedly forecasts a large future. Only those who do not know how large and how fast-growing is the commerce of Mexico will look upon the undertaking as trivial. American merchants in general have been wonderfully slow to see the opening; but as usual, the merchants of Southern California promise to be first in the field. If so, they will have reason to remember the *Albion* as the modest pioneer of great things.

2500 tons of freight monthly are sent from San Francisco to Mexican ports. Coffee, tropical fruit, etc., come back in exchange for our machinery, wines, deciduous fruit, canned goods, etc. There is no



THE ALBION.

valid reason why Southern California, 500 miles nearer, with two trans-continental roads, should not ship everything the Mexican traders need from the Pacific Coast of the United States.

A representative of the Terminal Ry. had already canvassed the West Coast of Mexico, and awakened considerable interest in the venture; so the initial trip of the *Albion* last month carrying freight and a representative of the Los Angeles Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association was no guess work. By the first of the year the Terminal plans to add two iron ships to the service.

We already have a harbor at San Pedro; and are to have a better, now that the government has succeeded in eluding Mr. Huntington. And the upbuilding of commerce between it and Mexico will be not only good patriotism but good business in dollars and cents.

## ANOTHER GREAT ENTERPRISE.



N the 16th of September 400 members of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce accepted the invitation proffered by the Alamitos Sugar Co. and the S. P. R. R. and made a visit of inspection to the great new sugar factory at Los Alamitos. That twelve carloads of representative business men should take a half day from business for such a trip stands for something beyond mere curiosity or desire for a junket. It was a genuine compliment to the enterprising men who have added this magnificent item to the fast-growing assets of Southern California; and shows again that public spirit of "pulling together" among our business men, which, quite as much as our natural resources, has made these few years such a wonderful record of progress.

It took foresight as well as nerve to found such an enterprise as the Alamitos Sugar Factory in the midst of all the forebodings of the late presidential election. Southern

W. A. CLARKE,  
President of the Los Alamitos Sugar Co.  
L. A. Eng. Co.

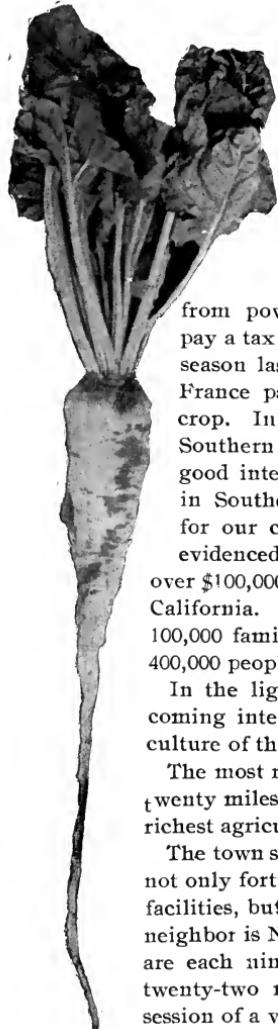
Californians have these qualities—or they would not be here—and know how to appreciate them in others. Mr. W. A. Clarke, president of the Los Alamitos Sugar Co., and his brother, J. Ross Clarke, its general manager, had already made national reputations before they came to this field which is so attractive to men of money and force. As owners of the famous United Verde Copper Mines, at Jerome, Arizona, counts them among her strongest benefactors; and the extensive banking and other interests they have had in Butte ever since 1876 identify them quite as fully with Montana. W. A. Clarke still resides in Butte, but gives much of his time to watching his various interests throughout the West. J. Ross Clark was first attracted to Southern California by its climate, and in 1891 came with his family to Los Angeles and settled here. The superior advantages of this section for the production of beet sugar soon brought him into touch with the Dyers, Frank J. Capitan, and the Bixbys. With the first-named, arrangements were made for a modern "plant," while the latter gentlemen furnished a great tract of land for a townsite and for the cultivation of sugar beets. So now Southern California has a second beet-sugar factory—and one of the three in America owned wholly by American capital and fitted wholly with American machinery. During September the Alamitos factory paid out \$70,000 for beets and labor.



J. ROSS CLARKE,  
General Manager of the Los Alamitos Sugar Co.  
L. A. Eng. Co. 1892



# THE SHORTEST AND SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH.



**L**AND that is suitable for the successful culture of fruits that bring good prices in the market costs a considerable amount of money. The trees also cost money, and then the orchardist has to wait from three to five years before he can expect any return. On the other hand, Southern California is worthy a more valuable crop than grain. To the capitalist and the industrious person of small means alike, the sugar beet therefore offers possibilities of which few who have not investigated have any conception. In Denmark the sugar farmers have risen from poverty to affluence, though the manufacturers have to pay a tax of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cents on every pound, while the sugar making season lasts only 100 days as against 4 to 6 months in California. France paid its enormous debt to Germany with its sugar beet crop. In Belgium good sugar beet land brings twice as much as Southern California's highest priced orange land, because it pays good interest on that figure. Sugar beet land can be purchased in Southern California at one-third that rate. That the demand for our crop is not likely to be exceeded by the production, is evidenced by the fact that the United States sends abroad annually over \$100,000,000 for sugar. All this sugar might easily be raised in California. This would give an income of \$1000 a year each to 100,000 families, or employment in the field and factory to over 400,000 people.

In the light of these facts it is not strange that capital is becoming interested in this field, large tracts being laid out for the culture of the beet, and sugar factories erected.

The most recent of these enterprises has located in Orange county, twenty miles from Los Angeles, in the heart of 40,000 acres of the richest agricultural land in Southern California.

The town site which has been laid off and named Los Alamitos is not only fortunate in an unfailing artesian water supply and railway facilities, but has been admirably located in other respects. Its nearest neighbor is Norwalk, seven miles distant. Long Beach and Anaheim are each nine miles distant, Santa Ana, fourteen, and Los Angeles, twenty-two miles. It will thus be seen that it has undisputed possession of a vast tributary area of farming land capable of producing one of the most profitable crops of the day. A sugar factory now ready for operation will annually distribute for beets and factory labor from \$350,000 to \$400,000 has been erected within the confines of the town. It cannot, therefore, but be recognized that the most potential conditions assure a rapid growth and permanent prosperity for what is at present Southern California's youngest town, Los Alamitos.

Los Alamitos town lots, which can today be secured at bed-rock prices, must soon rise in value, and it therefore behooves investors and home-seekers to send at once for maps, prices and circulars, or apply to

**BIXBY LAND COMPANY,**

**Los Alamitos, Orange County, Cal.**

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Please mention that you "saw it in the **LAND OF SUNSHINE**."

## THE GEM OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

# BEND COLONY

### TEHAMA COUNTY.

Now is the time to secure a delightful home in the most fertile section of California, one which has all the requisites of soil, water, climate, freight rates and markets, and that, too, at a price you can afford to pay.

**THE  
FRUIT-GROWER'S  
PARADISE.** Located five miles northeast of Red Bluff, and bounded on three sides by the Sacramento River. This bottom land is a deep, black, sandy loam of pure sediment, and has a depth of fifteen to thirty feet. No alkali, no adobe, no hard-pan. It is from twelve to twenty-five feet above extreme high water-mark, insuring not only against overflow, but affording excellent drainage and practically freeing it from malaria, prevalent lower down in the valley. Second bottom or foothill lands are of a decomposed granite, red soil, so popular in Southern California for citrus fruits, which are here produced of a fine quality, ripening from four to six weeks earlier than they do in Southern California. These lands are adapted to all kinds of deciduous fruits, nuts and vines, as well as agricultural products. Much of tract is covered with a growth of timber—oak, cottonwood, sycamore, and alder, giving a park-like appearance, but affording ample fuel, easily cleared, and giving the settler virgin soil to commence with, being far superior to wheat lands that have been cropped for years.

#### CAUTION.

Be careful in selecting any lands in California for horticultural pursuits that have not an abundant supply of water for irrigation.

Remember, the months of May, June, July, August, and much of September, but little rain falls—in some sections none whatever. During these months the temperature is correspondingly high. Without irrigation you take chances on losing a crop and season's work. With water there are no failures. Alfalfa, the great forage crop, grows luxuriantly, especially if ground is flooded after each cutting.

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There is good school on tract, postoffice, store, etc. There already are many families—a population of over a hundred. There are over three hundred acres planted to trees, of which over two hundred acres are in bearing.

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Address remittances, advertising and other business matters to the Business Manager.

## HAVE YOU RESPONDED?

With the present issue the LAND OF SUNSHINE publishes the first (Just Climate) of a series of comprehensive descriptions of the leading features of Southern California. "Just Climate" speaks for itself. It will be followed in the November issue by a presentation of the uniqueness and individuality of Southern California homes—the beauty, out-doorness and the happiness of homes where nature does not conspire against but aids man in making home ideal.

This subject will be treated by Prof. C. F. Holder, the old-time California Illustrated Magazine's editor, and the author of books and works of national fame.

The other leading attractions of this locality will be treated from month to month by writers of reputation, thus providing a continuous supply of the right kind of information for Eastern distribution. It was safely presumed that wide-awake Californians would each send East, individually, or through our representative bodies, a number of yearly subscriptions to a publication containing each month some such addition to its other merits. Quite a number have responded with twenty-five, ten, five, and two yearly subscriptions each, but every intelligent person should voluntarily join in this necessary and creditable work. That it is representative and properly endorsed is apparent from the following portions of resolutions unhesitatingly passed by such representative bodies as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and Merchants and Manufacturers Association :

"Resolved, That we do hereby heartily commend the proposed undertaking, and agree to circulate with special care, and with a view of accomplishing the most good for this locality, such copies of the LAND OF SUNSHINE as yearly subscribers do not find it convenient to send East."

Another :

"Resolved, That the San Diego Chamber of Commerce heartily commands such undertaking, guarantees the purchase of copies, and urges the support of the good people and the press of the city, and agrees to distribute, with a view of doing the most good for this locality, such copies as may be placed in its hands."

Every subscription counts—yours may be the one to bring out the right person and add to the resources and general prosperity of your locality.

Remember, the series begins with October LAND OF SUNSHINE, and the edition is limited. Send in your yearly subscription or subscriptions while you can include the October number.

Write plainly the addresses to which you wish the subscriptions sent, and in every case sign your own name and address for future reference.

WHERE INFORMATION IS APPRECIATED.

While not resorting to voluminous information, the LAND OF SUNSHINE has been quietly and systematically supplying the fields of use to this section with the right class of literature. Not only has the Klondyke region been reached by copies of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, but that larger and more certain field, the East, has not been neglected for side issues. Klondyke has its importance—but this coast has more use for the culture and the educated wealth of the East than for disappointed or successful gold adventurers. Southern California has been built up by and received its best energy from the East, and it cannot afford to be lured from so good a friend by uncertain prospects.

The enclosed letter demonstrates the eagerness throughout the East for the right kind of information concerning this locality and the need of supplying the demand.

FORM 189. NO. 10. P. D.

THE LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN  
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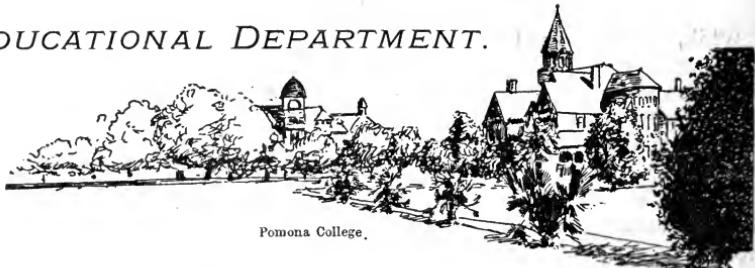
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Rept. to Brown 9/1

Every Southern Californian should be a subscriber to the LAND OF SUNSHINE, both on account of the value of the magazine to himself, but because after he has read and enjoyed it he need not hesitate to send it East as representative of the brains and culture and resources of his locality.

See Publishers' Page.

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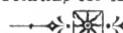
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## Hotel Improvements.

Los Angeles will soon be better prepared than heretofore to take care of the globe trotter and the winter tourist. The Hollenbeck is being refurnished in a number of ways and additional baths, etc., added to its excellent accommodations. The central location of the Hollenbeck will always attract generous patronage, which the personality and experience of mine host Bilicke seldom fails to hold. The same may be said of the Hotel Nadeau. In the elegant new Van Nuys Hotel the most fastidious tourist can find comfort and up-to-date conveniences; while the architectural improvements and enlarged facilities being added to the Westminster enables it to hold its position in the front rank with the other two mentioned.

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The LAND OF SUNSHINE recently received a sample pair of pruning shears from the Florists' Pruning Shears Manufacturing Co., of Fremont, Ohio, which are proving an indispensable article in the garden. More and better work can be done with them than the ordinary shears, as they not only prune the shrubs, but hold the prunings at the same time so that the latter need not come in contact with the hands. The florist and fruit grower, as well as the amateur gardener, can well afford the expenditure of a dollar for such a convenience.

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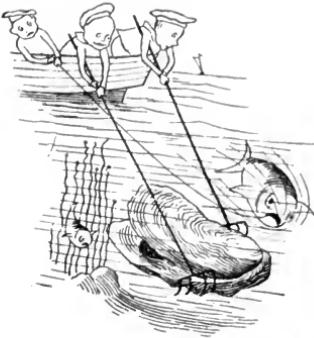
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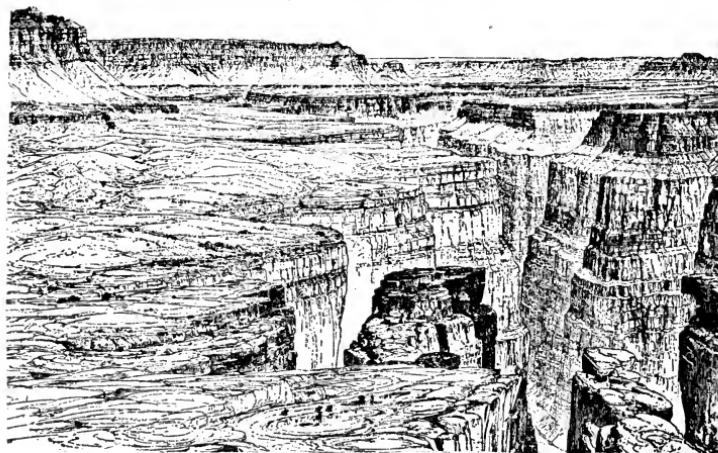
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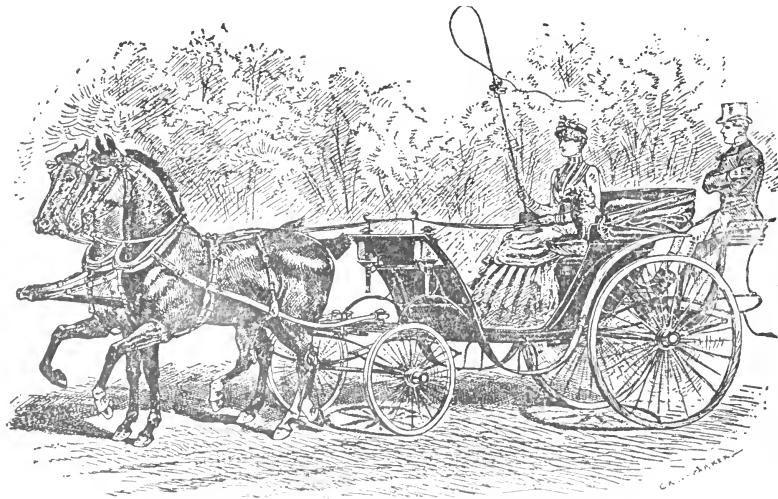


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EDITED BY

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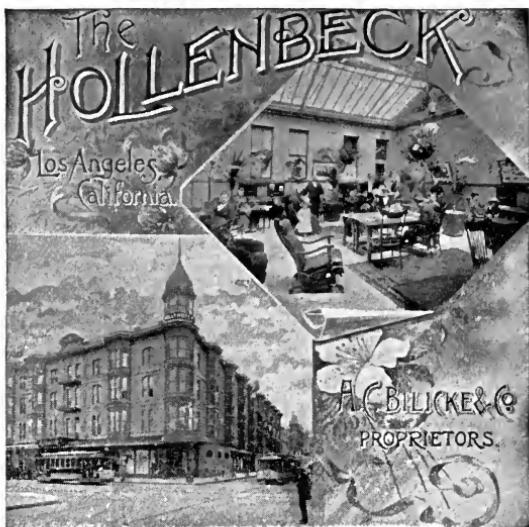
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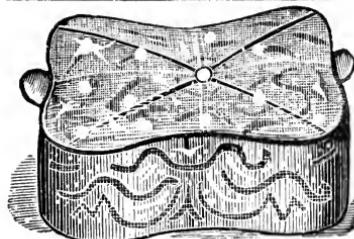
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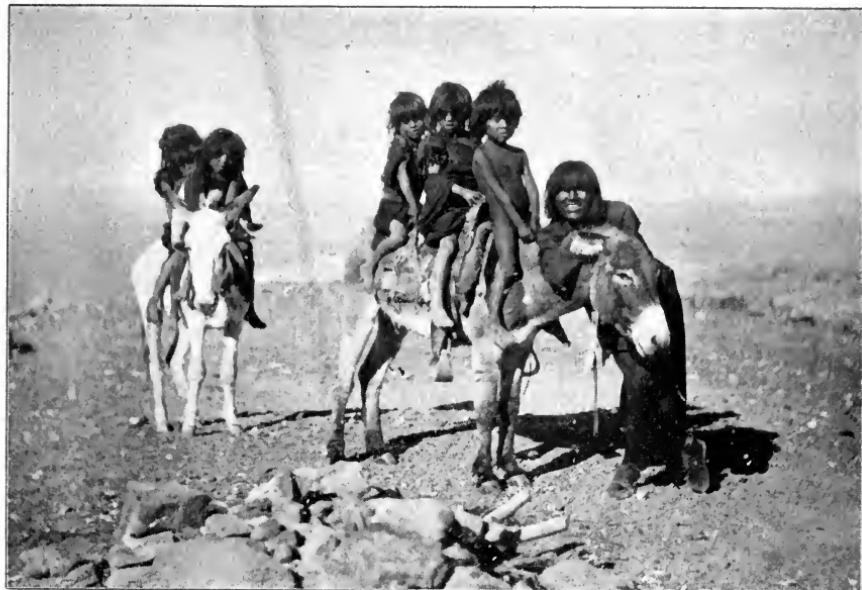
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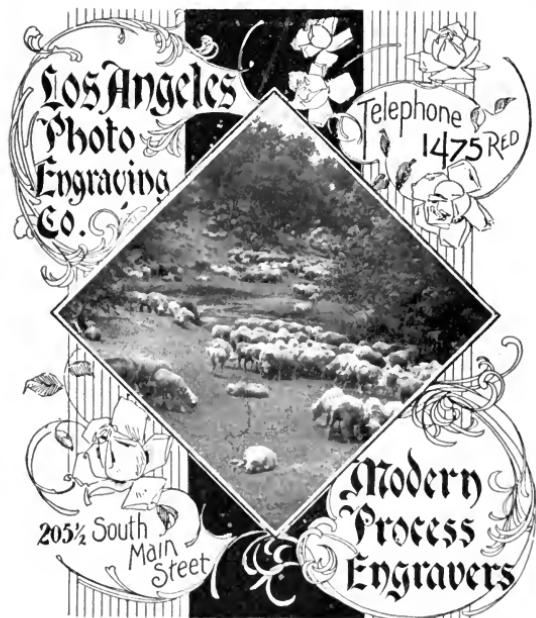
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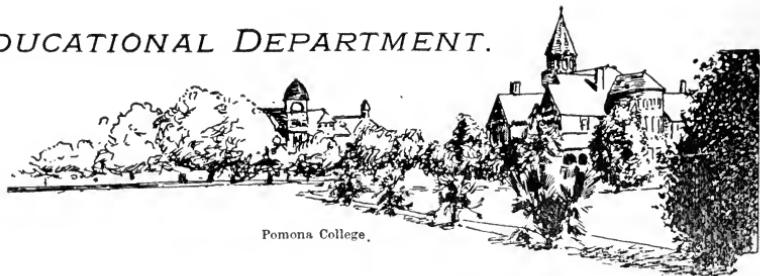
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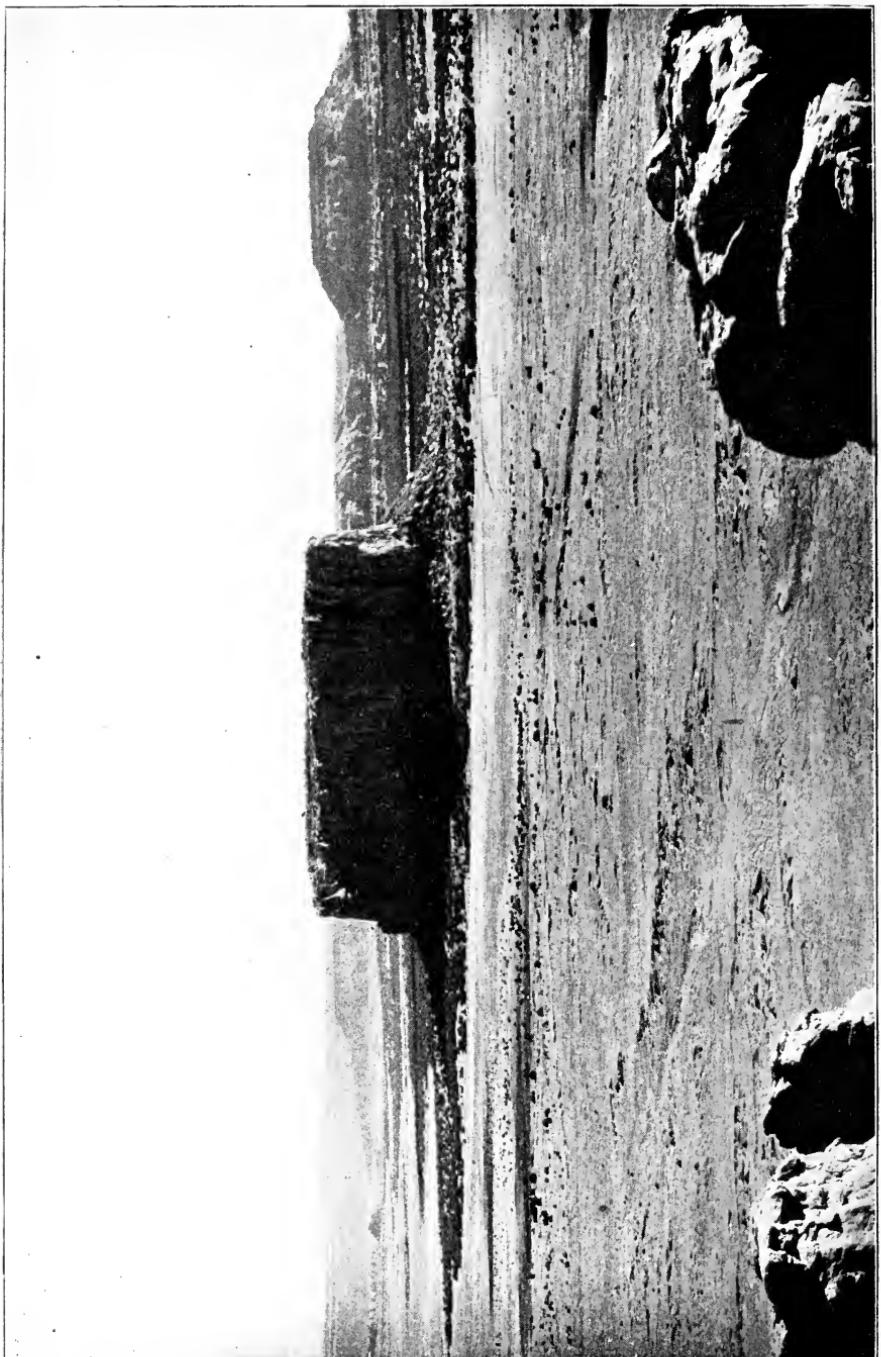
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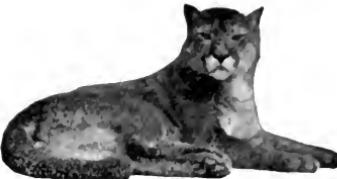


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KATZIMO OR THE ENCHANTED MESA  
(From Acuna.)





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, NO. 6.

LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER, 1897.

## *KATZIMO THE ENCHANTED.*

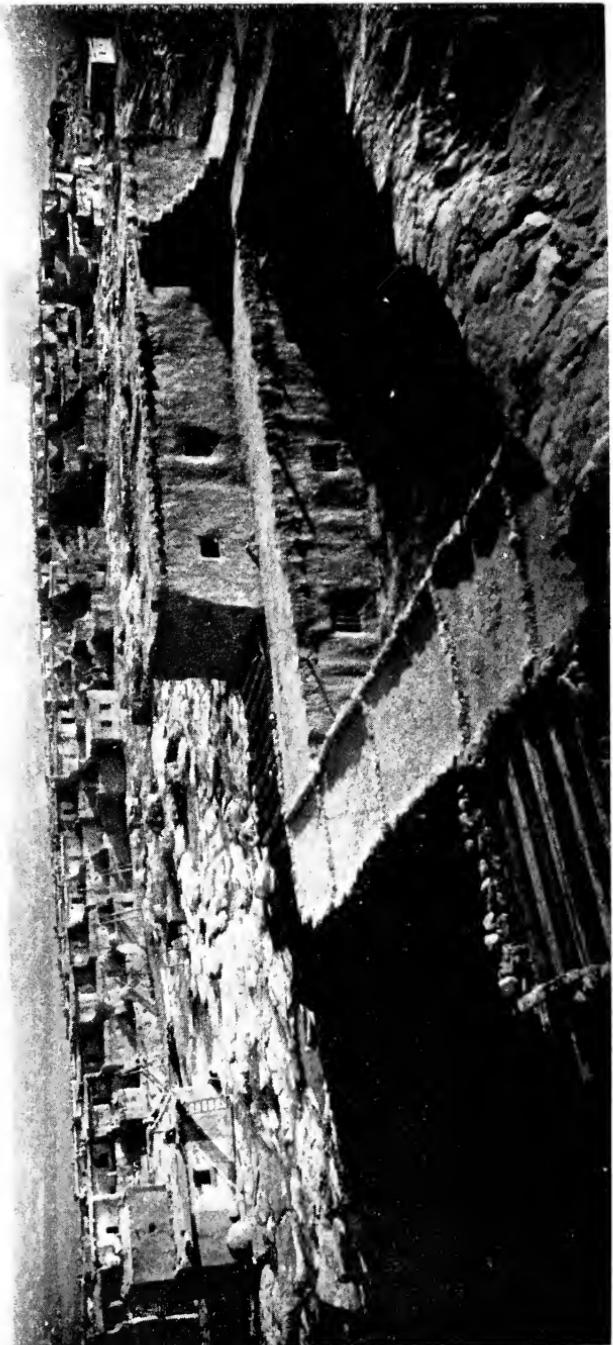
BY FREDERICK WEBB HODGE.

**A**COMA is the oldest settlement within our domain. Many of the walls that still stand on that beetling peñol were seen by Coronado during his marvelous journey in 1540, and even then they were centuries old. The valley of Acoma has been described as "the Garden of the Gods multiplied by ten, and with ten equal but other wonders thrown in; plus a human interest, an archaeological value, an atmosphere of romance and mystery"—and the comparison has not been overdrawn an iota.

Stretching away for miles lies a beautiful level valley clothed in grama and bounded on both sides by mesas of variegated sandstone rising precipitately from 300 to 400 feet, and relieved by minarets and pinnacles and domes of nature's architecture. About their bases miniature forests of piñon and cedar are found, pruned of their dead limbs by native wood-gatherers. Northwestward Mt. San Mateo (or Taylor), the loftiest peak in New Mexico, rears its verdant head, and twenty miles away to the westward the great, frowning, pine-fringed Mesa Prieta, with the beautiful vale of Cebollita at its feet, forms a fitting foreground to every setting sun.

But none of these great rock-tables is so precipitous, so awe inspiring, as the majestic isolated Katzímo or Enchanted Mesa, which rises 430 feet from the middle of the western plain as if too proud to keep company with its fellows. And this was one of the many wonderful homesites of the Acomas during their wanderings from the mythic Shípápu in the far north to their present lofty dwelling-place.

Native tradition, as distinguished from myth, when unaffected by Caucasian influence, may usually be relied on even to the extent of verifying or disproving that which purports to be historical testimony. The Acoma Indians have handed down from shaman to novitiate, from father to son, in true prescriptive fashion, for many generations, the story that Katzímo was once the home of their ancestors, but during a great convulsion of nature, at a time when most of the inhabitants were at



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BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ACOMA.  
(The Enchanted Mesa in the distance.)

Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

work in their fields below, an immense rocky mass became freed from the friable wall of the cliff, destroying the only trail to the summit and leaving a few old women to perish on the inaccessible height. What more could be necessary to enwrap the place forever after in the mystery of enchantment?

This tradition was first recorded years ago and published in 1885 by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has done so much to stimulate popular interest in the most interesting section of our country, and the same story was repeated by Acoma lips to the present writer while conducting a reconnaissance of the pueblos in the autumn of 1895. During this visit, to test the verity of the tradition, a trip was made to the base of the mesa, where a careful examination of the talus, especially where it is piled so high about the foot of the great southwestern cleft up which the ancient pathway is reputed to have wound its course, was rewarded by the finding of numerous fragments of pottery of very ancient type, some of



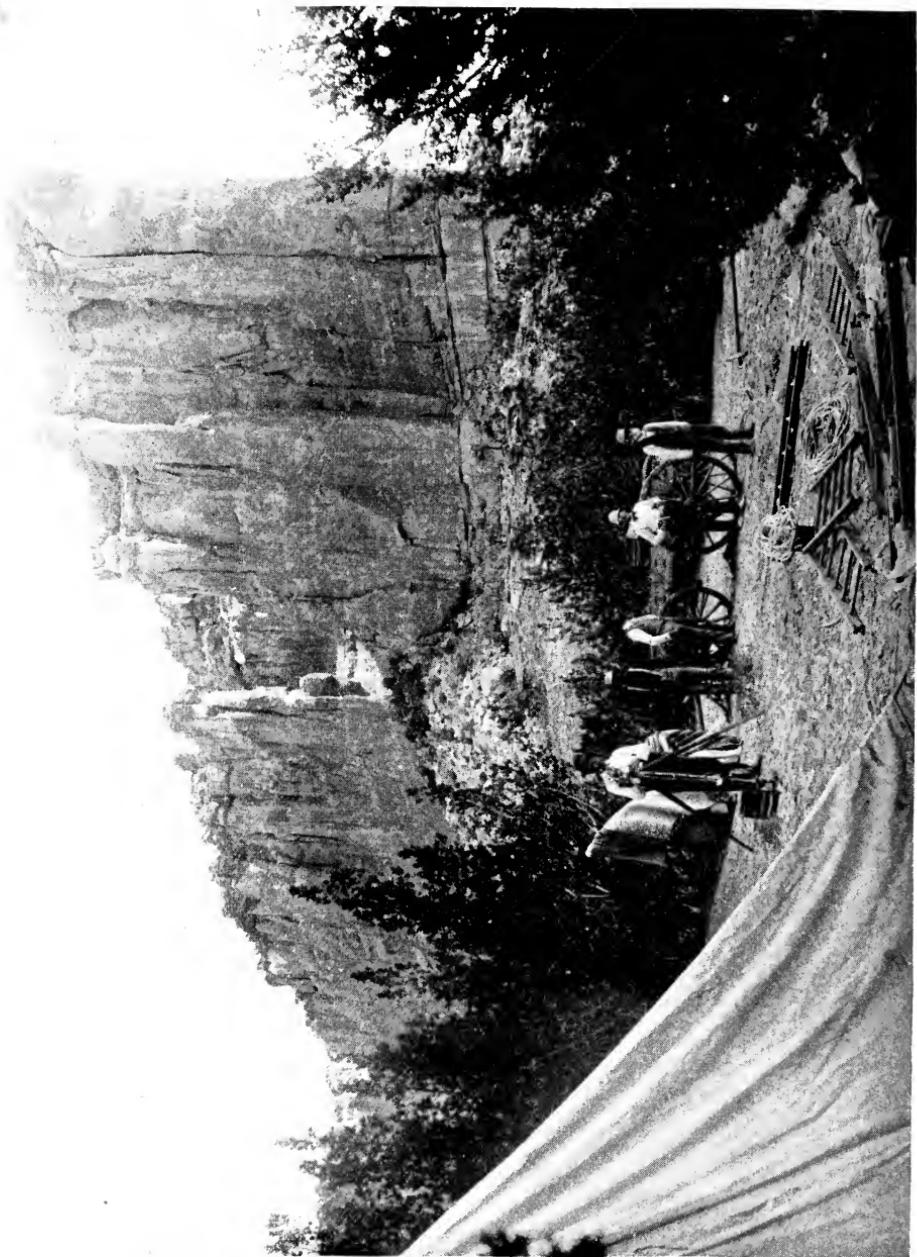


Photo by A. C. Vroman.

MR. HODGE'S CAMP, S. W. CORNER OF THE MESA.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

which were decorated in a vitreous glaze--an art now unknown to Pueblo potters.

The talus at the point mentioned rises to a height of 224 feet above the plain, and therefore slightly more than halfway up the mesa side. It is composed largely of earth, which could have been deposited there in no other way than by washing from the summit during periods of storm through many centuries. An examination of the trail to a point within 60 feet of the top exhibited distinct traces of the hand and foot holes that had aided in the ascent of the ancient pathway. The evidence of the former occupancy of the Enchanted Mesa was regarded as sufficient; another one of many native traditions had been verified by archæologic proof.

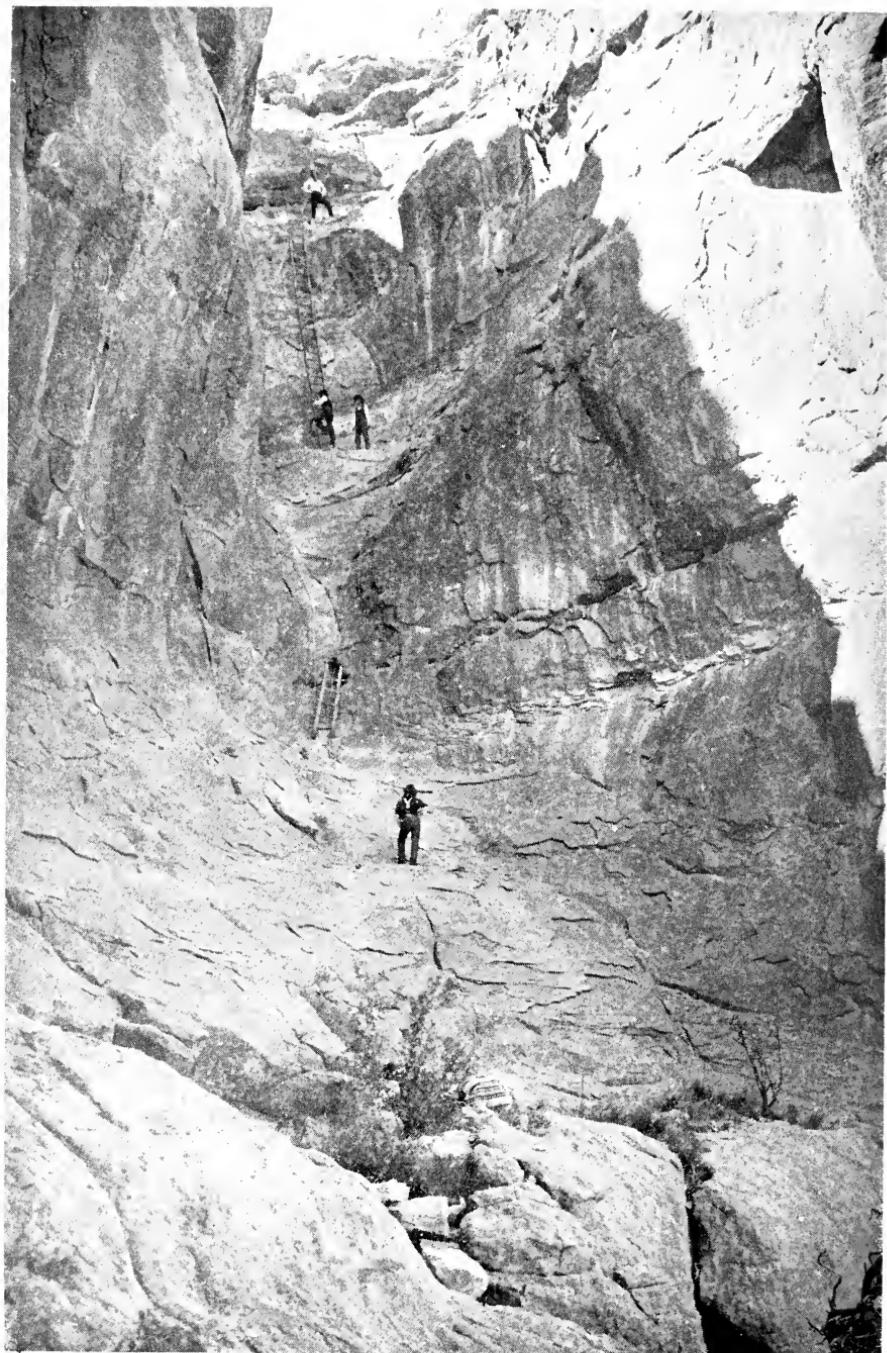
The Enchanted Mesa has become celebrated during the last summer through the reports of the expedition of Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton, who, after several days of effort, succeeded in scaling the height in the latter part of July by means of a life-saving equipment. It would seem that Prof. Libbey neglected to search for relics in the talus and that he devoted no attention to the great southwestern cove up which the trail was reputed to have passed; but after spending some three hours on the narrow southern extension of the mesa top awaiting the arrival of a ladder from Acoma to conduct him across a fissure,\* he employed the remaining two hours in a reconnaissance of the wider and most interesting part of the height, finding "nothing that would indicate even a former visit by human beings."

While engaged in archæological work in Arizona (and later in Cebollita valley in western central New Mexico, some twenty miles westward from Acoma pueblo), I concluded to visit Katzimo once more in order to determine what additional data might be gathered by an examination of the summit. The knowledge gained by the previous visit made it apparent that a light equipment only would be necessary to the accomplishment of the task. Preparing an extension ladder comprising six 6-foot sections, some two hundred feet of half-inch rope, and a pole-pick, together with a number of bolts, drills, etc., which afterward were found to be needless, I proceeded to Laguna, the newest yet the most rapidly decaying of all the pueblos, on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad. Here I was fortunate in enlisting the services of Major George H. Pradt, who has served as a U. S. deputy surveyor in New Mexico and Arizona for nearly thirty years; Mr. A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, a few of whose beautiful photographs are here reproduced, and Mr. H. C. Hayt of Chicago. Much of the success of the little expedition is due to the untiring aid of these gentlemen; and for many creature comforts I am indebted to the Messrs. Marmon, whose beautiful little home at Laguna has delighted the heart of many a weary wayfarer in that sunny land.

Leaving the railroad September 1st, we proceeded westward with our two farm wagons, each drawn by a very small black mule and a large white horse, driven by two sturdy Laguna boys. The road trends westward for about seven miles, then turns southward through a rather wide valley scarred with arroyos and lined with fantastically carved sandstone cliffs. The summit of Mesa Encantada is visible for several miles ere the vale of Acoma is reached, and as one enters the valley proper he cannot fail to appreciate the wisdom displayed by the natives in the final selection of the beautiful, grassy, mesa-dotted plain that has been their home for so many generations.

The next day was spent in the village of Acoma, witnessing that curious anomaly of paganism intermixed with Christianity known as the Fiesta de San Estevan. On the morning of the 3d an early start was made for Mesa Encantada, which lies three miles northwestward from the pueblo, just within the eastern boundary of the Acoma grant, in latitude  $34^{\circ} 54'$  north, longitude  $107^{\circ} 34'$  west.

\* 4 ft. wide.—Ed.



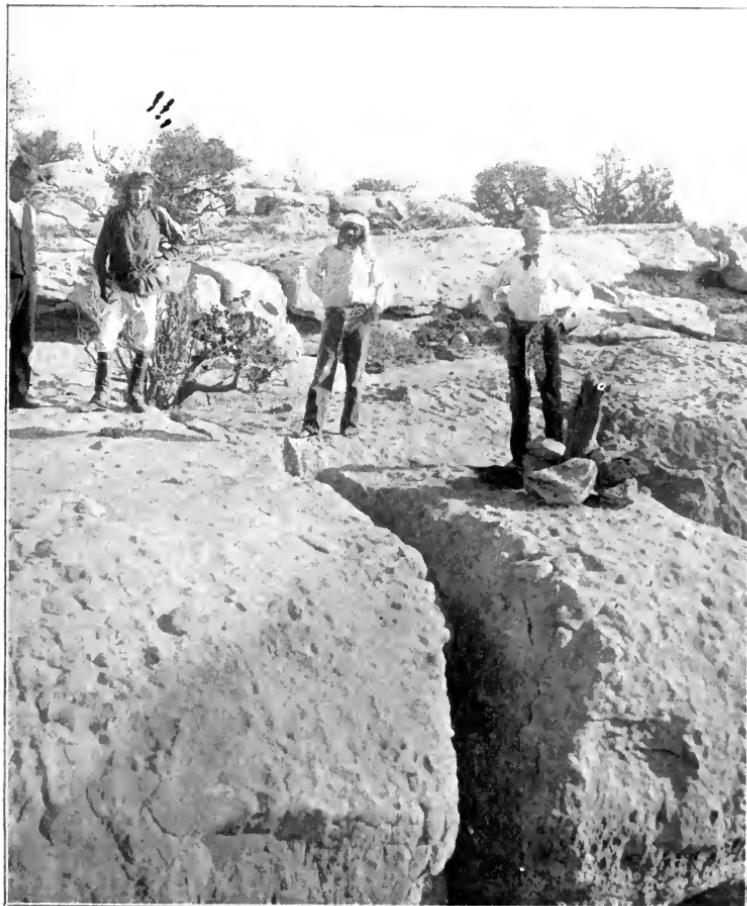
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*ASCENDING THE PREHISTORIC TRAIL.*

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

The remainder of the forenoon was employed in making camp in the little grove of cedars at the base of the cleft near the southwestern corner of the height, in unpacking the apparatus and instruments, and in determining the altitude of the mesa from the western plain. The observations of Major Pradt show that the elevation of the foot of the talus above the plain is 33 feet; the apex of the talus 224 feet above the plain, and the top of the highest pinnacle on the summit of the mesa overlooking the great cleft, 431 feet above the same level.

The start from the camp was made at noon. The ascent of the talus was made in a few minutes, the ladders, ropes, and photographic and surveying instruments being carried with some effort, since climbing, heavily laden, at an altitude of 6000 feet in a broiling sun is tedious. Reaching the beginning of the rocky slope, the hard work began. One mem-



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THE MONUMENT.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

[This is the cairn, unmistakable as a pile of tin cans, which Prof. Wm. Libbey of Princeton College looked at, puzzled over, and finally decided to be "the results of erosion." See article signed by him in the Princeton Press, Aug. 21.—Ed.]

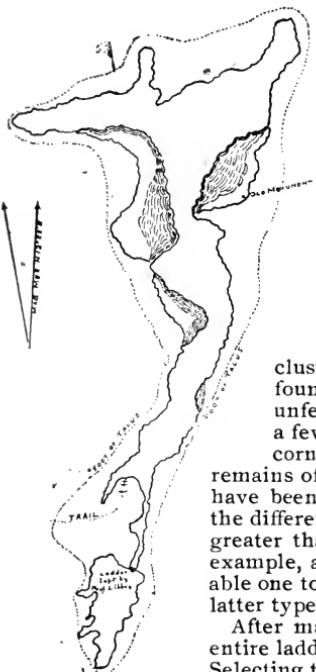


ber of the party, taking the lead, dragged the end of a rope to a convenient landing place where a dwarf piñon finds sufficient nourishment, from the stormwater and sand washed from the summit through this drainage-way, to eke out a precarious existence. Fastening the rope to the tree, the outfit was hauled up, and the other members of the party found a convenient and easy means of ascent. The next landing occurred several feet above at the foot of a rather steep pitch of about ten feet. This wall, although somewhat difficult to scale, may be climbed with more or less safety by the aid of several small holes which occur in its face. These holes were doubtless artificially pecked, but as the narrow pathway at this point is now a drainage course during periods of storm, the soft sandstone has become so much eroded that they have apparently lost their former shape. The cliff at this point was surmounted with the aid of two sections of the extension ladder, a rope being carried over the steep slope above and secured to a large boulder in the corner of a convenient terrace some 60 feet below the summit.

This was the point which I managed to reach without artificial aid during the 1895 visit. At this time I spent several minutes on this ledge, and made diligent search on the walls of the cove for evidence of pictographs, but none were found. The boulder lies in a corner of the terrace, below a long crack which extends the entire height of the 30-foot wall, just as it had appeared before; and I well remember viewing the chasm while seated on it. I note these circumstances since one of the first things that met our gaze on reaching this point during the late climb, was a collection of four oak sticks, lying beside the boulder,

that I had not observed during my previous visit. They were about an inch thick,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, and had been pointed at each end with a sharp tool, apparently a hatchet. Their occurrence here at once suggested a careful investigation of the crack above, which resulted in the finding of a series of regularly pecked holes, evidently very ancient, for their edges had been so eroded that they are now visible only on close examination. So shallow indeed had the holes been worn that I at once saw that while the pointed sticks afforded an indication of their former use, it would have been impossible for the holes to be employed as an aid to climbing in modern times. I therefore concluded that the sticks had recently been brought there by one who desired to gain access to the summit, but had failed in the attempt. This conclusion was confirmed immediately afterward when I found a sherd of very modern Acoma pottery and an unfeathered prayer-stick almost beneath the boulder, and a few moments later Mr. Hayt dug from the sand in the corner other fragments of the same vessel—evidently the remains of a sacrifice—which, had it been accessible, would have been deposited on the summit. It should be said that the difference in ancient and modern Acoma earthenware is far greater than between modern Acoma and Zufi pottery, for example, and it requires no very intimate acquaintance to enable one to distinguish the one variety from the other in the latter types.

After making this interesting find we proceeded to fit the entire ladder in order to scale the 30 feet of wall now before us. Selecting the middle or the eastern section of the cove as the most convenient and least hazardous point of ascent, the ladder was adjusted and carefully raised, section by section, until it



Map of the Mesa Encantada, by Maj. Geo. H. Pratt. Scale, 600 ft. to 1 inch.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

ON TOP OF KATZIMO.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

reached the lower part of the sloping terrace. Two holes were then pecked in the sandstone floor to prevent the now almost vertical ladder from slipping down the cliff. Again a member of the party went forward, drawing with him a rope fastened about the waist, the remaining three (the Indians remained below to handle the baggage) holding the ladder as rigidly as possible ; yet it swayed and creaked and bent like a reed until the top was reached, and it required no little care to step from the upper rung to the sloping ledge without forcing the ladder from its insecure bearing. The ledge was gained in safety, however, and the rope was tied to an upper rung and made fast around a large block of stone on the terrace to the left. The others ascended, one by one, each with a rope about his chest and drawn around the rock by the one above as a measure of precaution. Then the equipage, wrapped in blankets, was fastened to the end of a rope thrown to the two Indians far below and drawn up piece by piece. The remainder of the ascent was made without difficulty : the time consumed by the entire climb was somewhat over two hours.

If the view across the valley is beautiful, that from the summit of Katzimo is sublime. Mesa Prieta was sullen still, and the pink mesas, haughty in their grandeur from the plain, now seemed to realize their insignificance in the light of the glories beyond. Placid little pools, born of the storm of the day before, lay glittering like diamonds in an emerald field, while Mt. San Mateo tried in vain to lift its lofty head above the clouds that festooned the northern horizon.

The summit of Encantada has been swept and carved and swept again by the winds and rains of centuries since the ancestors of the simple Acomas climbed the ladder-trail of which we found the traces. The pinnacled floor has not always appeared as it is today, for it was thickly overlaid by the shred-strewn soil that now forms a goodly part of the great talus heaps below. The walls of the dwellings, whether of stone or the sun-baked mud-balls that Castañeda describes, must have been erected on this, for the native finds in earth, when he has it, a better footing for his unbonded walls than he does in bare rock, and one may readily see that the film of soil which still remains occurs in places that would have afforded the best sites for dwellings.

The day before was a day of storm. It even rained hard enough to drive an Indian from his religion, and yet not a cupful found a resting place on the entire mesa surface save in a few potholes eroded in the

sandstone. The water had poured over the brink in a hundred cataracts, each contributing of the summit's substance to the detritus round about the base as in every storm for untold ages.

There is little wonder, then, that I despaired of finding a single relic when we had reached the top of the trail and looked about at the destruction wrought ; and yet we had been on the summit only a few minutes when Major Pradt found a sherd of pottery of very ancient type and much crackled by weathering. The fragment is of plain gray ware, quite coarse in texture, with a *dégraissant* of white sand. Beginning at the eastern side we immediately began to explore the rim of the escarpment, in a short time encountering the rude stone monument, which had been observed also by Prof. Libbey. Only a cursory glance is necessary to determine beyond any doubt that the pile could have been erected only by the hand of man. The structure stands on a natural floor of sandstone, on the edge of the eastern cliff, well protected from the wash by a drainage-way on each side. It consists of a long, narrow slab about thirty inches in length, held erect by smaller slabs and boulders placed about the base, the stratification of the upright slab being vertical, that of the supporting slabs horizontal. As will readily be observed from the plate, it would have been impossible for the structure to have originated by any but artificial means.

The sun was lowering, so that we were compelled to suspend investigation in order to make preparation for our night's camp. After supper Mr. Vroman and Mr. Hayt built a huge fire, for the night air at that altitude is very chilly. We passed the night in questionable comfort, and were out of our blankets at dawn. After a hasty breakfast we immediately began a survey of the mesa rim, and while thus engaged were somewhat surprised to find three Acoma Indians among us. They were scarcely friendly at first ; indeed, according to the story of our two Lagunas who had spent the night in the camp below, they had seen our fire the night before, and not knowing who the intruders were, or what their intentions, had come with the avowed purpose of compelling us to descend, even if they had to threaten to cut down our ladder. A little explanation and friendly treatment, however, soon appeased any wrath and induced communicativeness. These three natives are Luciano Cristóval Payatiamo, Lieutenant Governor of the tribe and a medicine priest ; Luis Pino, and Santiago Savaró, *principales*.

After careful inquiry in regard to the tradition of the former occupancy of Katzímo, Luciano informed us that the "ancients" had lived there so long ago, and the storms in this country were so destructive, that we could now hardly expect to find any remains on the surface of the mesa. When we told him and his companions that a potsherd had already been found, they became deeply interested, and manifested anxiety to find other evidences on the lofty home-site of their ancestors. They evinced much curiosity in the place, and were greatly surprised when we took them to the stone monument, of which they could give us no satisfactory explanation. Luciano suggested that it may have been placed there in ancient times to mark the site of a trail, but an examination of the cliff failed to reveal any indication that access to the mesa could ever have been gained at that point.

As already stated, the Indians were deeply interested in finding further evidence of aboriginal occupancy. They had proceeded only a few yards in their search when the *teniente* found a fragment of ancient pottery quite similar to the sherd picked up by Major Pradt the evening before ; a few moments later, several more fragments were found, as well as a portion of a shell bracelet, that bears evidence of considerable wear, an arrowpoint, and the blade-end of a white stone ax, on the edge of which several notches had been neatly made. The exposed portion of this implement was thoroughly bleached, while the side in contact with the ground was soiled and still damp when the Indian



L. A. Eng. Co.

*THE LAST PITCH.*

Photo by A. C. Vroman

handed it to me. After descending the mesa, the same Indian exhibited the blade-end of another ax, which showed a portion of the groove and which was notched along the edge in a manner similar to the other. He admitted that he had found it on the summit, or rather on a ledge a few feet below the summit, but desired to keep it for ceremonial use as he was a medicine priest. Like the other implement, this ax was thoroughly bleached on one side by weathering, the unexposed side being stained through contact with the ground.

We descended the mesa about noon of the following day (Sept. 4th) having spent twenty hours on the summit. During this time I employed every opportunity in making a critical study of the general features of the surface of Katzímo throughout the 2500 feet of its length, devoting special consideration to the topography of the site, the erosion, the earthy deposits, the drainage, and the great cedars that stand gaunt and bare or lie prone and decayed because their means of subsistence has so long been washed away, and I was forced to the conclusion that there is no possibility that any trace of house walls could have remained to this day. The abundance of ancient relics in the talus, the remnants of the ladder trail, the specimens picked up on the summit, coupled with the destruction wrought by nature, the tradition itself—all testify to the former habitation of the site.

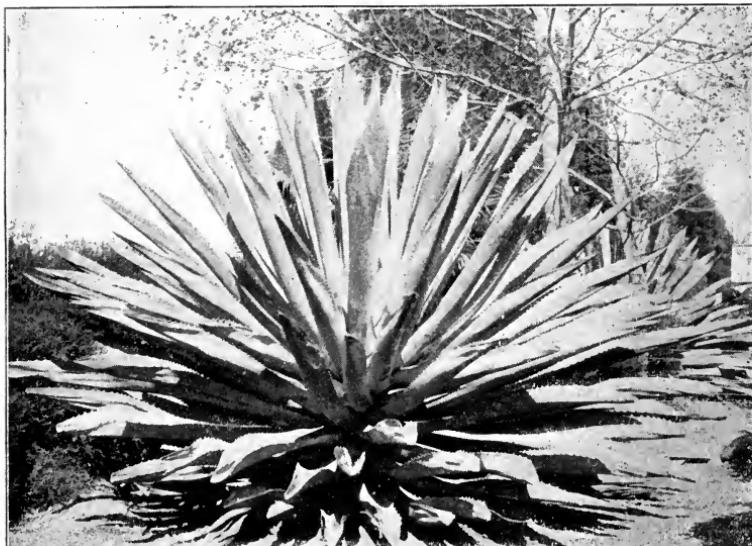
Katzímo is still enchanted. The lore of a millennium is not to be undone by a few hours of careless iconoclasm.

Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

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[Since Mr. Hodge's ms. went to the printers, Prof. Libbey has greatly increased the seriousness of his own plight by attempting a defence. He is playing with edged tools whose handles he does not know, and the result is natural. Some discussion of the matter will be found on another page.—ED.]

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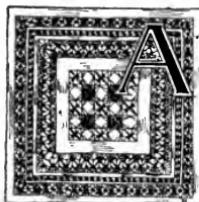
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THE PLANT—APRIL 13.

Photo. by Hall.

## A "CENTURY PLANT."

BY H. N. RUST.

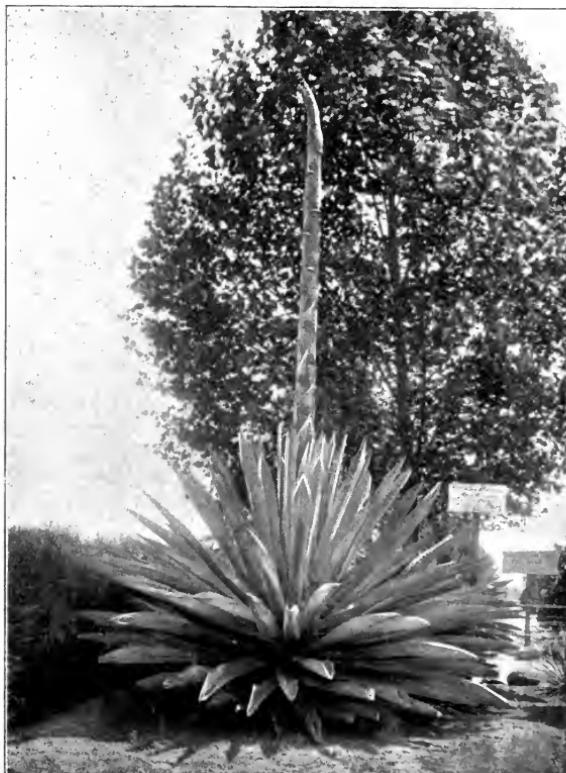


GAVE AMERICANA is one of the noblest and most useful plants of North America. In Mexico it is called *maguey*; and enormous plantations of it are grown, its juice being made into the sour national drink *pulque*; while a distillation (from one variety) makes *mescal*, the Mexican brandy. In the United States it is called aloe or "century plant"—the latter as much of a name-exaggeration as centipede. It lives some years longer in a cold climate; in Southern California and Mexico it matures in eight to fifteen years.

As the plant comes to maturity, a heavy stalk (much like a gigantic asparagus) rises from the center of the great rosette of big, sword-like leaves. The Mexican *tlachiqueros* to make *pulque* cut this off and gather the sap from its stump; but in this country we let it grow for more esthetic results.

The accompanying photographs of a plant grown on the writer's place in South Pasadena, Cal., illustrate the manner and rapidity of growth. No. 1 was taken April 13, when the highest part of the plant was 9½ feet

above the ground; its greatest diameter being 16 feet. Single "leaves" were 4½ to 6½ feet long, and three inches thick. At this date the flower-stalk already began to show in the heart of the rosette. No. 2 was taken May 8th, and shows twenty-two days' growth. No. 3 was made August 1st, when the plant had attained a height of 41 feet, and carried many thousands of small, yellowish-green flowers. This tremendous growth of the flower-stalk exhausts the plant, and it dies after flowering.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE FLOWER-STALK—MAY 8.

Photo, by Hall.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

*IN FULL BLOOM—AUGUST 1.*

Photo, by Hall

The Indians of the desert use its pulpy portions for food ; roasting them in a pit, between alternate layers of grass, something like a Rhode Island clam-bake. The result is a dark, fibrous mass which has the taste of baked sweet apples, is very nutritious, and in that climate will keep a year or more. The agave is propagated by shoots, which come out in abundance.

South Pasadena, Cal.

## OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYEWITNESSES.

I.



EV. WALTER COLTON, a chaplain in the U. S. Navy, was the first Protestant clergyman and the first American magistrate in California. Two weeks after the American flag was raised (July 10, 1846) he began his duties as alcalde\* of Monterey; and his chance for observing the patriarchal life of the Californians was unusually good. So also was his temperament. He kept a naive diary, and later published it in book form—*Three Years in California*. He was given to quoting poetry and to moralizing in the ingenuous style of that day; but his book is one of the most interesting of that epoch, particularly in its amusing and sympathetic delineations of that sweet, simple, hospitable, childlike life which was so soon to be crowded aside by the trampling Argonauts. He was also the first editor on the Pacific coast, issuing (with his partner Semple, a Kentuckian who stood six-feet-eight in his stockings) the first number of the weekly *Californian* on the 15th of August, 1846.

A delicious chapter on his experiences as magistrate, and the honest



L. A. Eng. Co.

From Colton's "Three Years in California."

GOING TO THE WEDDING.

\* Mayor and Judge in one.

but unconventional fashion in which he administered justice; his experiences as the first California newspaper man, as a gold-miner and as a pillar of society, is easily made from his lively volume. But first for some of his pictures of California life as he found it.

#### OLD CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY.

"I have never been," says Mr. Colton, "in a community that rivals Monterey in its spirit of hospitality and generous regard. Such is the welcome to the privileges of the private hearth, that a public hotel has never been able to maintain itself. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come without the slightest ceremony, make yourself entirely at home, and tarry as long as it suits your inclination, be it for a day or a month. You create no flutter in the family, awaken no apologies, and are greeted every morning with the same bright smile.

"If a stranger, you are not expected to bring a formal letter of introduction. No one here thinks any the better of a man who carries the credentials of his character and standing in his pocket. A word or an allusion to recognized persons or places is sufficient. If you turn out to be different from what your first impressions and fair speech promised, still you meet with no frowning looks, no impatience for your departure. You still enjoy in full that charity which suffereth long, and is kind. \* \* \* And when you finally depart, it will not be without a benison; not perhaps that you are worthy of it; but you belong to the great human family, where faults often spring from misfortune and the force of untoward circumstances. Generous, forbearing people of Monterey! there is more true hospitality in one throb of your heart, than circulates for years through the courts and capitals of kings."

#### KNEW HOW TO LIVE.

"There are no people that I have ever been among who enjoy life so thoroughly as the Californians. Their habits are simple; their wants few; nature rolls almost everything spontaneously into their lap. Their horses, cattle, and sheep roam at large—not a blade of grass is cut, and none is required. The harvest waves wherever the plow and harrow have been; and the grain which the wind scatters this year, serves as seed for the next. The slight labor required is more a diversion than a toil; and even this is shared by the Indian. They attach no value to money, except as it administers to their pleasures.

#### OPEN HEARTS.

"There is no need of an orphan asylum in California. The amiable and benevolent spirit of the people hovers like a shield over the helpless. The question is not, who shall be burdened with the care of an orphan, but who shall have the privilege of rearing it. Nor do numbers or circumstances seem to shake this spirit. A plain, industrious man, of rather limited means, applied to me today [Feb. 17, 1848] for the care of six orphan children. I asked him how many he had of his own; he said fourteen as yet. 'Well, my friend,' I observed, 'are not fourteen enough for one table, and especially with the prospect of more?' 'Ah!' said the Californian, 'the hen that has twenty chickens scratches no harder than the hen that has one.'"

#### SOMETHING LIKE FAMILIES.

"The fecundity of the Californians is remarkable, and must be attributed in no small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table,

with their mother at their head. There is a lady of some note in Monterey, who is the mother of twenty-two living children.

"There is a lady in the department below who has twenty-eight children, all living, in fine health, and who may share the 'envied kiss' with others yet to come. What a family—what a wife—what a mother! I have more respect for the shadow of that woman than for the living presence of the mincing being who raises a whole village if she has one child, and then puts it to death with sugar plums. A woman with one child is like a hen with one chicken; there is an eternal scratch about nothing."

#### A CALIFORNIA WEDDING.

"It is said the Californians are born on horseback; it may also be said they are married on horseback. The day the marriage contract is agreed on between the parties, the bridegroom's first care is to buy or borrow the best horse to be found in the vicinity. At the same time he has to get, by one of these means, a silver-mounted bridle, and a saddle with embroidered housings. This saddle must have, also, at its stern, a bridal pillion, with broad aprons flowing down the flanks of the horse. These aprons are also embroidered with silk of different colors, and with gold and silver thread. Around the margin runs a string of little steel plates, alternated with slight pendants of the same metal. These, as the horse moves, jingle like a thousand mimic bells.

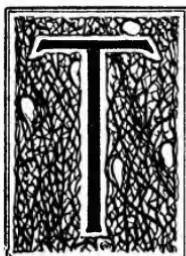
The bride, also, comes in for her share in these nuptial preparations. The bridegroom must present her with at least six entire changes of raiment, nor forget, through any sentiment of delicacy, even the chemise. Such an oversight might frustrate all his hopes; as it would be construed into a personal indifference—the last kind of indifference which a California lady will forgive. He therefore hunts this article with as much solicitude as the Peri the gift that was to unlock Paradise. Having found six which are neither too full nor too slender, he packs them in rose-leaves and sends them to his lady as his last bridal present. She might naturally expect him to come next.

The wedding day having arrived, the two fine horses, procured for the occasion, are led to the door, saddled, bridled, and pillioned. The bridegroom takes up before him the godmother, and the godfather the bride, and thus they gallop away to church. The priest, in his richest robes, receives them at the altar, where they kneel, partake of the sacrament, and are married. This over, they start on their return—but now the gentlemen change partners. The bridegroom, still on the pillion, takes up before him his bride. With his right he steadies her on the saddle, and in his left holds the reins. They return to the house of the parents of the bride, where they are generally received with a discharge of musketry. Two persons, stationed at some convenient place, now rush out and seize him by his legs, and before he has time to dismount, deprive him of his spurs, which he is obliged to redeem with a bottle of brandy.

"The married couple then enter the house where the near relatives are all waiting in tears to receive them. They kneel down before the parents of the lady, and crave a blessing, which is bestowed with patriarchal solemnity. On rising, the bridegroom makes a signal for the guests to come in, and another for the guitar and harp to strike up. Then commences the dancing, which continues often for three days, with only brief intervals for refreshment, but none for slumber; the wedded pair must be on their feet; their dilemma furnishes food for good-humored jibes and merriment. Thus commences married life in California."

## IN A GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL.

BY BERTHA S. WILKINS.



HE Pima Indian Reservation is situated along the Gila river in southern Arizona. Here a Government boarding school has been in operation for a number of years, and better conditions for studying the Indian child can hardly be imagined. The children are still linked to the home, parents and friends can come to see them, yet, for the time being, they are entirely in the care and keeping of the school.

One has here the little native with all his physical wants to be satisfied, with his temper uncontrolled, and with but vague ideas of concentration or obedience to strangers. When the first strangeness has worn off and one has accustomed oneself to the picturesque "Indian English," the uniform brown of the faces and the black of hair and eyes (there is said to be only one half-breed Pima), one sees the child—the same in all ages and with all peoples—hungry in body and mind. The child, with all his limitations, which are such an unfailing source of amusement to us, yet with possibilities that make one almost stand in awe of him.

In my school, the "receiving class," consisting of twenty-six little Pimas and two Papagos, some familiar school types soon become clearly defined. The child most conspicuous by his behavior was Little Mischief, of course. He is a wonderfully bright, mercurial little fellow, and though only five years old has learned the art of winning hearts. Then Cry Baby made himself known. The slightest affront, whether real or fancied, sends this hysterical little brown urchin off into paroxysms of tears and screams. Yet he is unusually bright, coming from a "brainy" family. His brothers are making their mark in higher Indian schools.

Then there's Puck, the naughty clown—a natural little buffoon—who always feels inclined to do what he shouldn't, never what he should. Yet such a generous, helpful little fellow is bound to make friends everywhere. He has, moreover, a great deal of self-respect.

Even the mathematicians are not wanting. They are two splendid, manly fellows. The boy who was born a politician, who never needed to learn the art of "getting a pull," is perhaps most conspicuous in games where the children "choose their successors." He knows how to electioneer for



Mauds Collier Eng Co  
"MINNEHAHA" AND "LITTLE OLD WOMAN."

Illustrated from Kodaks by the author.

himself, even going so far as buying prominence with a top, a string or a marble. One might think of this consummate little schemer as "long-headed," were his not such a perfectly round little Pima pate.

The General Favorite or Popular Boy is here, as elsewhere, a genial, obliging little fellow, blessed by a kindly star, with unfailing tact, a keen sense of humor, and a level head. He is not puffed up by his popularity. The boys show their high regard for him in many frank, boyish ways, while the girls are more likely to send him a sweaty handful of parched pumpkin seeds by some convenient go-between. The Popular Boy receives the gift with a beaming smile, entirely devoid of self-consciousness, and distributes the delicacy to all around.

Among the girls, the Little Old Woman is a noticeable child. She is fussy and much concerned as to the welfare and behavior of each in particular and all in general.

Then there's the Rebel, who holds her head high and has a cool way of folding her arms, which reminds one of the Douglass before his speech to Marmion. Yet the Rebel possesses a voice as clear as a bell and unerring musical perception. After the music lesson is over, have been sung, the Lena sing again!" The are perhaps the most vigorous measures are ashamed of their variable genius is a little lass of her to learn to read composition was a de- is very popular, too, alike, though the most is the Little Sensitive. natural refinement and teachable, with unfailing what her ancestors were

Son of a Hundred Chiefs.

ucation a hundred years ago. The little maids from camp differ greatly in their power to adjust themselves to the new life. "Minnehaha," a dusky beauty of fifteen, opened her eyes in wonder. Knives and forks made her smile and she was slow in learning the use of them. Pencil and paper, blackboard and crayon also amused and interested her greatly—but she soon drooped with homesickness and refused to eat the strange fare of the school.

Hallie, "a genuine little savage," took in the new world with her eager little mind and smiled a wondering, yet determined, question at every thing. She was not only teachable but aggressively so, and in four months she has accomplished as much as a remarkably bright white child could possibly have done under the same circumstances. And this is saying much, as those who have seen German or Scandinavian children learn the language, besides doing the regular primary work, will admit.

Little Alice, under exactly the same conditions, has little power of concentration, but sings so sweetly and enjoys life so much that one is tempted to let her go her own smiling little way.

As far as I have observed, these little Pimas are



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

"LITTLE MISCHIEF."



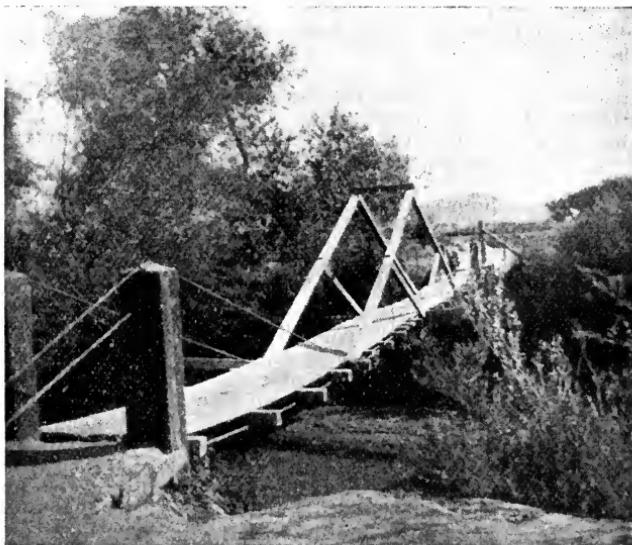
THE LITERARY GENIUS.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN THE AGENT'S ROOM

very musical. They enjoy, moreover, the thoughtful part of music study. Their "musical imagination" is easily aroused, and they appreciate keenly the language of a "song without words." They feel the minor pathos of intervals, and delight in the study of expressing feeling in music. Their voices do not have the silvery quality of the white child's voice, nor the rich resonance of the young Negro's; yet



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. BRIDGE ACROSS THE LITTLE GILA.

under training they develope a quality of tone which is quite distinctive and charming.

Games, too, are an unfailing source of delight to these children. The "play spirit" bubbles over just as it does with children the world over. At school the girls play the familiar "tag" games, jump rope, bean bag, etc.; the boys make tops, play marbles or ball. When asked about their games at home, they said joyously, living it all over in memory: "Play with a bow! Ride a horse! Ride a burro! Ride a cow! Ride a calf!"

"Do you ride on a cow?"

"Yaas—ride—go very fast!"

"But don't you fall off?"

"Yaas, Robert fall off. Break himself here!" (Arm.)

"What do the girls play at home?"

But the girls are not so ready to tell. "Make play-house of little sticks. Make doll of little sticks!" suggested Little Mischief, whose tongue wags at both ends. The girls seem to have fewer games than the boys. It is customary among the Indians, as among more enlightened peoples, to make a decided difference in the rearing of the sexes. Girls learn early to care for the little ones and help in the housework, so their life is more serious from the first.

"When I am at home, I help my mama make pinole," essayed the Sulker, who is learning to keep in good humor for a whole half day at a time.

"How do you make pinole?"



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ANDREW, THE SERGEANT.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

"PUCK" AND "CRY-BABY"

"Take wheat. Put it in olla. Put water on. Let little while get very hot on the fire. Then put on something like sheet; little while get dry—not very dry. Then put in olla, no water. Put on fire not let it burn; do dis-a-way. Then my mama put it on stone make like flour. Very tired she get, my mama. I help her!"

"Very good to eat, dat pinole!" remarked a boy approvingly.

I strolled into the little boys' dormitory on a Sunday evening lately, and found the youngsters going to bed.

"Why aren't all these little boys in church?" I asked.

"Company C get slippy. Company C in bed!" came in a rollicking chorus. Then the Popular Boy turned the tables by asking archly, yet with the smile of a Chesterfield, "Why *you* not in church?" The goodnatured roar which greeted this sally proved to me that the stoical (?) Indian boy knows a joke when he meets it.

A "Gila monster" drawn upon the blackboard, called forth a chorus of, "I see him in the mountains!" "I kill him with a stone. Long time throw stones, my papa!" "He bite, you will die!"

In the "thinking game" the following original riddles were propounded:

"I am thinking of something; it is on the school house. It is red, white and blue!"

"I am thinking of something. It is black. Say Z-Z-Z. Make a little honey in the ground!" A small hole in the ground betrays the spot where the large desert bee stores his sweets in the spring time. The children take a sharp stick and dig from four to eight inches deep, until they reach the small oval mud case. If finished, it will be carefully sealed, containing an egg and honey to feed the embryo. The children remove this and suck the honey from the cup beneath.

Cry Baby one day surprised us by the following riddle: "I am thinking of something. It is playing in the mountains with a bow. I will go and kill it!" To little Pimas there was but one answer to that; and, "'Pache! 'Pache!" came from boys and girls alike.

Twenty-five years ago the final treaty of peace was made between the Pimas and Apaches. During the foregoing winter the Apaches had made several raids upon their arch-enemies, the thrifty Pimas, who had been tillers of the soil and skillful irrigators for centuries. But the Apaches met their Waterloo at last, so far as the Pimas were concerned. Coming down through "Apache Gap" in great numbers, they found the Pimas waiting for them, safely ensconced behind breastworks. A fierce battle followed, in which the Apaches were routed and the terms of peace, made under the auspices of the Government during the following June, were strictly observed by both tribes afterwards. But hatred is still warm in every little Pima's breast, and the threat which Cry Baby had made in his riddle found an echo in every heart.

A giant cactus drawn upon the blackboard aroused the imagination of the children greatly; but they were by no means satisfied with it. They wanted to finish the picture. So the dull green giant was soon radiant with red fruit. "I will make a boy with a big steak! He will pick the cactus-fruit!" "I will make a basket—he take some cactus-fruit to his mama!" "I will make his hat—it fall off!" they volunteered eagerly; and the result was highly realistic, to say the least.

But boarding school life is by no means all sunshine to the children. For one thing, they are "raised in a batch," and that is hard. One has no time to draw them close, and let the little natures throw their tendrils around one—there are too many. The food, too, is strange and monotonous, and the children often long for the savory game stew, the delicious pinole mush, the cactus-fruit syrup, or even the stewed pumpkin which they have had at home. Then there are often tragedies—a large number of these children are orphans.

"Save's mama is dade! Who will tell Save?" asked Joana, the girls'

sergeant, coming into the sitting-room. "The horse ran away with her—the engine run over her out at Salt River! Who will tell Save?"

"Tell Carma first—that is her sister!" suggested one of the older girls. And Carma, the sixteen-year-old sister of "Save's mama," was called in. Before Save came, Joana went out to call Save's two brothers, Lisle and José, who were also in the school. There they stood, the three motherless children, wondering and curious, yet uneasy and puzzled by their aunt's grief. At last the awful truth was upon them. Little Save, half stunned, held Carma's hand and laid her head helplessly upon the other's shoulder. All the girls wept with the mourners, and some crept out to "cry it off alone."

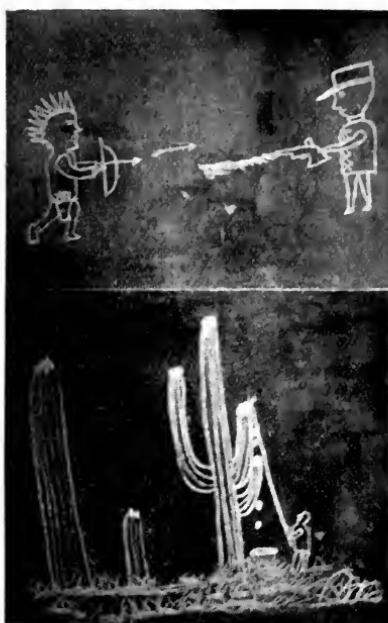
After staring blankly about for some time, the boys had mechanically followed the call of the bell and marched into the dining-room with the lines. Lisle, a manly boy of fifteen, attempted to eat; but after choking several times, he sat back, making a desperate effort to control himself. When excused from the room, he stood afar off beside a tree. At last he gave way entirely, and throwing his arm around the tree, he burst into an uncontrollable storm of tears. The boys seemed to respect his grief, and left him undisturbed.

One cannot but be apprehensive for these children when one thinks of their future. So many days of weal or woe must be lived, and woe is none the less real when in the obscurity of an Indian camp. The question with all who have the welfare of the Indian at heart must be, "What are we doing to give these splendid children of Nature the best and only the best which they need from our civilization?"

There is in all communities a strong law-abiding and law-making element—it is the backbone of the civil and social life; this is true of the Pimas. There are families here who have it within them to appreciate and live up to the highest conception of right and the noblest moral principles of our time. Are we giving them this true civilization, or do we show them a miserable caricature, at which they smile and turn away mystified?

However, when Andrew, one of the sergeants, was asked as to whether he was glad that he had gone to school, he said: "Yes, I am glad I went. My brother stayed at home. He wears long hair, and may be has a good time, but when he needs medicine or something, he comes to me, because I can speak English and read and write!"

Joana, the girls' sergeant, said: "Yes, I am glad I have been at school, but now I am homesick—this summer I will not work, I will go home to my mama down in the Papago country."



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

DRAWINGS BY YOUNG PIMAS.



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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The great church at the Mission San Fernando is roofed! The Landmarks Club feels like throwing up its hat, for there was little hope that this big contract could be completed before the winter rains; and another wet season on those crumbling adobe walls would have left little to save. But a good many people have been enlightened and generous, and the work is thus far along. The church roof is only of shakes, but the structure is strong enough to carry tiles, and meanwhile will protect the building for twenty years. The Club doesn't believe it will be so long as that before someone will have the money and the public spirit to put tiles on—a matter of say \$1200. The club is also "short" of about \$200 to pay for the roof already on.

The Monastery is now re roofed, its cloisters repaired, and the enormous breach in its northern wall is closed. Now it is necessary to fill gaps in the church walls, so the wind cannot get under that huge roof and carry it off; the buildings running from the Monastery to the church must be roofed, the old pillars set up, and many other things done. The Club needs more money to continue the good work; and this means a call on all lovers of beauty.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK:

Previously acknowledged, \$2683.06.

New contributions: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, \$100, for four life memberships.

C. S. Hogan, material and work, \$20; Rev. W. F. Chichester, \$5; Los Angeles Sewer Pipe Assn. (material), \$5.

\$1 each—Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein, Geo. Parsons, Los Angeles; C. W. Callaghan, Fruit Vale, Cal. From Fernando (through Miss Granger), C. D. Hubbard, A. F. Dominguez, F. M. Wright, Mrs. F. M. Wright, Stephen Lopez, E. L. Brown, all of Fernando, and Miss Cora A. Carr, of Chicago.





The cheapest way to be a patriot is to exert one's mouth in abusing every foreign country one knows nothing about. The most expensive way is to turn in and try to make one's own country fit to live in. And a good many of us are economical.

It is about the right month of the year to print again a fact settled long ago but forgotten every day by people who really know better. "California" is not derived from *caliente forn-alla* or *calidus fornus*, "a warm furnace." It is not derived from *cal y forno*, "lime and furnace." It is not derived from anything—Spanish, Indian, Latin or Greek. It is made out of whole cloth. More than a century before California was known to exist, Ordoñez de Montalvo printed in Spain a romance entitled *Sergas de Esplandian*, in which he invented an island peopled with griffins and other favorite creatures of that era. For this mythical island he coined the name "California," as novelists coin names now. The book ran through many editions, and was as familiar as "Trilby" is today. The name of Montalvo's island was presently applied to the country successively discovered by the expeditions of Cortez and Mendoza; and has ever since been a pitfall for the half-read. Any and all of the alleged etymologies are impossible and absurd. The real origin of the name has been settled beyond a peradventure for 35 years—since 1862, when Edward Everett Hale stumbled into the truth and published it.

One might fancy the record already achieved by Prof. Wm. Libbey, of Princeton College, as the most unprepared, the most unseeing and the most unfortunate pretender in the history of American science, would suffice; but it evidently is not enough for him. He has given the Associated Press (Oct. 10) a "defense" which leaves him several fathoms deeper in the mire.

He confesses, now, that he picked up on the Mesa Encantada specimens which "resembled ancient pottery, but he could not convince himself that they were." This alone is enough to brand him forever. Does he pick up tin cans and wonder whether they are stones or artifacts, and go and submit them to a companion quarter of a mile off? Pueblo pottery, no matter how old, is just as mistakable.

He confesses that he picked up pottery around the base of the Mesa (apparently in the talus), but that he didn't think it worth mentioning. He evidently concluded that that talus, 224 feet high, which has washed down from the cliff, *washed up* from the plain! Otherwise, even he might have understood that the antiquities in it were important enough to be mentioned.

He confesses now that the famous "cairn" (pictured on p. 231) was built with hands—for now, Mr. Vroman's deadly photograph is in evidence. But before, Prof. Libbey held that this was "the results of erosion," *Eroded up!* The Princetonian is a discoverer. He has found, in the talus and cairn, two places where gravitation stands on its head.

JUST  
BY THE  
WAY.

HIC  
JACET  
LIBBEY.

It was a poor thing, even for a man smarting under general derision, to insinuate that Mr. Hodge let the Indians who came up next day "salt the claim." It shows again Prof. Libbey's unalleviated ignorance of the natives, of Mr. Hodge's work (which has earned a standing Prof. Libbey's will never have) and of several other things. Let us hope that he is already ashamed of so unmanly a slip.

Prof. Libbey's "defense" is based wholly on what he understands Mr. Hodge's friends have said. It more than confirms the harshest criticisms to date, and they have been unsparing enough. Immodest as ever, Prof. Libbey, who did not know pottery when he saw it and handled it, still poses as an authority on pottery. A man who did not know a monument from a glacial moraine, assumes to inform us what monuments mean, in a country of whose every detail he is as ignorant. He declares the main question is "was the Mesa inhabited? I think I am warranted in answering in the negative." Prof. Libbey is now warranted in thinking anything.

Prof. Libbey is judged not by what his friends may have said, not by what reporters may have thought he said, but by the articles he has signed his name to. After about four days' work, and a month's advertising he got up a rock where common men climbed in 135 minutes with their hands and toes and a little ladder. He declared in print that he "carefully examined every portion of the summit. There were no fragments of pottery or utensils or anything else of human origin—nothing which would enable him to believe that a human foot had ever before passed over the summit of this famous rock."

Fate evidently predestined Prof. Libbey. She led him to the very gorge up which the avenger of outraged science was to climb 41 days later—and where the prehistoric trail climbed 600 years ago. He even photographed it, and published the picture with his facetious article in *Harper's Weekly*. There, staring him in the face, were ancient steps carved in the living rock—eroded, but so plain yet that they are unmistakable even in a photograph.

Prof. Libbey asks us to remember (and we will try to accommodate him) that his rigging was still in position—the inch rope which he calls "a spider web," up which he was hauled in a chair, having himself duly photographed in the act. So, he says, he could have gone up again next morning, if he had thought it worth while. But he didn't. The telegraph office a dozen miles away yawned for him; and as he had seen enough to be cock-sure, he posted away to inform a bated world what he had done. He was quite right. If he had staid on the rock two days he would have come down just as unripe.

If Prof. Libbey is a failure as an explorer and scientist, at least he has a future as the Great American Humorist. He says: "My travels in the West and Southwest for more than twenty years have taught me caution."

Evidently. The kind of caution that his "travels" might naturally teach—in twenty years perhaps two or three grasshopperings of six days each, and each as beneficial to the world and to himself as his "exploration" of the Enchanted Mesa.

SHALL  
WE  
STEAL?

All government rests on the consent of the governed. That is pretty good American doctrine. Hawaii has a population of over 100,000. They own and love it. Two thousand American filibusters have stolen what they could, and ask the United States to steal the balance. They desire "annexation." The 98,000 do not—though the law does not forbid any man who wishes to believe that a people is crying out for extinguishment.

As the *Argonaut* pointedly queries: "Is the United States a thief?" Well, Henry Cabot Lodge believes that if it isn't, it ought to be. The Lion is just American enough to believe it is not and will not be. Let us leave the sneak-thief record to the monarchies, and not put in the

world's history the first record of a republic that extinguished freedom. As for the uninvited guests who have abused Hawaiian hospitality by kicking their hosts out of the house—if they are so in love with the United States, what is to hinder their living in it?

Few so rational things have been said of the antics of President Andrews as are set forth editorially in the October *Bookman*, for the whole affair has seemed to breed irresponsibility. Mr. Andrews, as the *Bookman* points out, was president, not tutor; not a teacher, but an example. Freedom of thought among instructors has nothing to do with him. Dignity and common sense ought to have a great deal.

Brown University has thrown away sympathy. It took a stand upon a principle; and then fell down because it got scared. It believes Andrews was wrong; but it swallows him because there was a "roar". It humbly invites back the only college president who believes aloud in free silver; the only professor in the world's history who ever found Virgil "indecent". As for Mr. Andrews, he resigned two or three times, and then took it all back. To the Westerner up a tree it appears that Mr. Andrews heads the very "university" he cannot discredit; and that Brown has the one president it deserves.

There are still a lot of other prisoners the yellow journals might deliver. Most civilized countries have them; and it is evident that they are innocent, or they wouldn't be in prison. The suspicion begins to spread, however, that the Cisneros girl was never incarcerated at all; and that the whole story is as unmitigated a fake as large parts of it are proved to be.

There are newspapers which make it a crime to be a college professor; and to certain lewd fellows of the baser sort all learning is an offense. The Lion has no sympathy with this. Education is good for any man who knows what to do with it; and college professors vary, like other mortals. Among them are some of the manliest men that walk the footstool; and a few "bookful blockheads" who are made particularly dangerous and offensive by their position. People of common-sense discriminate between the two sorts.

Just now a professor in Princeton College has been painfully revealed as a pretentious greenhorn. It is a case of poetic justice and of infinite humor—but after all it is saddening to those who care for American scholarship. Yet it is always to be remembered that while colleges may guide brains, they cannot create them. The man in the pillory is there not because he is a professor but because he is a—Libbey.

Secretary of War Alger is again in doubt. But no one, by now, has any doubts about Secretary Alger.

NOTES.

A tremendous wheat crop when wheat is good for something; an enormous crop of fruits of all kinds; early rains, which foretell a good "winter" and make forest fires impossible (one little matter which is by itself worth several millions of dollars to us)—these things and the long procession marching the same way, all promise a great year for California.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the people in Northern California who are planning to organize for the preservation of the Missions up there will not begin by doing a courtesy and injustice to their predecessors. To appropriate the name under which the Landmarks Club, incorporated, has been at work for two years would create confusion, would not be honorable, and would bring results which would certainly hamper the new club. The San José people can surely devise a name for their own organization.

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THERE are few publications extant

which other editors buy and pay for.

Your newspaper man counts it a hardship,

if not an outrage, to put down currency for anything that is printed; and generically gets along with the periodicals that are human enough to put his on the exchange list. The San Francisco *Argonaut* is one of the inhuman. It does not exchange. Anyone who wishes it may have it—for 10 cents. All the press notices in all the careless columns alive are not half so significant as the fact that so many editors do yield their weekly dime sooner than go without the *Argonaut*. A great many people disagree with it—the Lion does, in his invertebrate way, about twice a month—but we have to have it. Only incompetents, anyhow, care to read a looking-glass. No weekly unproped by illustrations is more widely or more eagerly read; and Californians have every right to be proud that this unique journal is an institution of the Illimitable State.

A PICTURE  
OF THE

OLD TIMES.

Doxey, the San Francisco publisher to whom the whole coast is so much debtor, has in press a new edition of Alfred Robinson's *Life in California*. This ingenuous book, written without the remotest apology for style—but much more valuable in its field than Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* because Dana's knowledge of California was of the most superficial sort, while Robinson (who came in 1829) lived in it and learned it—is indispensable to all studious Californians. It is a pity, however, that the publisher has omitted Robinson's translation (or a better one) of Fray Boscana's *Historical Account of the Indians of California*, for a preface to which Mr. Robinson wrote these pages.

CULTURE

UP TO

DATE.

Doubtless the consummate East knows what it is about, so all is right—even though the bewildered West bump its head against the walls of wondering. Estes & Lauriat are first-class Boston publishers. Their mechanics are perfect; and that in business they need no guardian is evinced by the back of the title page in question—for it is an "author's book."

*Way-Songs and Wanderings*, by Claiborne Addison Young, is exquisitely printed. Western fairness bids us admit that neither is it wholly unredeemed. The author is far more Young than he is Addison, and is rather naked; but he has some franknesses and zeals. Still, why print 122 pages of this:

"Soft humming of wings,  
 Aerial poise,  
 What message thee brings,  
 Sphere harbinger of joys?"

And this:

"Heart was singing a pean,  
 To whom it did not know;  
 Soul was chanting a Te Deum,—  
 Whether did the chanting go?"

Doubtless in Boston it is good form to rhyme "Savanarola" with "holy," and "man" with "hand." But how is this received in a town where the street-car conductors are critics?

"took a vow  
 That less and less in the ahead,  
 Till work be done and I be dead,  
 Will I to critic world conform.  
 Which music drowns in wordy storm;  
 Which hates the beautiful and true  
 Because unlike what it can do."

Certainly Mr. Young's beauty and truth are very much unlike what the "critic world" can do in the lamentable West.

Helen Kendrick Johnson is a very charming lady, and a very able one; and probably the women-who-wouldn't have chosen well their mouth-piece. Mrs. Johnson makes the most of her case; its failure is less fault of her than of her clientage. If any carper shall call her book a woman's logic, it would be truthful to retort that it is also the logic of many men. The individual, not the class (by race or by time or by sex) can be sweetly reasonable; and relatively few men would have made so ponderable an argument from the data. Herein I disagree with the author, who, if she could see her lapses, would hold that they were because God had made her a woman; therefore inferior. In sober fact, a person permeable to logic would never be found on that side of the fence. The only "argument" that has ever proceeded thence has been one-third superstition and two-thirds selfishness.

THE BEST  
 OF A BAD  
 CAUSE.

Mrs. Johnson proves to her own satisfaction the wickedness and folly of "woman suffrage" and every other social change. What has been, is right. God made women with corsets on; to remove them is to fly in His face. To minds of this constitution it is idle to suggest that man's ignorance and the bonds of thoughtless habit have rather changed nature since the Creator turned it out. Ethnology would be as wasted as logic. The same people and the same arguments were awakened when our ancestors began to take baths a couple of hundred years ago; and, within a generation, when unreasonably "new" men and women began to have their doubts of the "divine institution" of negro slavery. If God had meant us to bathe, He would have attached tubs to us; if He had not intended that Canaan should be cursed, we couldn't have enslaved the negro to start with.

Mrs. Johnson has read well, if not too wisely, and is a clever lawyer. The desire of some women to rise is undemocratic, anarchistic, irreli-

gious, immodest, unpatriotic, unintelligent, and many other naughty things. It is, because the prosecuting attorney says it is. Undemocratic countries raise crops; anarchists breathe; stupid people sometimes love—therefore corn, breath and love are despotic, anarchistic and imbecile. *Q. E. D.*

It is hardly worth while to argue this interesting book in detail; Mrs. Partington and the sea may be left to settle their quarrel. As the harem idea fades, the chumship standard will win; and all the little angry voices in the world are not going to change gravitation. Man has more avuncular ties with the pig than with the ape; but when our wives, mothers, sweethearts, sisters, really wish more respect than we give children, idiots and criminals—why, then they will get it, in spite of our bristles.

The unhappy thing in Mrs. Johnson's book is that she cannot see that the advocate is not the cause. Some queer fish have advocated suffrage. Well—some ditto have preached God. In zeal for her cause she has bitterly attacked some who were better let alone. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison will stand heroic figures on the page when every little fireside Boanerges in American history to date has been forgotten a thousand years. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

STRAY LEAVES. The fourth volume of Theodore H. Hittell's *History of California*, (somewhat delayed by the printing of an extraordinary index) is now out, thus completing this monumental work, which no Californian of any pretense to education can afford to be without. N. J. Stone & Co., San Francisco.

Prof. Frederick Starr, reviewing in the *Dial* Dr. Matthews's noble *Navaho Legends*, (and deprecating, as all the leading reviews have done, this mis-spelling of Navajo, into which the Doctor has been coerced against his better judgment) says:

"Possibly they [the Navajos] learned smithing and weaving of the Pueblos; but if so, they now surpass their teachers."

This is hardly so much as we expect from the brilliant president of Chicago University. Where does he fancy the Navajos can have learned, except from the Pueblos? As a matter of fact the Spanish taught the Pueblos silversmithing and the weaving of wool. The Navajos got both arts, and the sheep, from the Pueblos. Nor can anyone exactly say that they surpass their teachers in either industry.

An Eastern periodical of the largest circulation, which shall at present be nameless, gravely asserts that Juarez and Diaz were both Aztecs. Every intelligent person, of course, knows that neither of them ever had a drop of Aztec blood. Juarez was a Zapotec—which is about as much like an Aztec as Bismarck is like a Parisian. Diaz is a Spaniard, whose great-grandmother was a Mixteca.

Perhaps no work undertaken by American scholarship has been so handsomely praised in the beginning of its appearance as the *Jesuit Relations*; and perhaps none more justly. Thoroughly well done, it is at the same time the largest documentary enterprise ever undertaken in this country. The Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.

Harper & Bros. have in press, for issue in a few days, *The Awakening of a Nation*, an accurate picture of Mexico today, by Chas. F. Lummis. Several times as much new matter has been added to the chapters published in *Harper's Magazine*; and the illustrations are uncommonly numerous and beautiful.

*HOME LIFE  
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.*

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

**I**N one of his recent novels Howells refers to the "exile to California" — having in mind possibly the invalids who flee from the New England easterly storms and find refuge, a snug harbor and a new lease of life on the borders of the Western ocean. The term and its imputation came in the nature of a shock to one reader who realized for the first time that he was such an exile in Southern California and had been one ten or twelve years.

Southern California possessed a high civilization years ago in the real Californians — the Spanish-Americans who owned the great ranches and who lived an ideal and romantic life — but during the past two decades a new California has arisen, a partial result, if the writer is not mistaken, of the incoming of some of Mr. Howells's "exiles" who, once on the soil, have apparently thrown off the yoke and now pose as discoverers of an ideal land of homes and are earnest advocates for its adoption by the rest of humanity. In the footprints of these exiles followed thousands; in the main, people of wealth, refinement and culture, by no means the material which constitutes the ordinary movements of the kind. This throng is ever increasing, accumulating in the centers of civilization in the East, ending in the narrow belt between the mountains and the sea which constitutes Southern California, forming one of the interesting spectacles of the century.

The direct result of their migration has been the rapid growth and development of unique home centers. Cities, towns, villages and hamlets have sprung up as though by magic, equipped with schools, libraries

and churches, presenting a state of culture that has required a century or more to produce on the Atlantic Slope. The Eastern reader can but wonder at the nature of the attraction exerted by what Joaquin Miller calls "the land of the sundown sea." What is this potion which has changed the original "exiles" into enthusiasts for

the land of their exile? What is this elixir which steals over the senses of those who once visit the land and holds them enslaved? That it is not a fantasy, that these home-makers of Southern California are not dreamers of dreams can easily be shown. Yet how shall we describe this charm that winds itself about the heart of al-





WHERE ONE CAN LIVE ON THE PORCHES.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo by Hill, Pasadena.

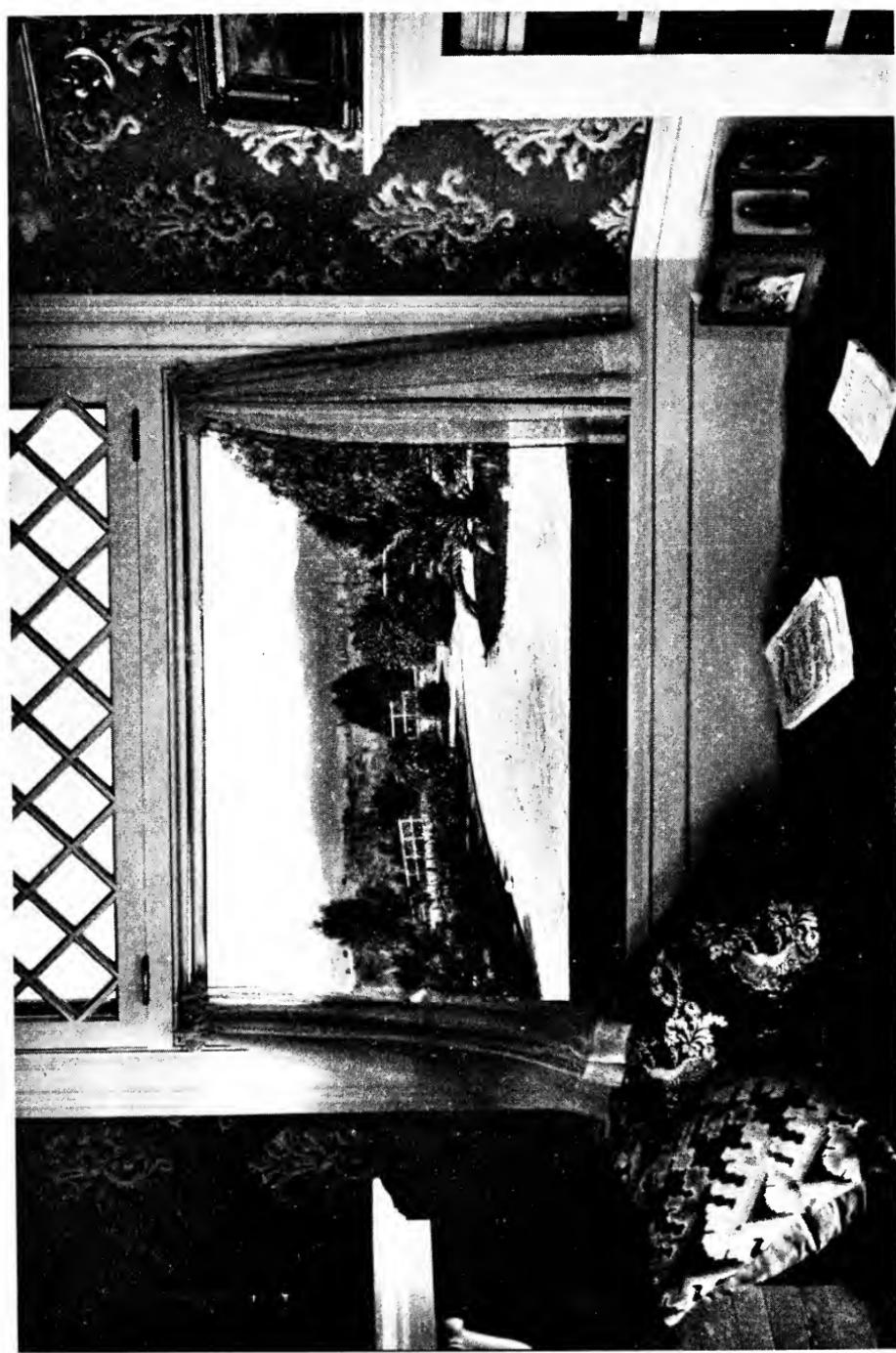
most everyone who crosses the Southern California mountains and comes down into the villages which face the sea? Perhaps it lies in the perfection of home life in the country as found here, so well attested in many Southern California towns, as Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands and many more. Pasadena is, perhaps, a type; a barley field two decades ago, a picturesque hamlet ten or twelve years ago, and today one of the most attractive country towns in the world, a town of beautiful homes, chaste in design, reflecting the refinement and culture of the East; a cluster of ideal homes, embowered in roses, surrounded by orange groves, buried deep in the heart of a semi-tropic flora which in winter mocks the snow on the adjacent mountains. It may be that the charm lies in the fact that the snowflakes of this California winter are the petals of orange blossoms; that the rose, heliotrope and other



JUST A ROSE-BUSH.

flowers bloom all winter long; that here the birds from the north make their winter home and add to the joyousness of out-door life. Perhaps it is the novelty of picking oranges in winter; of seeing the farmer plough at Christmas and over the grainfields of February watching the snow flurries on San Antonio. Some, perhaps, are fascinated by the unique possibilities of winter in Los Angeles county, where one may enjoy an ocean bath, lunch beneath orange trees and indulge in sleighing, all in one day.

There is certainly a charm in this winter with its flowers, its snow-capped mountains, its bright sunshine, that renders life worth living.



L. A. Eng. Co.

"WINTER" AT THE WINDOW.  
(Pasadena, California.)

Photo by Bill Pasadena. 7

One finds more out-of-door days in the year than in any other place in America, and so many invalids—exiles if you will—have found renewed health here that the fame of the cure—not a nostrum, but air and God's sunshine—has gone abroad and made this region famous the world over; at least this is the charm and secret of home life in California to the sick, the possibility of recovery in a land where one may live, if obliged to, with every refinement and luxury of modern invention at hand. The towns and cities of Southern California have schools, colleges, libraries and all the other facilities for a liberal education and ethical culture that can be found anywhere; in brief, all the accessories which are essential to the perfect home life.

Pasadena, with its attractive homes, its picturesque hotels suggestive of the cosmopolitan resort, is taken as a type of inland towns, while Santa Barbara, Santa Monica and others tell the story of the seaside resorts where the air is tempered by the Japanese current, where the winds beat upon the shores of eternal summer. About Santa Barbara still clings the romance of other days which like a faint perfume casts its fragrance over all California. Here one still hears the clang of mission bells, sees the sandaled friar and finds a pronounced Spanish element. Perhaps one phase of the charm which seems to lie in the life here, is seen in this suggestion of the old time of the dons and the old missions—the ecclesiastical chain that linked the towns along the old king's highway. Be this as it may, no more delightful homes in the world can be found than those facing the sea on the slopes of the Santa Ynez or hidden away in the vales, palms and sycamores of the cañons of Montecito. At Santa Barbara this peculiar California charm of location comes to one very strongly and gives the place an individuality and atmosphere peculiarly its own. Here and at other resorts along shore down to Coronado one might describe the climatic conditions relating to the possibilities of home life as perfect with little chance of criticism, but perhaps the most remarkable feature which commends itself to the new comer is the fact that these homes, from the sea to the upland mesas, can produce in two years trees and flowers which in the East might pass as the result of the labors of a decade. In brief, nature responds quickly, and the home-maker soon realizes that the earth is producing all the time.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo, by Pierce.





C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo, by Hill, Pasadena.

There is something in the home-life here, with its open-air features, which engenders social intercourse and begets the broad hospitality that has always been a synonym of California.

Perhaps the charm which draws the new comer to the country lies in the possibility of home life in the city, which finds its highest expression in Los Angeles, a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its homes are a revelation to the stranger. Each has its lawn and semi-tropic garden. Roses in bewildering profusion grace the humblest door-



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo, by Hill, Pasadena.



THE TRIMMING OF A ROSE-BUSH.

yard, while the rustle of the palm and the banana fill the metropolitan air with music. Here are miles of such homes, suggesting that the minds and lives of the dwellers must be framed on gentler, perhaps better, lines than in lands where nature is thrust without the gates of great cities.

Perhaps a charm lies in the marvellous growth and development of



AT ALHAMBRA.

this city which possesses all the elements of coming greatness and which is the center of one of the most fertile regions on the globe and has a future far beyond the mental horizon of many of its builders. Perhaps they hope to grow and develop with it, watch it expand in its beauty of architecture, its wealth of public buildings, its homes, its parks and its great business enterprises. One sees here the perfection of the city home, a combination of city and country, conditions unique and startling, where everything which holds in the East is reversed. New people are being molded from old stock, producing a race characterized by keen appreciation of the beautiful and a strong love of home, state and country.

Whatever this charm may be which holds Southern Californians, which makes them so loyal to their life, it is bringing to this section an ever-increasing throng more than suggestive of the future of the southern portion of the State. If asked why they came, in many cases the reply would be that they were charmed and captivated with the possi-



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A CITY STREET.  
(Los Angeles.)

Photo, by Maude.

bilities which opened up for the development of the home. Yet to some the charm of Southern California is something not so easily defined. It is that which makes one lift his hat with quickening pulse as he gazes at the mountains from the lowland mesa and the villages from on high; which enables him to see beauties in the brown and dusty hills of summer and in the barren and wind-swept desert. If one were an artist, the glow of color, which mantles the Sierras at night, melting into purple shadows, filling the land with splendors of tint, shade and hue, might well be the attraction. If one were a home-seeker, the almost perfect climate, the peace which nature seems to have declared with the elements, the facility for educating children in an out-door land, a land that is morally cleaner than many, would be more than sufficient to attract. If one were a business man, the opportunities for judicious investment, the great future which the country undoubtedly possesses, its certain growth and development, would all be reasons why the home should be selected here. If one were an invalid, the fact that the remarkable climatic conditions have given hundreds new life and hope



L. A. Eng. Co.

A DAILY OUTLOOK.  
(At Redlands.)

Photo. by Maude.

should be sufficient reason for him to make his home in the land of the setting sun.

Pasadena, Cal.



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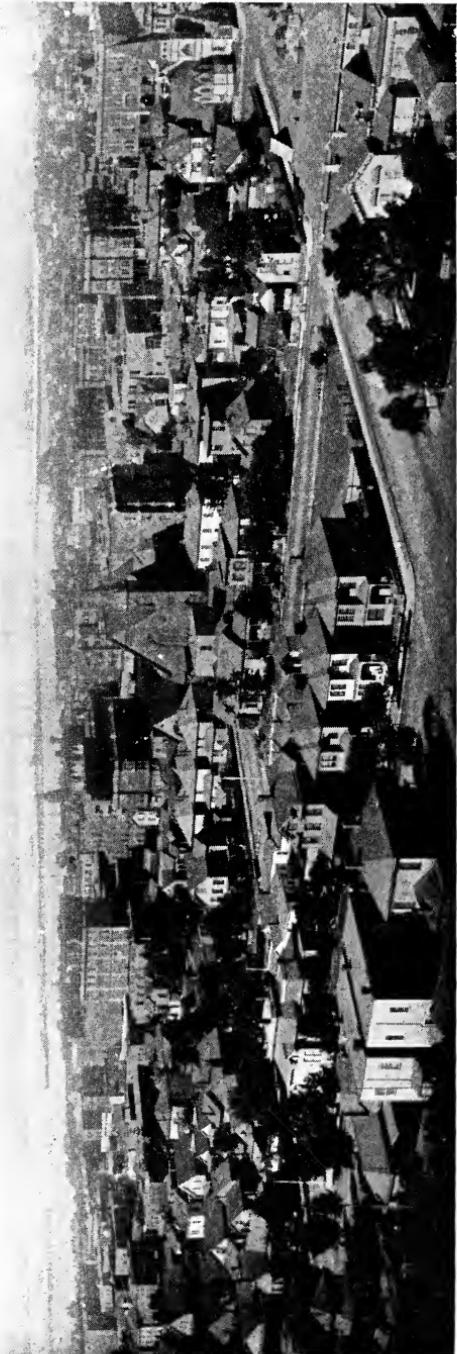
A TWO-YEAR-OLD HOME.  
(Los Angeles.)

Garden City Photo. Co.

Photo. by Slocum.

THE HEART OF SAN DIEGO.

L. A. Eng. Co.



*SAN DIEGO,  
"THE ITALY OF AMERICA"*

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



Point Loma Light.

ONE might expect to find the attractions of Southern California, which make the country south of Tehachepi so different from that north of it, increasing steadily to the farthest southern point.

One is therefore not surprised to find the delights of the climate, which have been the main factor in inducing the most remarkable settlement in the world, culminating at the Bay of San Diego a few miles above the southern line. Here the warmest winters are found with a dryer air the year round than on any other portion of the Coast, with the breath of the ocean much softer, yet sufficiently cooled by our gulf stream (which on this coast comes from the Arctic waters instead of from the tropics) to give the summer there the same remarkable contrast with that of the East, which so surprises the stranger in Southern California, and captures so many for life. For it is now certain that the summer, quite as much as the winter, is building up the whole country south of Tehachepi.

The world can show many a gem of climate, but rarely gives it the proper setting. At San Diego nature did her best to repair the mistake by combining splendor and comfort with utility. Beneath her mildest blue she spread a mirror for its reflection so locked with highlands that no storm can ruffle it, so deep that the world's



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SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

Photo. by Slocum



SAN DIEGO BAY AND CORONADO.

L. A. Eng. Co.

largest ships can enter it at almost any tide, so broad that the navies of the world may ride upon it without chafing at the anchor chain, and opening into so gentle an ocean that the stranger craft from a foreign shore can enter it at dead of night or in the heaviest gale with her own pilot, yet with perfect safety, sail to the wharf and turn around without using a tug.

This bay was locked, not with towering cliffs of bald rock or long stretches of flat and dreary sand that ever shifts in piles of tiresome barrenness, but with table lands that respond, with the old-time magic of California, to the touch of water and cover the whole with living green dotted with bright flowers while the snow glistens on the line of lofty peaks that, on the eastern horizon, stand guard against everything but the brightness of the sun.

Such attractions long since began to build a city on the shores that line these twenty-two square miles of deep and quiet water, until today San Diego has some twenty thousand people, with fine buildings, leagues of electric railroad and water-pipe, cement sidewalk, asphaltum pavements, electric lights and all the conveniences of the most modern city.

Across the bay lies Coronado Beach, one of the most remarkable watering-places of the world, with one of its largest, finest and most unique hotels, almost the only one that can remain open winter and summer, and where the guests cannot tell which season they prefer.

When California was first settled it was supposed that nothing was of any use except the valley land; and even Daniel Webster declared



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THE AMERICAN SHIP "BIG BONANZA."  
In San Diego Harbor

Photo by Fitch



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

POINT LOMA FROM THE CHANNEL.

Photo, by Judd.

in the Senate, about 1850, that not a bushel of wheat would ever come even from that. It is scarcely more than ten years since it was really discovered that the uplands are rich enough for anything, while the advantage of being above the frost belt in the few cold nights of mid-winter, combined with their perfect drainage and absence of standing water that can injure the roots of trees, made them the most valuable of all for fruit-growing of every kind. Their greater coolness in the unfailing sea breeze of summer, combined with the greater warmth of winter nights, make them the most desirable of all for residence, especially for those who think as much of scenery as of climate.

The higher these table lands, the grander is the view of ocean and mountain, the cooler the breeze of summer, the warmer the nights of mid-winter. Reaching to its very doors San Diego has the largest area of those warm lands in the United States. They are also much the highest, and reach back some twelve miles with a constant rise from about three hundred and fifty feet near the coast to six hundred some twelve miles back, where they run into valleys and slopes of very fertile



C. M. Davis Engr. Co.

THE SWEETWATER DAM.

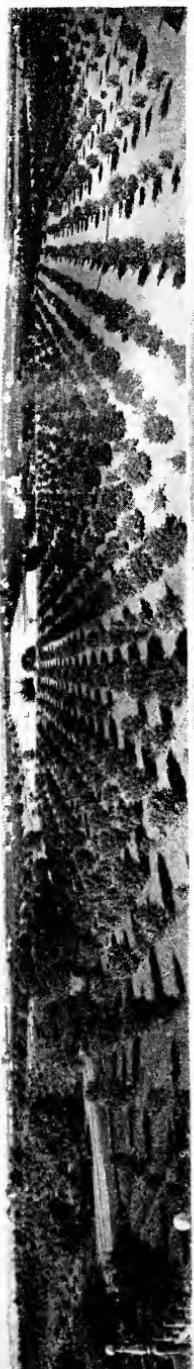
Photo, by Fitch.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

Photo by Hill, Pasadena.



Photo, by Glover.

A PANORAMA OF CHULA VISTA.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

land with fine climate, but a little colder in winter nights and hotter in summer days. These table lands reach from the Mexican line some fifteen miles below to fifty miles above San Diego, the railroad skirting only the broken edge into which the ocean has eaten. These lands, as well as those of the interior, where the climate is right, have long been proved the best lemon lands of the State, quite as good as any for the orange and almost all other fruits, while some very tender things, like the guava, refuse to yield to any extent farther north. But the elevation of these tables made the cost of bringing water from the great mountain water-sheds of the interior too much to be justified by early settlement. The rainfall being light, as it must be to raise the finest of fruits, the land long lay bare and uncultivated, except in a few places where it was irrigated from wells enough to prove what it would do.

Hence the idea early arose that San Diego lacked local support. But in the last few years great strides have been made in developing resources in which San Diego county is inferior to no country. Her mountains are no high jagged peaks jumbled into convulsion, but a gentle roll high into the clouds, reaching over many leagues of space and dotted with thousands of farms. Here the rainfall is from four to six times that of the coast. But instead of steep, narrow cañons between the hills we find broad valleys with narrow rocky mouths through which drain the waters of hundreds of square miles of the best roof in the world. Four of these are already turned into great reservoirs that are rapidly building

up the settlements below them. In two others the highest irrigating dams of the United States are now in rapid construction, and another but little lower is building. Half a dozen more are only awaiting the farther progress of improving times, and the next few years will see as many more under way. The land has long proved what it can do. The building of irrigating works here involves no problem, but is simply a repetition of what has been done a thousand times elsewhere, and Southern California proves beyond a doubt what the combination of land, water and climate will do in attracting immigrants

in palace cars instead of prairie schooners. The very advantages of San Diego compelled her to await her turn at the era of progress, and the financial depression made her wait again; but the next few years will see thirty thousand ten-acre farms within a few hours' drive of its shining Bay, each one supporting a family in comfort and most of them in luxury. Southern California shows in a dozen places what such a settlement as that implies. Compared with it,



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

PAT THE SANTA FÉ WHARF.

Photo, by Judd



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

U. S. WARSHIPS IN SAN DIEGO BAY.

Photo, by Slocom





C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK.

thirty thousand Eastern farms of a hundred acres each, in the most prosperous condition, are as a sleepy prairie beside the finest suburban residence portion of a large city.



L. A. Eng. Co.

IN THE CAJON VALLEY.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A CHARACTERISTIC INSTITUTION.

Take San Diego as the center, draw a circle from Oceanside on the north into Lower California southward, and the prosperous towns, and agricultural and horticultural settlements, mines and mining interests within the confines of this circle constitute the "back country" tributary to the commercial interests of San Diego.

The Southern California Railway (Santa Fé route) enters it from the north, connecting it with the San Diego, Pacific Beach and La Jolla Railway; National City and Otay Railway; San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern Railway and Pacific Coast Steamers, all feeders of importance to San Diego's prosperity. These systems also afford ample outing facilities for pleasure, rest or sport. This vast tributary territory has made possible, together with progressive business ideas and pluck,

such representative mercantile establishments as are illustrated in this article.

San Diego's public schools afford educational advantages of high grade from kindergarten through the high school. Competent teachers with progressive



SAN DIEGO MISSION.



L. A. Eng. Co.

LOS BAÑOS.

ideas guide all the departments. School-houses of modern architecture, and up-to-date appliances, furnish ample accommodation. The different prominent church organizations have fine houses of worship and enjoy strong membership.

Socially there is no dearth of diversion as the people generally are cultured and of genial disposition, ever ready to join hands to welcome and make pleasant the sojourn of the stranger.

## \* FROM CHICAGO TO CALIFORNIA

BY C. R. PATTEE.

**T**N a trip of this kind the choice of routes is the first thing to be considered. To the intelligent tourist any route would be full of interest, and the choice might be a matter of taste or destination. In this case—our objective point being Southern California—the Santa Fé route is preferable as furnishing the most direct and time-saving transit. Noted for the excellence of its service as to dining-cars and eating-stations, sleepers, chair cars, etc., and the attention given alike to tourist and immigrant, this superb line is all that could be desired. Following as it does the great central plateau, and punctuated everywhere with points of thrilling interest, it has become the great scenic highway to the Pacific coast.

Starting out from Chicago, that city of marvelous growth and progressiveness, and traversing the State of Illinois—now the garden of what was once the “Great West”—one is impressed with the wonderful development of this portion of our country. Crossing the Mississippi river at Fort Madison, the route runs across a corner of Iowa and northern Missouri to Kansas City, the gateway to Kansas, the second State in the Union in its agricultural area. Rich in coal and fossil remains, the vast Kansas prairies, where only the wild buffalo and equally wild Indian roamed when it was supposed to be the “Great American Desert,” now teem with rich harvests, happy homes and flourishing cities.

Passing through Lawrence, so memorable in its early history; then on to Topeka, the capital, thence to Emporia and other cities, all typical of western progress, we enter upon the more elevated plateau of southern Colorado—4000 feet above the sea.



THE SPANISH PEAKS.

Soon our environments change. Winding among the foothills we catch a fine view of the Rockies, among which Pike's Peak, snow-capped and cloud-mantled, rises king of mountains. Further on, and much nearer, the Spanish Peaks, twin sisters in their proximity and likeness to each other, bearing also the significant Indian name of Mahanya, come into view. These, with the Green Horn Range for a background, form one of the most attractive scenic pictures ever looked upon. Slowly we rise to where Trinidad lies in the shadow of Raton-range; then on up the steep ascent, amid ever-changing scenery with mountain views beyond, the train, drawn by two engines, reaches the summit at Raton Pass at an elevation of 7600 feet. Catching a parting glimpse of the Spanish Peaks and their romantic surroundings, we



dash into a half-mile tunnel, of total darkness, to emerge into the "Wonderland" of New Mexico. Here again all is changed. This may be fitly termed the region of our country's ancient history. Here the peaceful and industrious Pueblos tilled their grounds, wove their blankets, made their pottery, and built their pueblo cities unknown centuries before the Spanish invasion in 1540 A. D., under Coronado. No other portion of the United States is so rich in archaeological remains. Here, in this dry and rarefied atmosphere these ancient relics of both Indian and Spaniard have withstood the ravages of time, and the still more destructive hand of modern civilization.

Leaving the celebrated Las Vegas Hot Springs, with its romantic surroundings and beautiful Hotel Montezuma a few miles to the north, we reach the old and monumental city of Santa Fé, founded by the Spaniards in 1605, now the capital of the State; then on to Albuquerque, its commercial center. The route passes through a region where nature seems paradoxical, and where the old and the new form striking contrasts, for, be it remembered, that de-

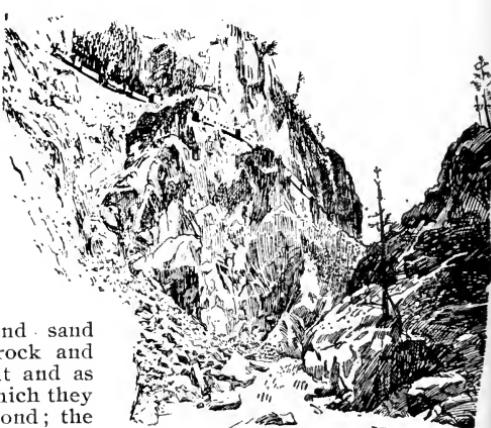


spite its hoary past, New Mexico is fast aspects. From checks, readily granted, and a drive of ten miles, one may visit the celebrated pueblo of Acoma. This unique structure crowns the top of an isolated and precipitous table-rock 350 feet above the plain. Not far distant, and 100 feet higher, stands the Mesa Encantada or Enchanted Mesa, the legendary site of the original pueblo. Recent discoveries by

Mr. Hodge of the Bureau of Ethnology have penetrated the veil of mystery and changed tradition into fact. Old Fort Defiance, the ancient abodes of the Zuñi, and other points of interest can be reached from Gallup, New Mexico, a city of over 2500 people. Here are extensive coal mines at an altitude of 6600 feet, employing about 1500 men.

In Arizona we are in another "Wonderland," but of a different type. Traversing vast plains, winding among water-washed and sand chiseled buttes, painted walls of rock and truncated cones of uniform height and as level on the top as the plain on which they stand, with mountain groups beyond; the landscape takes on weird and fascinating

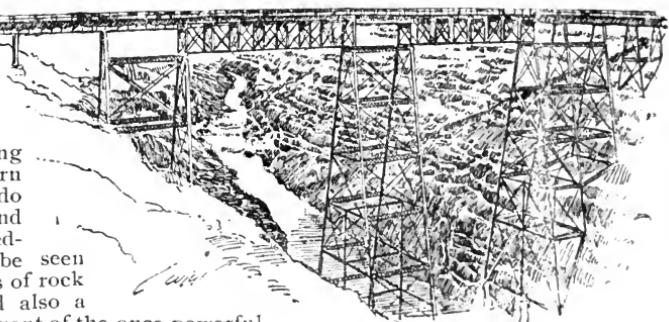
suming modern as-  
Laguna, by stop-over





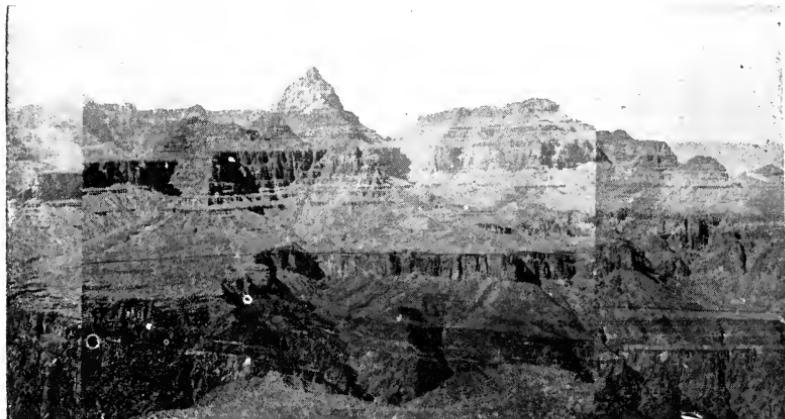
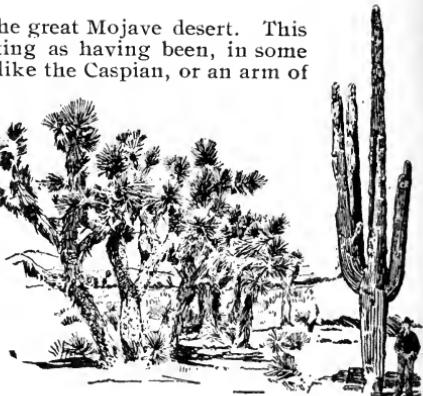
AMONG THE PETRIFIED LOGS.

aspect. One never tires of beholding the bald peaks, deep cañons, cones of volcanic scoria, beds of lava, towering rock-spires, and cultivated mesas. Even the most arid spots wear a charm of their own not easily defined. From Holbrook and adjacent points one may visit Chalcedony Park (or petrified forest), where, over an area of 2000 acres, nature's mysterious alchemy has turned a primitive forest into chalcedony, jasper, agate, onyx and amethyst. Farther on, the Cañon Diablo suddenly yawns across the track—a deep gash in the level face of the desert, 550 feet across at the surface, many miles long, and said to be over 220 feet deep. One looks with a shudder into its rocky depths as the train slowly crosses to the other side, and then rushes on as if conscious of the danger passed. Here begins another ascent over a wild volcanic region of rocky area and mountain forests, still the home of the big-horn and the mountain lion. At an altitude of 7000 feet we reach the flourishing little city of Flagstaff, with its great lumbering industry, in the midst of one of the most extensive pimeries on the continent. Here the San Francisco mountains stand out in bold relief. This most picturesque of mountains, with its triple peaks covered with snow and robed in evergreen and flowers, is a vast volcanic pile rising 6000 feet above the town. This is the most available point from which to visit that most indescribable wonder of wonders, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, 70 miles distant by stage. At short distances of six or eight miles from Flagstaff are found those mysterious abodes of a vanished race, the cliff and cave dwellings. Rushing down the western slopes, the Colorado river is reached and crossed at the Needles, where may be seen the singular spires of rock of that name, and also a characteristic remnant of the once powerful



Mojaves. Here we enter California and the great Mojave desert. This is the only real American desert, interesting as having been, in some distant age, the bed of a great inland sea like the Caspian, or an arm of the greater ocean like the Baltic. It is a vast region of sand, where only yuccas, cacti and sagebrush flourish; but only needing sufficient water to cause it to "blossom as the rose."

Passing Barstow the route turns southward, still through a desolate region to the Cajon Pass in the San Bernardino range. This pass, leading through mountain scenery, wild but entrancingly beautiful, is the gateway to Southern California, a land of fruit and flowers, romantic mountain ranges, fertile valleys and broad plains reaching to the ocean. Gliding through vineyards, groves of orange and lemon, and past flourishing



LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND CAÑON AT HANCE'S.

young cities we reach Pasadena (crown of the valley) and stop for a moment almost under the arches of that magnificent Moorish structure, the Hotel Green.

Perched far up the side of the Sierra Madre mountains, six miles distant, Echo Mountain House, together with its five miles of Alpine Railway, comes into full view as we swing around an elevated curve at South Pasadena, while below us the palisades of the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm fail to hide from view some hundred full grown and young ostriches.

Eight miles further, past suburban villas, the Queen City of the Angels welcomes us. Los Angeles is the most beautiful city on the coast. Its growth has been phenomenal, having at the present time over 100,000 people. Its churches and schools are excellent; its hotels are ample, its business prosperous, and its Chamber of Commerce would be an honor to any city in the realm.





IN THE SUBURBS OF PASADENA.

An additional half day by rail, through the fertile Santa Ana valley, past the historic Mission of Capistrano, along close to where old ocean



LA GRANDE STATION, LOS ANGELES.

leans upon the land, then across a neck of hills and we look down upon the town and bay of San Diego, where Cabrillo landed in 1542, little



GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

dreaming at the time that it would become the Western terminus of a great transcontinental railway system.

## *RIVALS THEM ALL.*

INGLESIDE Gardens, with their recent addition of 4500 square feet to the former 8000 square feet of glass roofing, their 30 acres of carnations, chrysanthemums, roses, violets and lilies, lying midway between Pasadena and Alhambra, and surrounded by the most fruitful of valleys and magnificent of snow-capped mountain ranges, are at once the most beautiful and the largest gardens of the kind in Southern California.

To many, such extensive glass inclosures in a semi-tropical clime, is a matter of surprise until they discover the rare tropical palms, ferns and plants which they contain, and learn that the California hot-house rose surpasses the out-door California rose as much as does the latter surpass the Eastern grown one.

Captain F. Edward Gray, the proprietor, was the pioneer in undertaking the hot-house rose in Southern California. Indeed, so marvelous has been the success of



INTERIOR OF THE INGLESIDE FLORAL COMPANY'S RETAIL STORE,  
140 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

floriculture at Ingleside that the beholder receives as a matter of course the information that silver, bronze and gold medals were awarded at the Hamburg Exposition to Captain Gray for plants and bulbs, and for the perfection attained with the "Ingleside hybrid gladiolus" by means of seven years' patience, experiment and care. Here are large bulbed and perfect Bermuda lilies, and astonishing Austria and Italia cannas imported and improved upon by the captain, while a foot measure fails to span yonder blossom of the Ingleside variety of amaryllis. So close attention do these extensive gardens require that the captain has decided to reside upon the place and offer for sale his beautiful Alhambra home, pictured on page 261 of this issue. The local popularity of Ingleside cut flowers has also necessitated the enlargement of the Los Angeles retail store, as pictured on this page. At the latter place one can always conveniently find all kinds of cut flowers, and at the same time enjoy a most interesting floral display.

**T**HIS cut represents the matchless SHAW PIANO manufactured for Judge E. H. Lamme, of this city, by the Shaw Piano Co. Tradition having always associated a fine piano with a highly polished case, it is strikingly unique to find one finished with the bark on the wood. A closer examination, however, reveals a beautiful and artistic piece of work. The entire case is covered with a rough hickory bark, relieved with most artistic designs

made from hickory saplings. The interior is finished with beautiful highly polished curly maple. The Shaw Company have taken this opportunity of introducing an entirely new innovation in actions, having all the fine qualities of the grand piano action, a thing never before at-



tained in upright pianos. It is needless to say that this piano has the superb tone for which these pianos are famous. This handsome instrument can be seen for the next two weeks at the mammoth warerooms of the SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY, in the Bradbury Block, 216-218 West Third St., where every grade of pianos by standard makers from the good cheap ones up to the matchless Shaw, can always be found, together with every other description of musical instruments and all the latest sheet music and books.

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### The Land of Sunshine

THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA  
AND THE SOUTHWEST

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All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor.  
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Address remittances, advertising and other business matters to the Business Manager.

Marston's.

No one who reads the illustrated article on San Diego in this issue can fail to be impressed with the fact that a mercantile establishment of the magnitude such as the "Marston Dry Goods and Furnishing House", is made possible not only on the basis of ample home and outside patronage, but must of necessity be also conducted with able management and proper business methods.

The founder of this modern "emporium", Mr. Geo. W. Marston, began in San Diego in a modest way, but with the strong conviction that San Diego's commercial future had solid foundation, and that finally it must prove the "front door" to Southern California as related to Pacific Ocean commerce.

How well this unfaltering faith has already been verified the article in this issue fully sustains. The growth of his own business to its present strength, also demonstrates this foresight and judgment.

However, in addition it demanded likewise good conservative management and pluck, coupled with honest business methods, to make possible so pronounced a success. In this connection it is pleasant to refer the reader to the full-page "ad." elsewhere in this issue, in the full knowledge that patrons, even though they be "strangers in a strange land," will receive full value and courteous treatment.

AT LONG RANGE, BUT THE LAND OF SUNSHINE  
NEVER MISSES.

Your splendid Magazine has persuaded me to come and settle with my large family in the Land of Sunshine; for which I shall give up a splendid position in London. Still I shall want some further information about Land on Sale - and for this I ask your good help. I want badly a good Map to locate a place of settlement.

E A L I N G (England).

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

### La Jolla by the Sea.

Remember, that to visit San Diego and not "take in" La Jolla, "The Gein" of all gems on the Pacific Coast, would be but to deny yourself a pleasure to be regretted ever after.

### A Reliable Firm.

There is no longer any reason why people should try to get along with an ill-lighted house. The incandescent light is not only a vast advance in convenience and beauty and safety from fire, but those who have used it find it far pleasanter than any other illumination. Woodill & Hulse, at the Emporium (3rd and Spring Sts., L. A.), are experts and reliable in all electrical construction; and when they wire a house the work is properly done. Electrical supplies of all sorts. Telephone Brown 356.

### Who Leads?

Why, Desmond, in the Bryson Block, No. 141 S. Spring St., of course. You won't have any doubt on this point if you look at his stock of winter hats, shirts, underwear, collars, cuffs, etc., etc. It's so complete. It's so varied and extensive. The prices are so tempting. View the matter in any light you please, Desmond leads evidently and by long odds. The whole problem of economy will be easily solved by a study of the prices at his "special sale" which is now going on.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### Announcement.

Mr. A. W. Bailey, formerly manager of Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Colorado, on the 1st of September, 1897, assumed the management of Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, Cal. Those who knew Mr. Bailey in his former connection will not hesitate to entrust themselves to his care in his present position as the manager of the famous Hotel Coronado.

### The Best Trees.

Fruit and shade. Olive, orange, lemon, walnut, and everything else. Ornamental trees and shrubs. Best varieties, lowest prices. J. E. Morgan, 4584 Pasadena ave.

### Consumption Cured.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is a fact that in Los Angeles many afflicted people who have come from the severe climates of the East, have been able to secure relief and a cure from the terrible scourge, consumption. There is no doubt about the success of the beautiful, balmy climate of Southern California as a healing agent for most pulmonary ills. It has, however, been demonstrated that dependence on climate alone is a dangerous thing.

The facts are these, and should be thoroughly understood by all sufferers from lung troubles, or so-called weakness of the lungs. Consumption, or tuberculosis, is a disease due to the presence in the lungs of minute microscopic germs, or bacilli, which, when once present, rapidly increase and cause destruction of lung tissue, and finally derangement of the other functions of the organs of the body, and blood poisoning, with all the well-known symptoms. Cough, expectoration, fever, night sweats, spitting of blood or hemorrhages, loss of weight and strength, etc., are all only outward manifestations of the depredations of these germs upon the pulmonary tissues and the blood.

Climate alone will not destroy or remove these germs. It may temporarily build up the system so that in a measure the destructive processes are restrained and delayed by nature, but it does not entirely remove the cause, hence the reason why so many apparently cured, later break down.

Dr. W. Harrison Ballard, the expert lung specialist, at 406 Stimson block, corner Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles, Cal., has discovered and perfected a method of treatment which does, happily, destroy and remove the germs from the system, thereby absolutely effecting a cure and restoring the patients to perfect health, limited only by the amount of lung left unharmed. He has effected numerous absolute cures and wonderfully restored and improved others who were too far gone before beginning to permit of perfect cure. Every person in any way affected by weak or diseased lungs should investigate carefully the work being done by Dr. Ballard, and should know that there is help for them, and a cure possible if they make the pilgrimage to Los Angeles in time, and seek his aid in connection with the matchless climate of the sanitarium of the country.



# *THE MARSTON STORE*

**SAN DIEGO, CAL.**



MARSTON'S is one of the surprises for travelers to this southwestern corner of the country. Here, on the border-land of Mexico, 2000 miles west of Chicago, and 600 miles south of San Francisco, they find a capacious store that is not only metropolitan in its merchandise, but beautiful in architecture and pleasing, comfortable and satisfactory in its whole effect. The house was built for its business, and the business fills the house from basement to top.

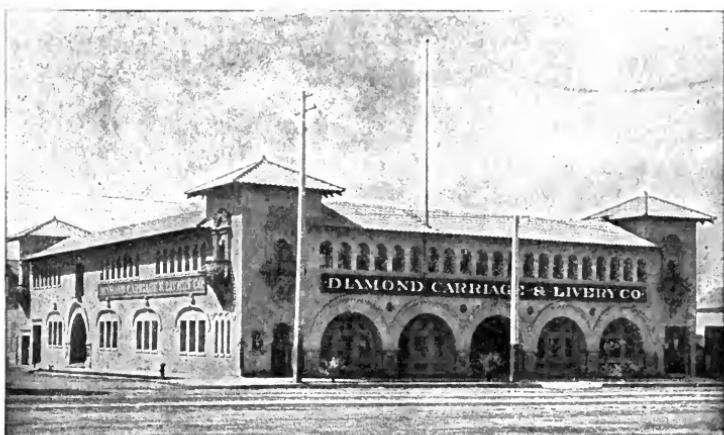
MARSTON'S is not a cheap department store, but a high class dry goods and carpet establishment that has expanded into a comprehensive Furnishing House for everything that people wear. Clothing for babies, boys and girls, men and women. Trustworthy goods at uniform prices.

*GEO. W. MARSTON.*

# Diamond Carriage and Livery Co.

W. A. HAWKINS,  
Prest. and Gen. Mgr.

Cor. 2nd and D Streets, San Diego, Cal.



Our Stables are the finest in the U. S. Our Stock and Equipment unsurpassed. Our prices reasonable. We are always glad to show the visitor through our establishment.

## LA JOLLA.

**L**A JOLLA, in addition to being one of the most popular seaside resorts in Southern California, also possesses some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in the State. Situated, as it is, on the sloping hills, just at the edge of the cliffs which rise out of the ocean, it appears from the sea as nothing but the ordinary fishing village; but as you approach it from the southwest, by the San Diego, Pacific Beach and La Jolla Ry., it breaks suddenly into view, "a vision of sylvan beauty and delight." Red-roofed, picturesque cottages nestle here and there along the ridge of the hills or at the base of the slope, and the summer season finds these filled with the elite of the adjacent country.



(as well as many who come long distances), who come down to the sea-shore to enjoy the cool sea breezes, the fishing, rowing, sailing and swimming, for which La Jolla is so justly celebrated.

La Jolla's principal feature is the wonderful formation of the cliffs and rocks which form the coast line. The Mammoth Caves, Cathedral Rock, Alligator Head, Gold Fish Point and many other like formations have been formed by the action of the waves upon the sandstone cliffs, and produce a weird effect which is not to be found elsewhere. The San Diego, Pacific Beach and La Jolla Ry. runs three trains daily to this popular resort from San Diego. The round trip fare is 75 cents. On Thursdays and Sundays excursions are run at 50 cents for the round trip.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."



"ONE OF THE HOMES."

#### BEAUTIFUL HOMES. FERTILE LANDS.

**A**BUNDANCE of pure water under pressure for domestic and irrigation use from the **Sweetwater Irrigation System**. This company offers for sale its large holdings in San Diego, National City, Chula Vista and Sweetwater Valley, consisting in part of city lots, cultivated orchards with cottages, unimproved irrigated uplands, suitable for citrus fruits, valley lands for vegetables, alfalfa, English walnuts, etc.

Of the 4000 acres of orchards under this system, the company owns and cultivates about 1500 acres of oranges, lemons, grapefruit and walnuts. All of these lands situated along the line of the **National City and Otay Railway**, which furnishes frequent and quick connection with San Diego.

Information on application. Address,

**SAN DIEGO LAND AND TOWN CO.,**  
National City, Cal.

## Have You been to ESCONDIDO, San Diego Co., Cal.?



**IF NOT, WHY NOT?** It is the best land, cheapest water and finest climate in Southern California. Best orange and lemon land from \$35 to \$65 per acre, according to location. Water not to exceed \$2 per acre per year. **WHY DON'T YOU GO?** We guarantee what we say to be true, and will pay your expenses if it is not true. If you want land, it is to your interest to look into this proposition.

**Escondido Land and Town Co.,**  
ESCONDIDO, CAL.

The original of this grapefruit tree and its mate earned for the owner \$141.00 in the past year.

## TAKE NOTICE!

AN ATTRACTIVE  
**Southern California Ranch**

At a bargain, to close an estate. A tract of 3234 acres @ **\$20 per acre**. A tract of 1669 acres @ **\$15 per acre**. A tract of 1420 acres @ **\$8.50 per acre**. Soil, climate and scenery unequalled. Close to R. R. station. Address, FANNIE M. MCKOON, Executrix, Santee, San Diego Co., Cal.

FREE OF CHARGE one of the new and improved spray pumps, to every customer, new and old, ordering 200 gallons of our wash, and accompanying such order with remittance of \$100, the actual price of the wash. Easily prepared, requiring no boiling, simply cold water for dilution. This is a splendid opportunity for 3 or 4 small consumers to combine an order and procure a pump between them. Our wash is used by the largest orchardists in the State, and is endorsed by the leading authorities. Send for circular. **MCBAIN & HOWLETT**, 216 W. First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

# 500 LOTS FOR SALE

# IN THE NEW TOWN OF LOS ALAMITOS

In the Heart of 40,000 Acres Choice Level Land,  
Producing the

**RICHEST SUGAR BEETS IN AMERICA  
WITHOUT IRRIGATION.**

The most promising town in Southern California—location and climate unsurpassed.

Over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be paid by the Sugar Factory annually for Sugar Beets to the farmers at Los Alamitos.

## RECORD BREAKING

district for the richness and purity of the Sugar Beets.

Eighteen per cent. of sugar is our average — 23 to 26 is nothing unusual.

Eighteen per cent. beets will bring \$5.00 per ton.

Fifteen tons to the acre, \$75.00 per acre, made in five months from planting.

**SUGAR BEET RAISING  
MEANS  
PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS  
TO THE  
INDUSTRIOUS FARMER.**

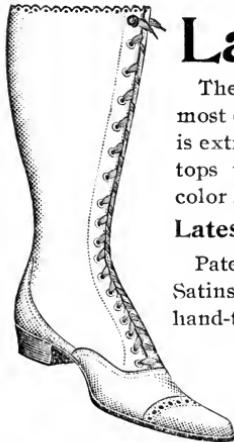
## WHY?

1. Because your crop is sold before you plant and your money is in your pocket five months thereafter.
2. Because your market is close to your land.
3. Because you know what you get for your crop before you sow it.
4. Because you make more money with less capital on an absolutely sure market than on any other crop.
5. Because it will pay off the mortgage now on your property.

## IT HAS A GREAT FUTURE.

Residence and business lots are in demand, new buildings are going up everywhere, and with its natural and acquired advantages Los Alamitos cannot help but prosper.

**BIXBY LAND CO., Los Alamitos, Orange Co., Cal.**



## Ladies' Bicycle Boots

The most Comfortable—The Cleanest—The Easiest and the most durable footwear made for Wheelwomen. The leather is extra quality black or tan Vici Kid—tops unlined—new bulldog toe—tan color \$5.00 a pair, black kid at \$4.00.



### Latest in Dress Slippers.

Patent Leather, Vici Kid and Satins. The new drop toe lasts, hand-turned and bench-made. If you want the correct thing for evening wear, come to us.

**AVERY-STAUB SHOE CO.,**  
Byrne Building, Broadway, near Third, Los Angeles

## Family Washings

tact at the Chinese or other supposed cheap wash house? Step into our separating department and note the care exercised in assorting. Then into our washroom, with its swiftly revolving cylinders with their compartments by means of which the washing of different families can be

**Done Separately.**

Proceed from one department to another, and view the various facilities of the most modern washing plant in Southern California, with its many rare devices for safety, elegance and comfort, and you will never care to go elsewhere.

## Empire Steam Laundry,

Telephone Main 635.

149 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

## Our Popularity in the Home...

• *WHY IS IT?*

**IT'S THE WAY** we do business—**IT'S THE KIND** of Groceries we sell—**IT'S THE CERTAINTY** of your getting just what you ask for, and honest measure, too.

We want your trade, but above all we want you pleased and satisfied.

Largest, most elegant and best stocked  
Retail and Wholesale Grocery in  
the West.

**H. JEVNE**

208-210 S. SPRING ST.

WILCOX BLDG., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

## Farmers and Merchants Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) - - - \$500,000.00  
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Total - - - \$1,375,000.00

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Special Collection Department. Correspondence Invited. Safety Deposit Boxes for rent.

# First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES.

Capital Stock - - - - - \$400,000  
Surplus and Undivided Profits over 250,000  
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J. M. Elliott, F. Q. Story, J. D. Hooker,  
J. D. Bicknell, H. Jevne, W. C. Patterson  
W. G. Kerckhoff.

No public funds or other preferred deposits received by this bank.

# Rugs

The rare and beautiful display of rugs on our floor is without question the most complete ever shown in the city. New colors and new designs such as no previous season has shown are now ready. Scores and scores of combinations to suit any taste are among the exhibit. Nearly every famed maker is represented. Rugs from American makers and Rugs from the Orient. Dainty prayer rugs and rugs large enough to cover a room floor. Step in and examine them.

## Los Angeles Furniture Co.

225, 227, 229  
South Broadway.

### THE HERALD'S CRYPTOGRAM

—HOW—  
—IT—  
—IS—  
—TO—  
—BE—  
—WORKED—  
—OUT—

For six successive weeks (Sunday, Monday and Tuesday each week) readers of *The Herald* will find interspersed through the classified columns some cabalistic letters and inscriptions, in form something like this:

#### HERALD CRYPTOGRAM

T

(See plan at head of classified columns.)

S S S S S  
SIX SIX SIX SIX SIX  
X X X X X

Letters will be given at each publication. That is, the same six letters will be published Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

Guessers should copy these letters and file them away.

The next Sunday, Monday and Tuesday another set of six will be presented. Keep a memorandum of these also.

And so forth.

And so forth.

To the end of the six weeks' period.

When the entire set of letters shall have been assembled (thirty-six in all) see if you can construct a sentence out of them.

It will not do much good to begin guessing until you have all the letters.

You may construct words out of the letters as they come along, but they are very likely not to be the right words, and this will only serve to confuse you.

The puzzle can only be worked out in a systematic way. If you get the key to the system you will speedily have it all.

And when you find it, the

C  
R  
Y  
P  
T  
O  
G  
R  
A  
M

Will be a well-known proverb.

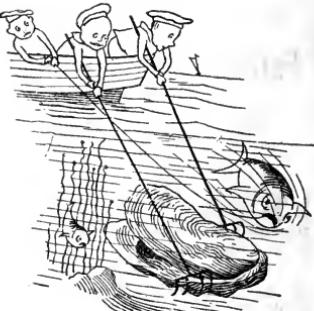
The one who sends the first perfect solution to *The Herald* counting room will be awarded a handsome and valuable premium.

Publication of the mystic letters began in *The Herald* October 3rd.

# OYSTERS AND FISH

EXCLUSIVELY

Eastern and California Shell Oysters  
Mussels, Cockles, Clams and Dressed Fish  
Wholesale and Retail



We will soon open  
Elegant New Dining Rooms

**WE HAVE 'EM**

**AL. LEVY,** 111 West Third Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Tel. Main 1284

## THE "CAVE"

Phone Main 1234

LEONARD & MORLEY  
PROPRIETORS

130 West Third St.,

One Door from Spring St.

Fish, Oysters and Game Parlors

TEN PRIVATE DINING ROOMS



**THE PALACE**

BERNHARD BROS.,  
Proprietors.

Southeast corner  
Spring and First Sts.,  
under Wilson Block.

Dainty Lunches  
Enchanting Music  
Best of Beer

A HIGH GRADE RESORT FOR THE FAMILY, THE BUSINESS MAN  
AND THE THEATER-GOER

## Ebinger's Restaurant and Bakery

COR. THIRD AND SPRING STREETS  
LOS ANGELES

The well known Caterer for Family and Wedding Parties.  
Best appointed Dining-rooms in the City.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

KOCH MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

# CONSUMPTION CURED

BY DR. CHARLES H. WHITMAN'S  
CONSULTATION - IMPROVED TUBERCULIN -  
- FREE - THE ONLY REMEDY THAT PERMANENTLY CURES. LOS ANGELES - CAL.

529 S. BROADWAY -

## J. A. FAIRCHILD

Contractor  
in Asphalt Work

Room 3, Bryson Block  
Los Angeles

I use only  
Alcatraz Asphalt

## REDLANDS....

Ranches, Residences and all kinds of Real Estate in Redlands at reasonable rates. See Redlands before buying. Call upon or address JOHN P. FISK, Jr.,  
Rooms 1 and 2 Union Bank Block,  
Redlands, Cal.

## CENTRAL PARK FLORAL CO.



Cut Flowers in Season.

Floral Designs  
and  
Decorations of  
all kinds.

J. A. SUMMERS,  
MANAGER

138 S. SPRING ST. Telephone Main 493  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Always patronize a reliable house; someone who has a reputation from long residence in your city.

## H. T. HOLLINGSWORTH

The WATCHMAKER  
and JEWELER

Has done business in Los Angeles for ten years and guarantees his work.

Watches Cleaned . . . \$1.00  
Main Spring . . . . . \$1.00

Jewelry made to order and repaired.

212 WEST SECOND ST.

## GEO. H. PECK & CO.,

## San Pedro Real Estate Agents

Choice Lots for Sale on Install-  
ment Plan.

OFFICE: BANK, SAN PEDRO, CAL.

## We Sell the Earth....



BASSETT & SMITH

POMONA, CAL.

We deal in all kinds of Real Estate  
Orchard and Residence property.  
Write for descriptive pamphlet.

## FINE HALF-TONE PRINTING

A SPECIALTY

KINGSLEY-  
BARNES  
&  
NEUNER  
CO.



Printers and Binders to  
"LAND OF SUNSHINE." 123 SOUTH BROADWAY

## ROUTZAHN & GILKEY

Fashionable Tailors

22½ South Spring St.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Up-stairs, first stairway north of L. A. Theatre.

# ONLY THREE NIGHTS TO CHICAGO

Via the  
**Santa Fe Route**

You leave Los Angeles Sunday morning at 9:45 o'clock, and arrive in Chicago at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday.

At all seasons of the year  
the most comfortable route.

Daily Train Service.

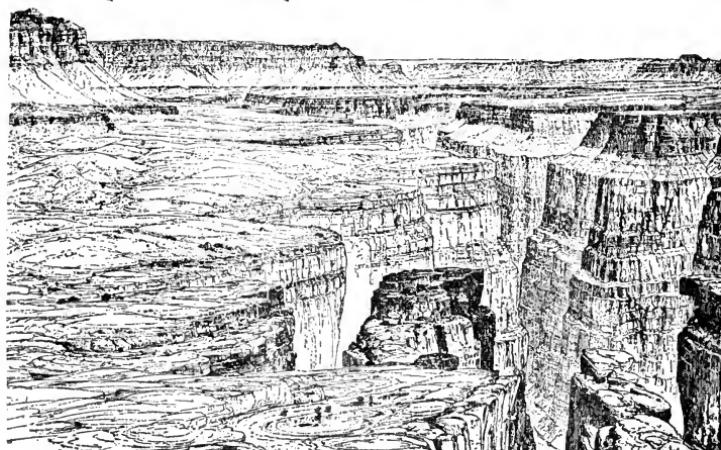
## FOR YOUR VACATION

TAKE A TRIP  
TO THE

**Grand  
Canyon  
OF THE  
Colorado**

The rates are  
low and the  
provisions for  
comfort ample.  
Write to or call  
on the nearest  
agent of the

**SANTA  
FE  
ROUTE**



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

for full information, or to JOHN J. BYRNE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Los Angeles, Cal., for a copy of  
illustrated descriptive book.

## ELECTRIC TRANSPORTATION

# From the Mountains to the Ocean

VIA

Echo Mountain.

**CARS**  
LEAVE FOURTH  
AND BROADWAY  
Los Angeles for  
Pasadena  
every 30 minutes  
from  
6:00 to 8:00 a. m.  
and from  
7:00 to 11:30 p. m.  
and every 15  
minutes from  
8:00 a. m. to 6:45  
p. m.

LEAVE CHESTNUT  
Street, Pasadena  
for Los Angeles  
every 30 minutes  
from  
5:30 to 7:00 a. m.  
and from  
6:00 to 11:00 p. m.  
Every 15 minutes  
from  
7:15 a. m. to 5:45  
p. m.

**PASADENA AND LOS ANGELES  
AND PASADENA AND PACIFIC  
ELECTRIC RYS.**

**Most Frequent Service**

**Most Scenic Route in Los Angeles County**

**Most Comfortable Transportation**

**Most Enjoyable Places Reached**

**Trolley Parties a Specialty**

**OFFICES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG.**  
Fourth and Broadway, Los Angeles



FOR  
SANTA MONICA

**CARS**  
LEAVE FOURTH  
AND BROADWAY  
Los Angeles  
for Santa Monica  
every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour from  
6:00 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.  
and at 11:15 p. m.

FROM  
SANTA MONICA

LEAVE HILL ST.  
Santa Monica  
for Los Angeles  
every  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour from  
6:00 a. m. to 8:30  
p. m.  
and at 9:30 and  
10:30 p. m.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

The company's elegant steamers SANTA ROSA and QUEEN leave REDONDO at 11 a. m., and PORT LOS ANGELES at 2:20 p. m., for San Francisco via Santa Barbara and Port Harford, Nov. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28. Leave PORT LOS ANGELES at 6 a. m., and REDONDO at 11 a. m., for San Diego, No. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30. The Corona calls also at Newport. Cars connect via Redondo leave Santa Fé depot at 9:45 a. m., or from Redondo railway depot at 9:30 a. m.

Cars connect via Port Los Angeles leave S. P. R. R. depot at 1:35 p. m., for steamers north bound.

The steamers EUREKA and COOS BAY leave SAN PEDRO and EAST SAN PEDRO for San Francisco via Ventura, Carpenteria, Santa Barbara, Gaviota, Port Harford, Cayucos, San Simeon, Monterey, and Santa Cruz, at 6:30 p. m., Nov. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29. Cars connect with steamers via San Pedro leave S. P. R. R. (Arcade depot) at 5:03 p. m., and Terminal railway depot at 5:15 p. m. The company reserves the right to change without previous notice steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

W. PARRIS, Agent,

124 W. Second Street, Los Angeles.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,

General Agents, San Francisco.

Boyle Heights Cars Pass Terminal Station

## L. A. TERMINAL RAILWAY

Cor. E. First and  
Meyers Streets

Take Boyle Heights  
Cars.

### Time Table:

PASADENA

Leave for : 7:25, 8:20, 9:30,  
11:50 a. m., 3:25, 4:55, 6:35  
p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:35, 9:30, 11:10  
a. m., 1:15, 3:10, 7:35,  
8:30 p. m.

ALTADENA

Leave for : 9:30 a. m., 3:25  
p. m.  
Arrive from : 11:10 a. m.  
5:10 p. m.

Long Beach & San Pedro

Leave for : 8:40 a. m., 1:22  
5:15 p. m.  
Arrive from : 8:10, 11:45 a. m.,  
4:50, 6:30 p. m.



\*Sunday only. †Sundays excepted.

GLENDALE

Leave for :  
6:55, a. m., 12:30  
5:15 p. m.  
Arrive from :  
8:10, a. m., 1:45  
6:30 p. m.

CATALINA ISL

Leave for :  
8:40 a. m.  
Arrive from :  
6:30 p. m.

W. J. COX, G. P. A.

## Suburban Residence Property

Without exception the finest suburban residence property is on the beautiful ALAMITOS. Why? Because it has grand ocean and mountain view, good markets for all kinds of produce, schools, churches, etc., etc. Because, for lemons, olives, deciduous and small fruits, the soil is unsurpassed. No damaging frosts or high winds. Write or call on us for more information. Price \$150.00 per acre with water stock.

**CUSHMAN & BARNDOLLAR, 117 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.**

Or, Pine Avenue, Long Beach, Cal.

Please mention that you 'saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE.'



# Works of Chas. F. Lummis

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y.  
(In Press.)

**The Awakening of a Nation**; Mexico today.  
Superbly illustrated from photographs made  
by the author expressly for this work.

Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

## JUST OUT.

**The King of the Broncos**, and other stories  
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\$1.25.

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the Southwest. Illustrated. \$1.25.  
"Vigorous and novel studies . . . as distinctly  
valuable as they are vividly interesting."  
—*Boston Commonwealth*.

**A Tramp Across the Continent**. \$1.25.

"His book has such heart in it, such simplicity  
and strength, it is as good to read as any story of  
adventure may be."

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**The Land of Poco Tiempo**. Illustrated. \$2.50.

"A charming volume."—*The Academy, London*.  
"Uniformly and surpassingly brilliant."  
—*Boston Traveller*.

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**The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú**. \$1.50

A story of Peruvian adventure. Superbly illus-  
trated from the author's photographs and from  
antiquities exhumed by him in the ruins of Peru.

"Novel and touching. . . . The spirit throughout  
is alert and gay, and the sympathy with delicately  
strung natures charming: even the literal trans-  
lation of a foreign idiom (a very dangerous ex-  
periment) adds to the grace and naturalness of  
Mr. Lummis's tale."—*The Nation, N. Y.*

Published by Way & Williams, Chicago.

## JUST OUT.

**The Enchanted Burro**; stories of New  
Mexico and Peru. 15 full-page illustrations  
by Chas. Abel Corwin from the author's  
photographs. \$1.50.

Published by the Century Co., N. Y.

**Some Strange Corners of Our Country**.

Illustrated. \$1.50.

"He has written a great book, every page of  
which is worth a careful reading."

—*Mail and Express, N. Y.*

**The Man who Married the Moon**, and other  
Pueblo Indian Folkstories. Illustrated  
by George Wharton Edwards. \$1.50.

"Deserves to be classed with the best of its  
kind yet produced in our country."

—*The Nation, N. Y.*

"We can insist on the great pleasure some of  
these stories must give the reader; and one, 'The  
Mother Moon,' is as poetic and beautiful as any-  
thing we have ever read, in or out of folklore."

—*N. Y. Times*.

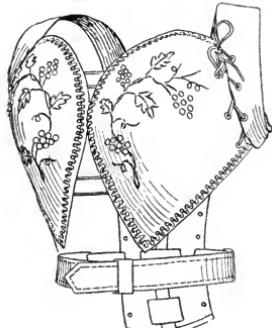
Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

**The Spanish Pioneers**. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"At times quite as brilliant as Parkman."

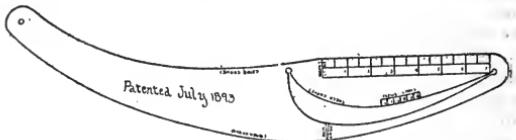
—*Boston Traveller*.

"The world has accepted this young man, has  
found that there was much to learn in the direction  
of his interests, found that he was an attractive  
and reliable guide; and he has not been long in  
coming to a point where he is regarded as master  
of his field."—*The Interior, Chicago*.



Msgr. of the Skeleton Corset.

## FRANCO-AMERICAN METHOD



It is the most accurate and perfect method in use in  
cutting all the latest novelties in gowns.

**S. S. FREEMAN**

149 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.,  
and 2534 Euclid Ave., Kansas City.



## If You Want a Home

to depend upon in your old age, or an investment that  
will pay you better than bonds, investigate these olive  
and almond lands we offer. Located in the best fruit  
belt in Southern California, and you need not move on  
until the trees are bearing and bringing in a revenue.  
Our book, telling all about it, sent free. Write for one  
today.

**Del Sur Ranch Co.,**

1227 Trenton St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Eastern Office: 930 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

# THE GEM OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

# BEND COLONY

## TEHAMA COUNTY.

Now is the time to secure a delightful home in the most fertile section of California, one which has all the requisites of soil, water, climate, freight rates and markets, and that, too, at a price you can afford to pay.

**THE  
FRUIT-GROWER'S  
PARADISE.** Located five miles northeast of Red Bluff, and bounded on three sides by the Sacramento River. This bottom land is a deep, black, sandy loam of pure sediment, and has a depth of fifteen to thirty feet. No alkali, no adobe, no hard-pan. It is from twelve to twenty-five feet above extreme high water-mark, insuring not only against overflow, but affording excellent drainage and practically freeing it from malaria, prevalent lower down in the valley. Second bottom or foothill lands are of a decomposed granite, red soil, so popular in Southern California for citrus fruits, which are here produced of a fine quality, ripening from four to six weeks earlier than they do in Southern California. These lands are adapted to all kinds of deciduous fruits, nuts and vines, as well as agricultural products. Much of tract is covered with a growth of timber—oak, cottonwood, sycamore, and alder, giving a park-like appearance, but affording ample fuel, easily cleared, and giving the settler virgin soil to commence with, being far superior to wheat lands that have been cropped for years.

### CAUTION.

Be careful in selecting any lands in California for horticultural pursuits that have not an abundant supply of water for irrigation.

*Remember*, the months of May, June, July, August, and much of September, but little rain falls—in some sections none whatever. During these months the temperature is correspondingly high. Without irrigation you take chances on losing a crop and season's work. With water there are no failures. Alfalfa, the great forage crop, grows luxuriantly, especially if ground is flooded after each cutting.

We have an abundant supply of water for irrigation that is deeded with land in ratio of one inch to each five acres, and no water rental.

There is good school on tract, postoffice, store, etc. There already are many families—a population of over a hundred. There are over three hundred acres planted to trees, of which over two hundred acres are in bearing.

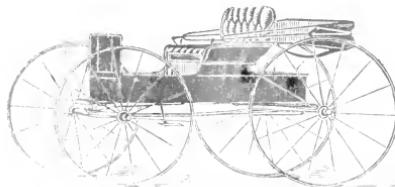
Tracts of ten, twenty and forty acres can be had on easy terms, for \$50.00 per acre.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER  
TO

McCollough & Brokaw, Owners

RED BLUFF, CALIFORNIA

**STOCK RANGE.** We have in this same County an excellent Stock Ranch of 1500 to 1800 acres, in which are about 200 acres of good agricultural land, suitable for grain, alfalfa and general farm products, having an abundant supply of water. This we can sell at a special bargain.



# EVERYTHING ON WHEELS

This is the Season of the Year  
for Pleasure Driving.

You will find  
a first-class  
Bicycle  
Repair Shop  
and  
Carriage  
Repair and  
Paint Shop  
at  
Our Store.



This is one of  
the  
280 Styles  
of Vehicles  
we have  
in stock.

Why not spend your money for a horse  
and carriage, and save doctors' bills?

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